

# LIFE

DWIGHT D.  
EISENHOWER

20 CENTS

JULY 21, 1952

We don't jockey around with medical claims...

If you want a TREAT  
instead of a TREATMENT  
smoke

# Old Golds

Let others ride their medical claims. We just remind you: No other leading cigarette is less irritating, or easier on the throat, or contains less nicotine than Old Gold.

Who says so? This conclusion was established on evidence by the United States Government.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT SANTA ANITA PARK, CALIFORNIA

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# B.F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire

## IS THE ANSWER TO ALL 3 TIRE HAZARDS!

### 1. SKIDS: WIPES DRY PATH ON WET ROADS!

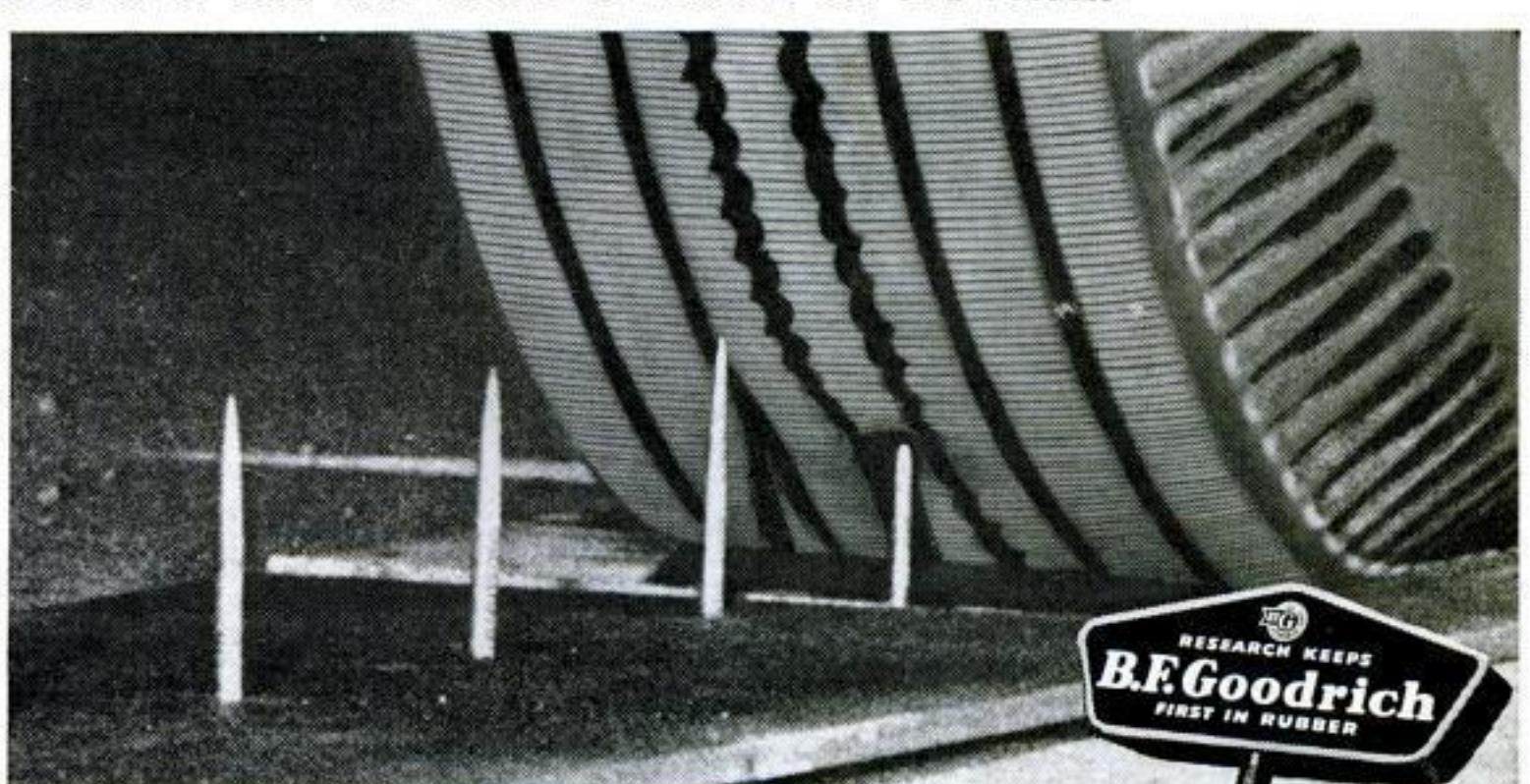
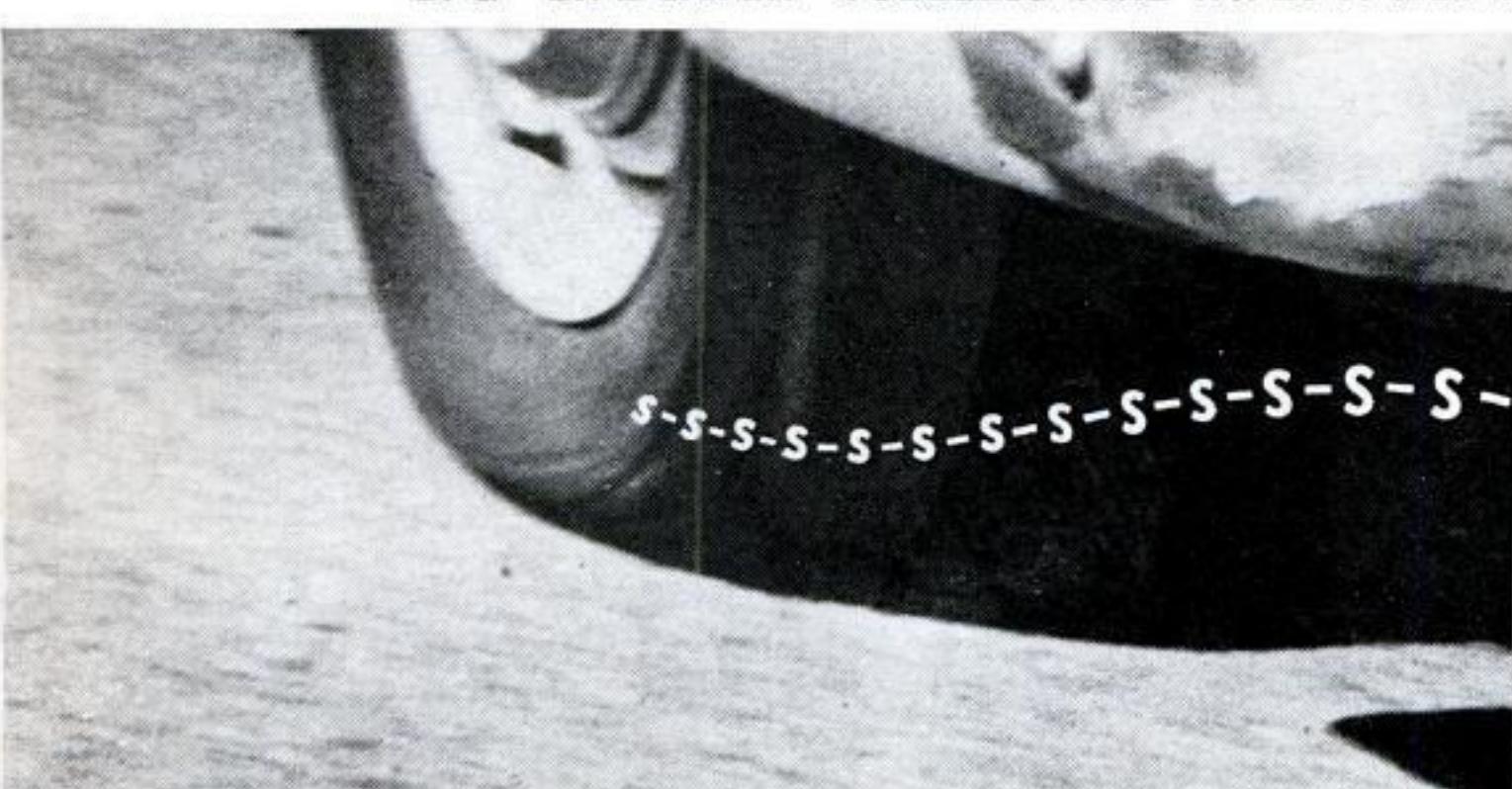
The BFG "Life-Saver" Tubeless Tire has a new kind of tread with over 10,000 tiny "grip-blocks" that wipe a wet road so dry you can light a match on it.

To show its stopping ability, two identical cars, one with regular tires, the other with BFG "Life-Savers", traveling on rain-swept blacktop at 30 mph, locked brakes simultaneously. At this normal city driving speed, the "Life-Saver" Tubeless Tires stopped *one full car-length* sooner than ordinary tires—a stopping distance which could easily be the difference between a safe stop and a smash-up.

"Life-Savers" get you started up to 40% faster than regular tires. And outwear them by 10 to 15%, which can mean many added miles. Yet they cost less than an ordinary tire and safety-type tube.



BFG "LIFE-SAVER" TUBELESS TIRE WIPES A WET ROAD SO DRY YOU CAN LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS PATH.



### 2. BLOWOUTS: CHANGES BLOWOUTS TO SLOWOUTS, GIVES YOU TIME FOR A SAFE STOP!

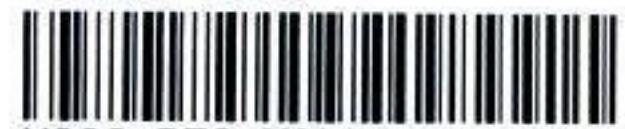
Under blowout conditions, the BFG "Life-Saver" Tubeless Tire loses air slowly, instead of suddenly like a tire with inner tube. It gives you time for a safe stop. Patents on basic features of Tubeless Tires have been assigned to B. F. Goodrich.

*Be careful—the life you save may be your own—observe the "Signs of Life"*

### 3. PUNCTURES: SEALS ITS OWN PUNCTURES AS YOU RIDE, WITH NO LOSS OF AIR!

Driven over spikes, it does not go flat. A gummy layer under the tread seals around puncturing object, plugs the hole permanently. Find your nearest BFG retailer in your phone book Yellow Pages. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

This One



YCOG-BTS-N8LL

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# Surprising power!

Fill 'er up with Fire-Chief — you'll feel that  
*surprising power* in quick starts and  
smooth, easy hill climbs. Fire-Chief is easy on your purse, too  
— it sells at *regular* gasoline prices. Get it  
at your Texaco Dealer —  
*the best friend your car ever had.*

... and don't forget the best motor oil your money can buy.



TEXACO  
**FIRE-CHIEF**  
GASOLINE

THE TEXAS COMPANY  
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

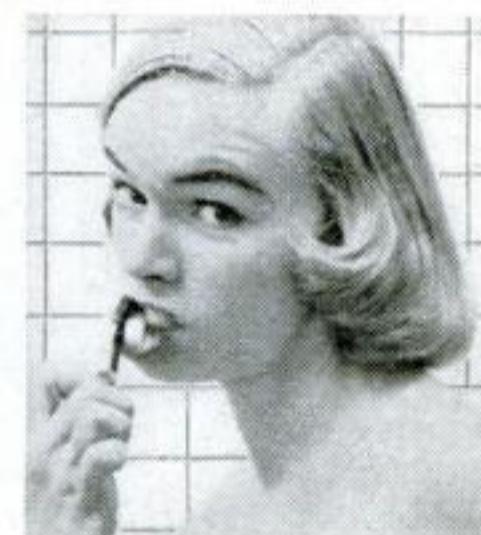
Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America



Faithfully yours  
**50**  
for Fifty Years



Make YOUR OWN test . . .



1. Tomorrow morning brush your teeth with Pepsodent now with Oral Detergent. Note the clean mouth taste . . . it lasts for hours.

2. Next day use your present tooth paste. Compare the taste hours later. Pepsodent's Oral Detergent makes the difference.

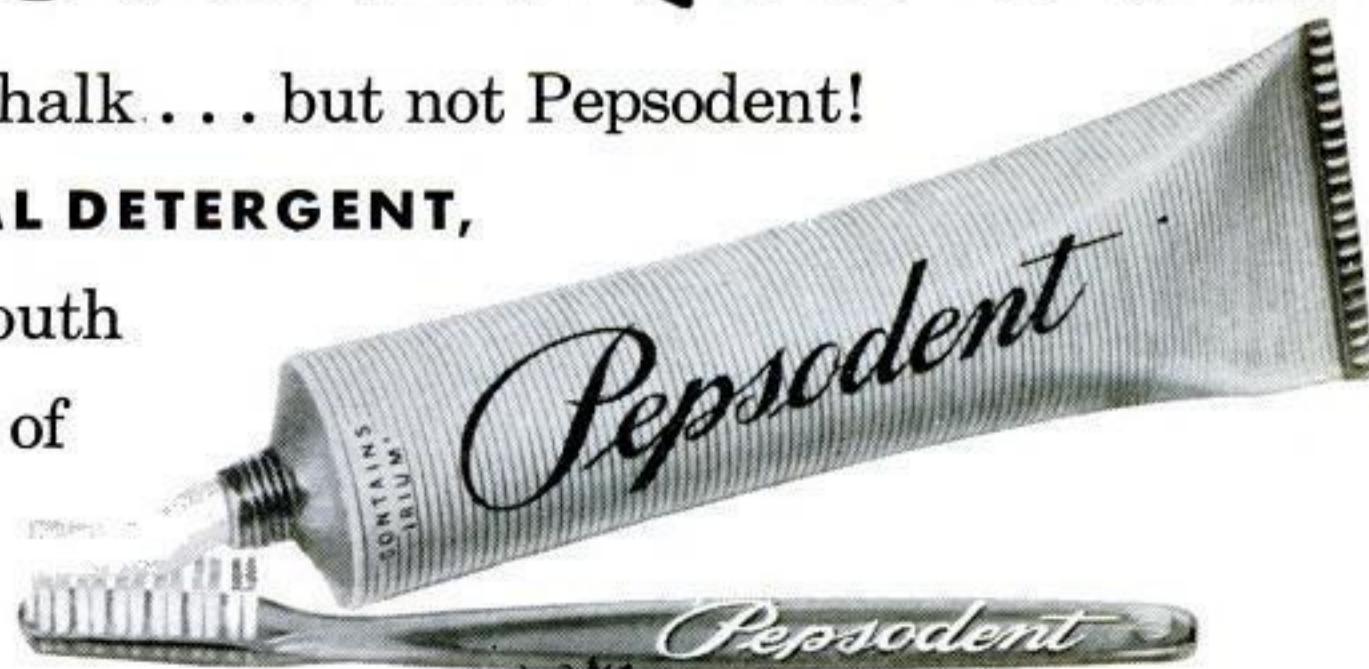
The lasting Clean Mouth Taste is proof that Pepsodent cleans teeth cleanest. That's because Pepsodent's exclusive Oral Detergent—a double action ingredient—combines Irium and I. M. P. to remove film and brighten teeth.

Prove it to yourself! Pepsodent with **ORAL DETERGENT** brings

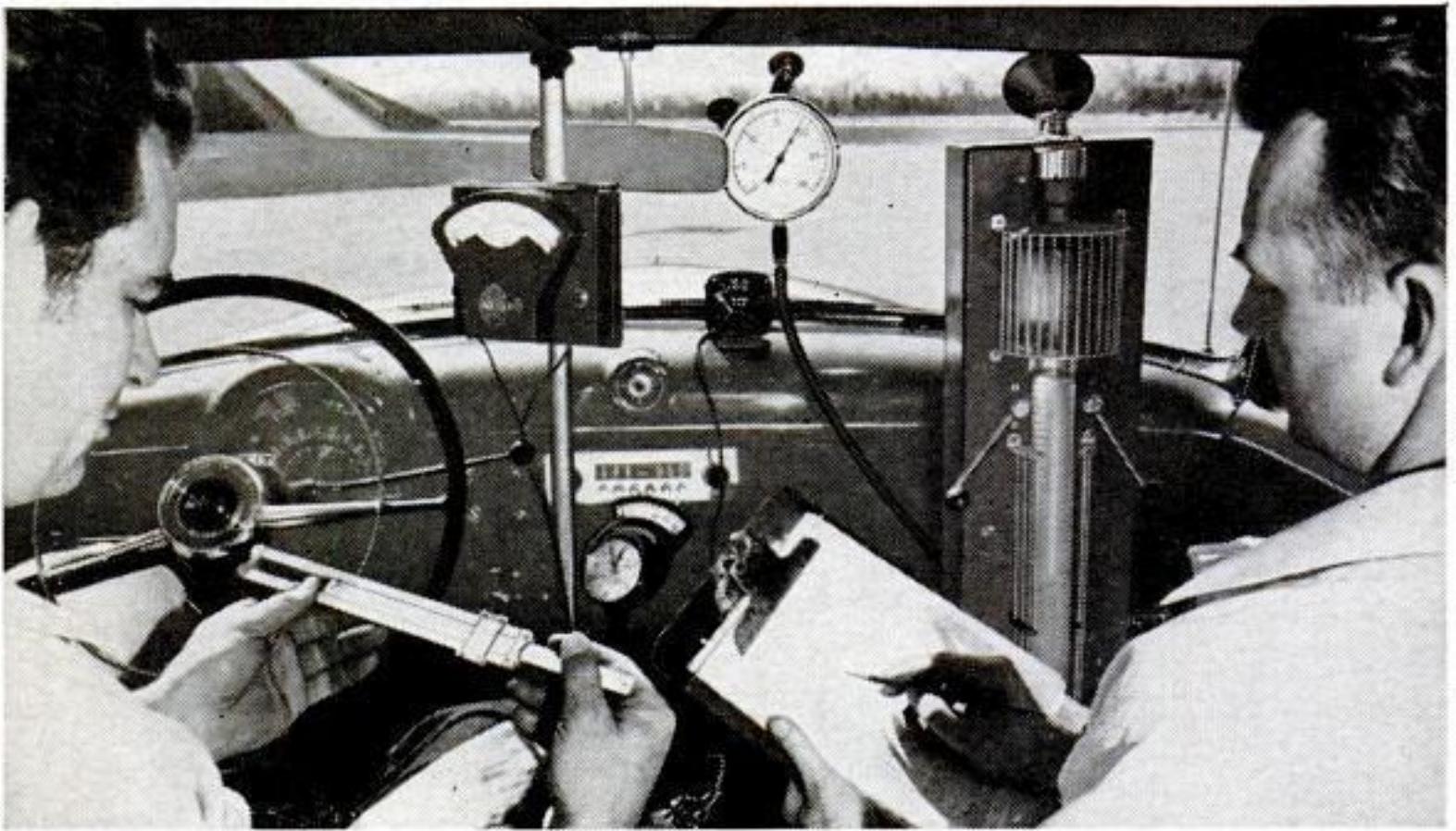
# CLEAN MOUTH TASTE FOR HOURS

Some tooth pastes clean with soap . . . some with chalk . . . but not Pepsodent!

Because Pepsodent now cleans with exclusive **ORAL DETERGENT**, it even cleans where brush can't reach . . . your mouth stays coolest . . . breath freshest . . . teeth cleanest of any leading tooth paste. Prove it to yourself!



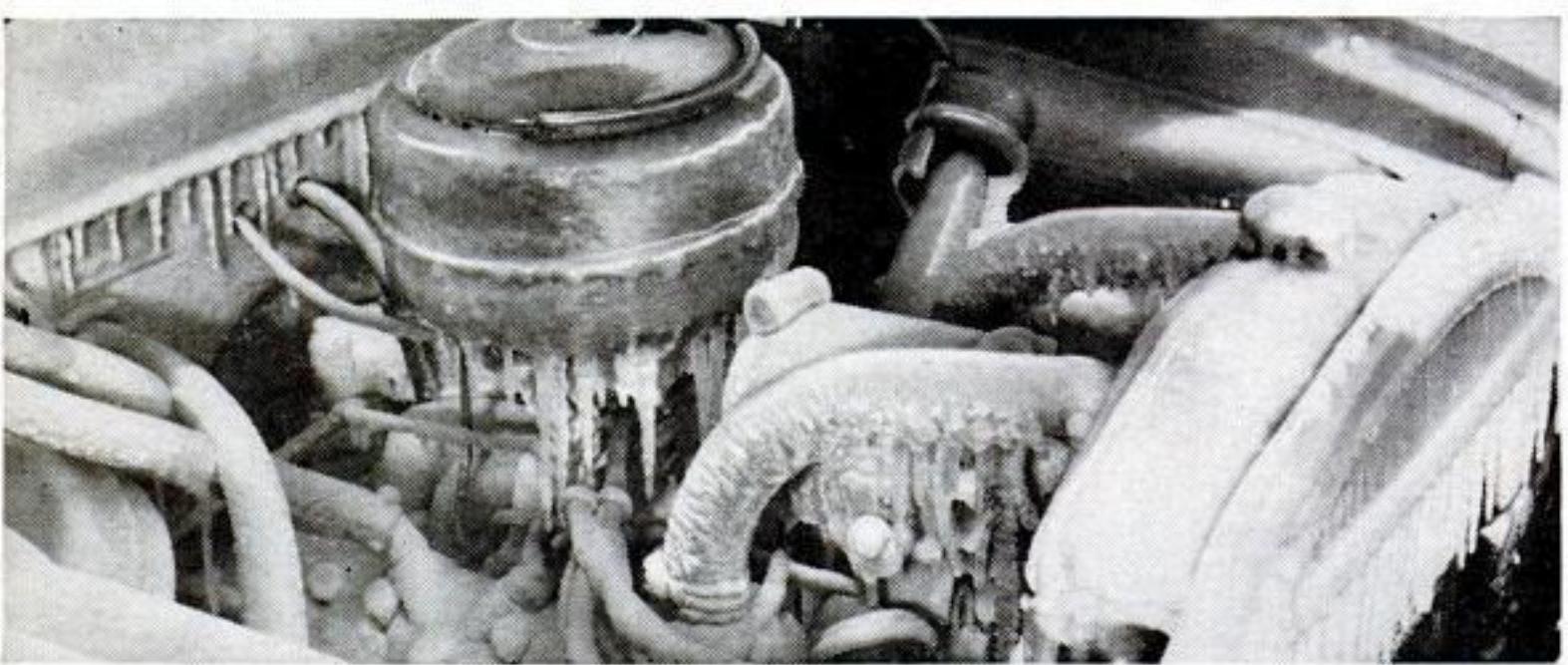
# Genuine Ford Carburetors are **TRACK TESTED** **TO SAVE YOU GAS**



Thousands of hours of precision track-testing and laboratory-proving, assure you that Genuine Ford Carburetors, like all Genuine Ford Parts, are best for your Ford.



**Flow-tested for the precise air-gas mixture.** For thousands of hours, prototypes of Genuine Ford Carburetors receive this flow-test . . . to make sure the tiny jets meter out just the right amount of gas to give you top power at top savings. You can not buy a finer, more carefully tested replacement for your Ford than a part that bears the Genuine Ford Parts label!



**Start-tested at 40 below zero.** Some carburetors may find it tough to start a car at 40-below-zero temperatures . . . or in desert heat . . . or on a 30 per cent grade. But not Genuine Ford Carburetors! They're Track-Tested to meet all these conditions. When you demand Genuine Ford Parts you get parts that are made right to fit right to last longer!



Available at all Ford Dealers and selected independent garages. Look for this sign.

"Specify the parts that are  
**TRACK TESTED**"

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### MRS. KEFAUVER

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed Robert Wallace's article on Nancy Kefauver ("A Vote for Nancy," LIFE, June 30) despite his several sly and sometimes foolish digs at Estes. . . . The fact that Kefauver is not a fast talker is, in this voter's opinion, an asset rather than a liability.

I also enjoyed the charming cover picture of Mrs. Kefauver. It is refreshing to view a pretty face which shows character and personality. . . .

C. C. MARBERRY

San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:

Clearly, Mr. Kefauver and his family may be personable folks, but they are way beyond their depth in presidential politics.

DAVID A. JENNESS

Williamstown, Mass.

Sirs:

You show Nancy Kefauver and her other three children on Linda's bed, and Linda has mumps. Isn't Nancy afraid that she and the rest of her children will also catch it?

R. I. GONZALEZ

Los Angeles, Calif.

• They've had them. Linda was the last to get mumps.—ED.

### CHICAGO

Sirs:

As natives of Chicago, we felt that the sampling of eating places in the Windy City was excellent and made us feel right at home ("Convention City," LIFE, June 30).

However, the number of places like the Silver Frolics is relatively small. This part of your picture story gave a false impression of what makes up Chicago's amusement world.

MR. AND MRS. T. E. JONES

Athens, Ohio

Sirs:

I see now why there is not too much hope for a better government when you call such indecent places "attractions" for delegates for both national conventions.

GASTON RAMIREZ

Ames, Iowa

Sirs:

"From beer and skittles to fancy vittles, Chicago offers a vast variety of food. . . ." How does one eat skittles?

MRS. ROARK BRADFORD

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

• One doesn't. Skittles is not a dish but the wooden ninepins used in an old English pub game. LIFE used the phrase in its broad sense, which indicates enjoyment and pleasure, which Chicago food provides.—ED.

Sirs:

You slurped the United States Army in your reference to the Conrad Hilton Hotel. You state: "The Army took it over in the war, let it run down." You further imply that the Army bungled in selling it at too low a price.

I was there during the war as a captain in the Corps of Engineers. The Army purchased the Conrad Hilton (then known as the Hotel Stevens) in 1942 for the purpose of training radio operators, removed most of its furnishings and sold them at public auction for about \$440,000.

Maintenance of the building was excellent throughout the time that it

was occupied by the Army. Occupants of each room were held financially responsible for even the slightest damage. This rule was enforced on officers and enlisted personnel alike. Battle-shield linoleum was placed over the hardwood floors of the grand ballroom and the Boulevard Room; plate glass and marble, in many instances, were protected by veneer-board. When the building was offered for sale, the prospective purchasers expressed amazement at the excellent condition of the building.

The Army made a net cash profit of more than one-half million dollars on the sale of the Conrad Hilton and its furnishings. Besides this fact, the Army occupied the building for 13 months without rent—and saved untold millions that would have been spent to build a camp for the training of these soldiers.

HAROLD F. DONNER

Garden City, Mich.

• Net cost of the Hilton to the Army (after sale of the furnishings) was \$5,559,000; it was sold for \$5,251,000, or at a loss of \$308,000.—ED.

### IRAN'S LOCUST PLAGUE

Sirs:

In your story on the war against locusts in the Middle East ("Deeds Not Words Pay Off for West," LIFE, June 30), you remark: "The ultimate accolade from Russia: so successful was the West's gesture that the Soviets rushed their own planes to Iran and began spraying poison wherever they could take credit for killing a locust."

In May, 1952 I was in the city of Meshed, Iran for three days and had the unique joy of living in a hotel with 30 Russian Air Force members. They had been in Meshed for several months as part of Russia's contribution toward combating the locust menace, along with a number of their planes which were neatly assembled at the local airport.

True, the reason for their presence was fear of a locust attack on Russia and certainly not sympathy for the Iranian peasant. Nevertheless they were in Iran for a long time before you say they were "rushed" there.

I only suggest that you have prejudiced the readers of your magazine in one of the most sensitive peripheral areas to Russia by an inaccuracy which has propaganda overtones unfortunate for the prestige of LIFE.

JAMES H. NOYES

Napa, Calif.

### SOVIET CONFERENCE

Sirs:

In your story, "Reds Put the Snatch on Great Minds of the Past" (LIFE, June 30), Nikolai Gogol was mentioned as a Soviet patriot because of his comparison of Russia with a fast troika, before which "everything else on earth, other peoples and nations, stand aside and give way."

I am curious whether Russia, prizing this allegory today, is aware of the meaning given to it by Feodor M. Dostoevski (an admirer of Gogol) in his novel *The Brothers Karamazov*, where he says:

"Our fatal troika dashes on in her headlong flight perhaps to destruction, and in all Russia for long past men have stretched out imploring hands and called a halt to its furious reckless course. And if other nations stand

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

# FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT EASILY IMPRESSED!

THE NEW

# PLUS



## PLUS-10... The only All-Nylon Cord passenger-car tire!

**I**F YOU think all tires are just about alike, prepare yourself for a surprise. For here is a tire that is so dramatically superior to any other tire you've ever owned, it will change all your ideas about tire performance!

For the perfect compliment to your car *and* your judgment, see the new Plus-10 Double Eagle at your Goodyear dealer's now!

**PLUS 1**—The only passenger-car tire in the world with an all-nylon cord body.

**PLUS 2**—Goodyear Heat-Tempered Nylon Cords make the new Double Eagle 1½ to 2 times as strong as standard tires.

**PLUS 3**—Safety! Over 2,000,000 miles of gruelling road tests prove that this is the safest tire ever designed for a passenger car.

**PLUS 4**—26% more nonskid tread thickness gives up to 42% more safe mileage than standard tires.

**PLUS 5**—Sensational new Resist-a-Skid Tread, an exclusive Goodyear development, grips at all angles of skid! Quicker

on the start, safer on the stop! Gives safer, surer traction on wet roads, on snow—even on ice.

**PLUS 6**—Full, safe traction for life! Exclusive Resist-a-Skid tread design never needs re-cutting to restore its traction.

**PLUS 7**—Welcome comfort! Low-pressure, Super-Cushion ride soaks up road shocks, saves wear and tear on the car and you.

**PLUS 8**—New Scuff Rib protects white sidewalls when you scrape the curb.

**PLUS 9**—Extra beauty! Gleaming whitewall contrasts with diamond-sculptured, jet-black shoulders.

**PLUS 10**—Value! With all the advantages of the exclusive Resist-a-Skid Tread, the *nylon* cord body, this tire costs only about 5% more than ordinary premium tires made of *rayon*!

And . . . with the New LifeGuard Safety Tube this tire is *blowout-safe* and *puncture-safe*!

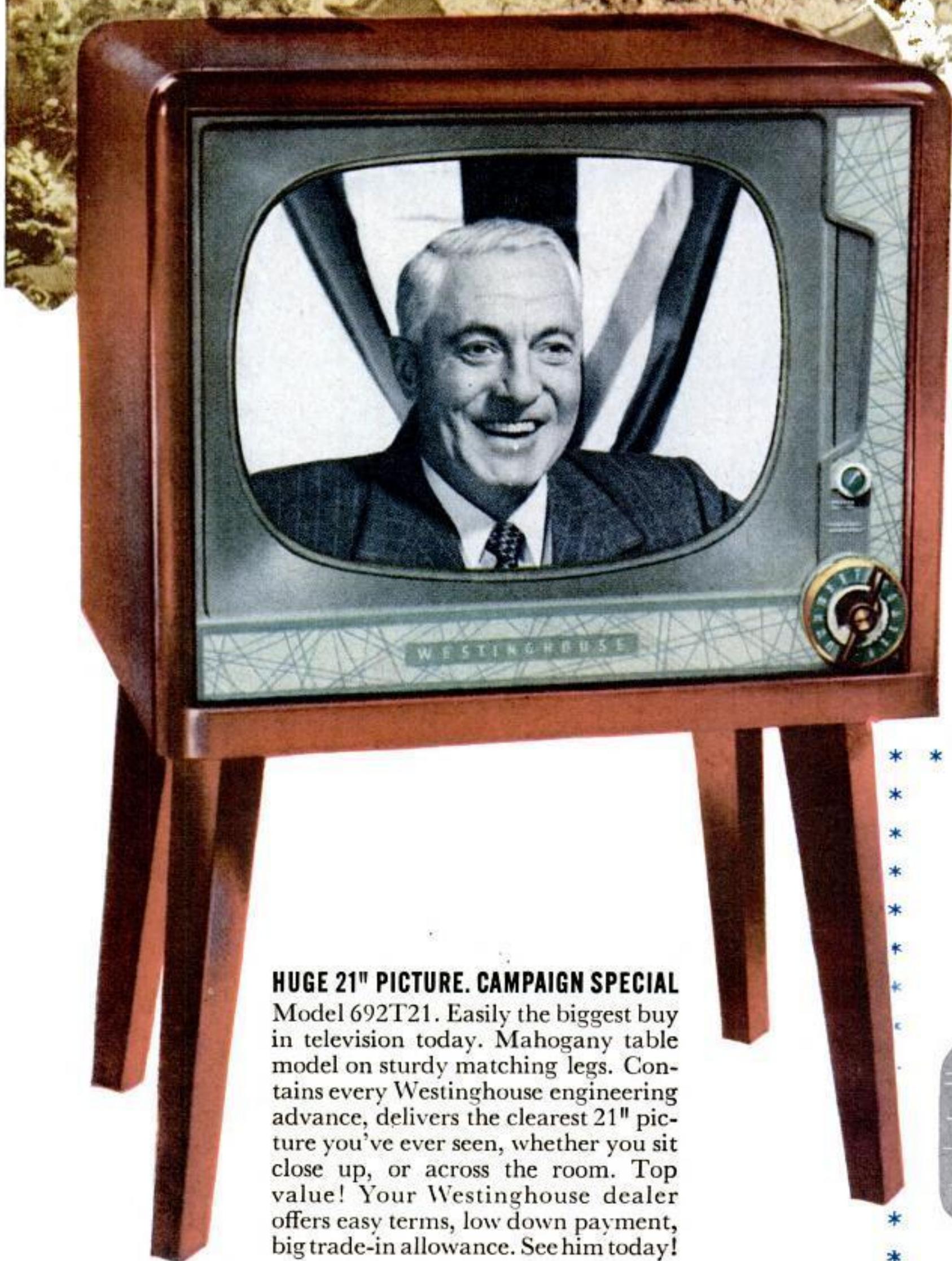
# GOOD YEAR

## PLUS-10 DOUBLE EAGLE

Double Eagle, Super-Cushion and LifeGuard, T. M.'s—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



*This crowd that packed the 1884 Convention was tiny compared with the millions who see them today via television.*



**HUGE 21" PICTURE. CAMPAIGN SPECIAL**  
Model 692T21. Easily the biggest buy in television today. Mahogany table model on sturdy matching legs. Contains every Westinghouse engineering advance, delivers the clearest 21" picture you've ever seen, whether you sit close up, or across the room. Top value! Your Westinghouse dealer offers easy terms, low down payment, big trade-in allowance. See him today!

## Tune in on history! See the presidential race clearly on a **WESTINGHOUSE** with the Electronic Clarifier

Ask anybody who owns a Westinghouse. They may not be able to explain *why* the Electronic Clarifier keeps the picture so clear and steady . . . why there's never any glare or reflection . . . or why Westinghouse is the only make with remarkably simple tuning. But they will tell you, insistently, that Westinghouse gives you the most reliable, trouble-free performance and the best pictures of any set you can buy. If you want to be a satisfied, enthusiastic TV owner, buy a Westinghouse!

### WESTINGHOUSE TELEVISION WITH THE ELECTRONIC CLARIFIER GIVES YOU CLEAR PICTURES THAT STAY CLEAR

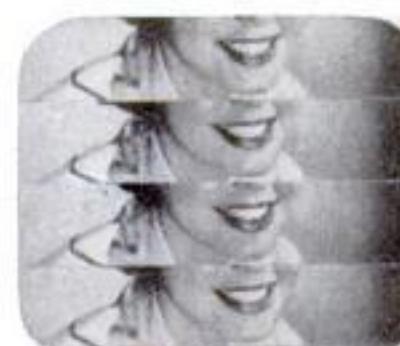
Another first for Westinghouse engineers. Another reason why you can be sure . . . if it's Westinghouse.



**NO STREAKS**



**NO FLUTTER**



**NO FLOP-OVER**

*Tune in on history! Westinghouse brings you the Democratic National Convention on both CBS-TV and CBS Radio Networks*

**YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S** **Westinghouse**

Stay cool  
all summer

THE  
MINT  
THAT  
MELTS



## Vernell's fresh BUTTERMINTS

Vernell's Fine Candies, Inc. Seattle, Washington  
AT SUPER-MARKETS, DRUG AND DEPT. STORES

RELIEVES PAIN OF  
HEADACHE • NEURALGIA  
NEURITIS



Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

the soundest sleep name is America's oldest! \*

## Dougherty

bedding with a 10 YEAR GUARANTEE!

\*Over 100 years  
at all good stores, DOUGHERTY BEDDING CO., Phila., Pa.

FOR THE WHITEST SHOES



check  
**Skin Torment**  
Very first use of soothing cooling, liquid D.D.D. Prescription positively relieves raw red itch—caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing—other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless. 43¢ trial bottle must satisfy or money back. Ask your druggist for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

aside from that troika that may be not from respect, as the poet would fain believe, but simply from horror. From horror, perhaps from disgust...."

GEORGE MACIUNAS  
Hicksville, N.Y.

Sirs:

Readers who looked at the picture depicting Moslems attending a conference in Moscow would do well to remember that in the early 1920s Soviet propaganda tried to woo the Moslems of the world with phony manifestos and appeals.

The people of Central Asia decried the arbitrary seizure of their mosques, lands and herds by Communist authorities. This wave of resentment against Bolshevik oppression resulted in a mass slaughter of Moslems. The center of Moslem culture, the city of Bokhara, was left a depopulated ghost.... In all, nearly six million Moslems were killed or deported from Central Asia.

Islam offered a real challenge to the Soviets for it is hostile and alien to the Communist doctrine. Let us hope that no Moslems will be deceived by the new Soviet attempts to gain followers by masquerading as friends of Islam.

STEVEN S. DAVIDS  
Arlington, Va.

### TIGHTROPE TROUBLE

Sirs:

What puzzles me and millions of others who read "Tightrope Trouble" (LIFE, June 30), is how the bicycle remained on the wire after the last man had jumped?

PAUL J. MILLIRON  
Lakewood, N.Y.

• The weight of the pair of trapeze bars served as counterbalance, kept the bicycle in place temporarily.—ED.

### EDITORIAL

Sirs:

Thank you for your effort to awaken us all to the facts regarding our fast-dwindling natural resources ("U.S. Ends an Economic Era," LIFE, June 30).

I have today written a plea to each of the 13 members of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee urging that they bring our trade agreements up to date.

LILLIAN ROUNTREE  
Lubbock, Texas

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# Now everyone can find Ring-Free Oil



Call Western Union, ask  
for Operator 25—and  
you'll soon get nearest  
Macmillan Oil dealer's  
location—without charge!

It's the strangest thing.

There are thousands of big, red "M" signs displayed from Coast to Coast—at independent service stations, garages and car dealers selling Macmillan Oil.

Yet we get hundreds and hundreds of letters from motorists asking where they can buy Macmillan Oil—motorists too preoccupied by traffic to notice the Macmillan signs they pass every day.

So we have decided to make it still easier for you to know where you can buy Macmillan Oil.

At no cost to you, we have arranged with Western Union to help you find the location of your nearest Macmillan dealer.

All you have to do is pick up your phone, call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25, give her your name, address and phone number.

Your inquiry will come direct to my desk and within an hour the information you want will be on its way to you. No letter to write. No charge to you for this service.

You want Macmillan Oil because it pays for itself in the gas it saves. We want you to have it.

Let's get together. Why not call Western Union right now?

*R. S. Macmillan*  
President

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORPORATION

530 W. 6TH STREET, LOS ANGELES  
50 W. 50TH, NEW YORK • 624 S. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO

FROM THE OFFICE OF R. S. MACMILLAN, PRESIDENT

Our Money-Back Guarantee is as strong as we can express it. Here it is:

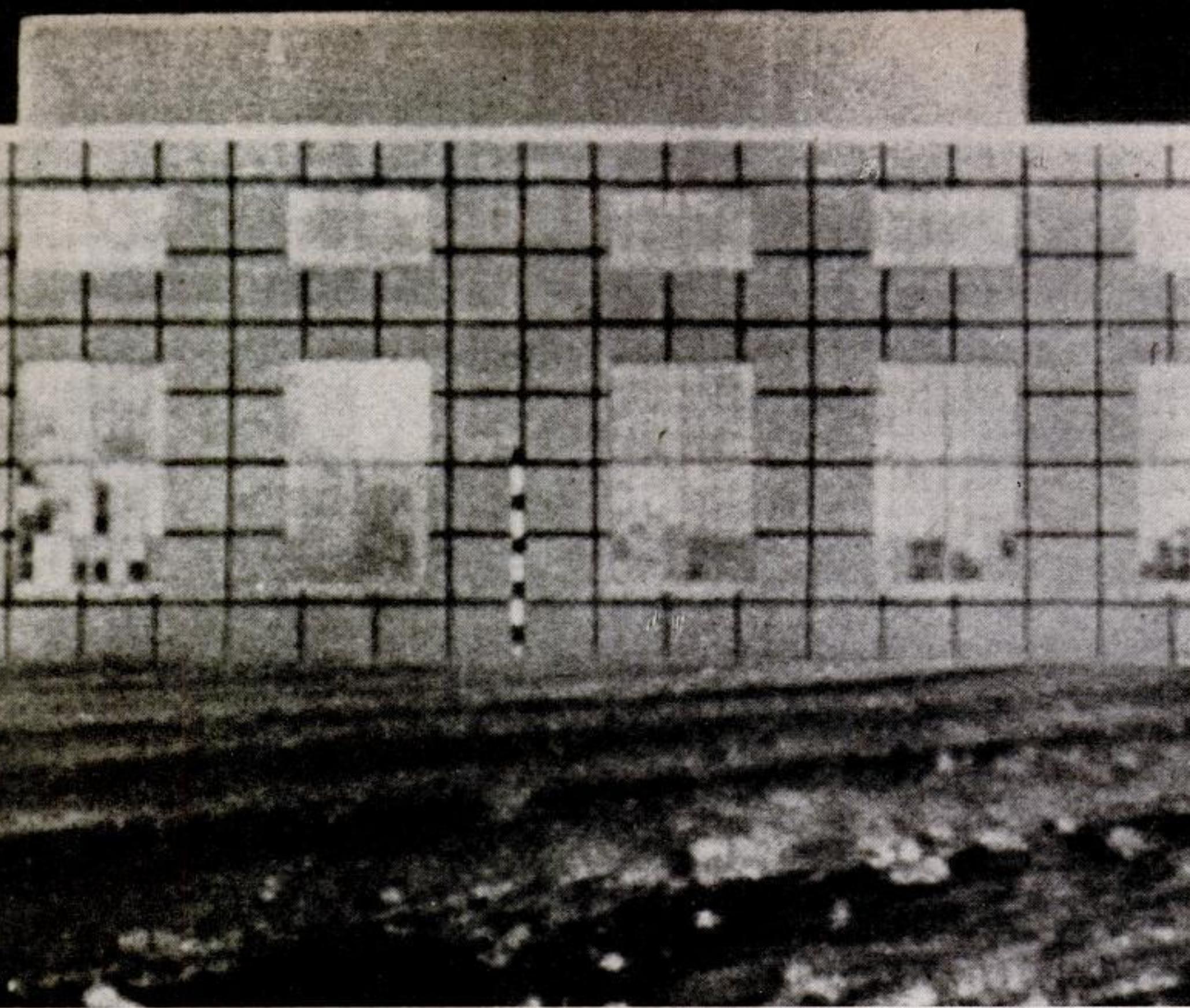
Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil is guaranteed to increase the horsepower of your motor, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, make your motor run smoother, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor, and reduces friction fast by thorough lubrication.

Try a fill and if you are not satisfied that Ring-Free is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

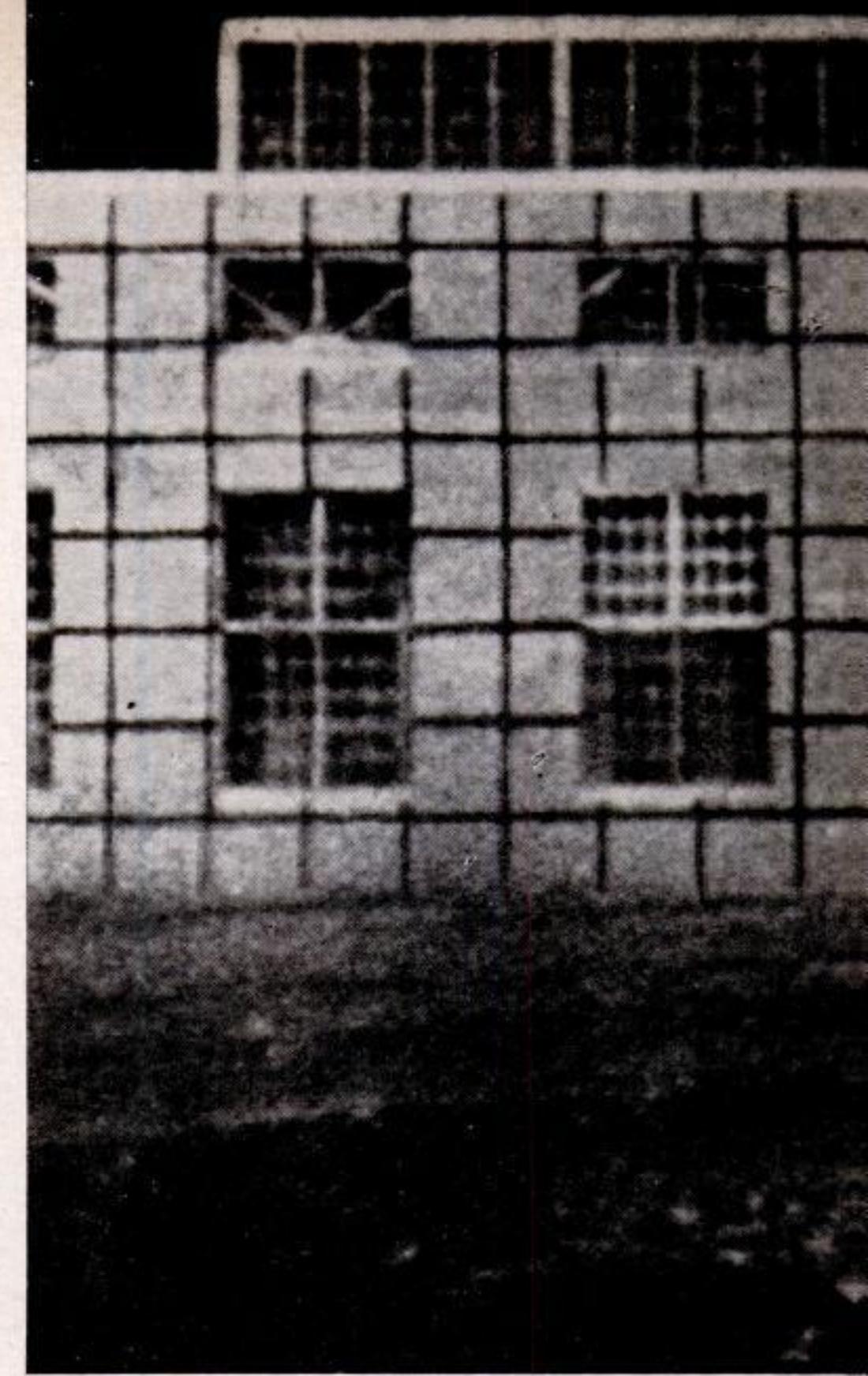
How can we make that Guarantee? Because the results of Dynamometer (the testing machine accepted by the automobile industry) tests on hundreds and hundreds of cars like yours showed that motorists get an average of 8% more power from the same amount of gasoline after changing from whatever brand of oil they have been using to Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil.

At 25¢ a gallon, 8% means 2¢ saved. Over a normal drain period, that means \$2.00 saved—enough to buy a refill of Macmillan. What could be fairer?

*R. S. Macmillan*



FACADE OF INDUSTRIAL BUILDING IS ILLUMINATED BY BOMBLIGHT JUST AS SHOCK WAVE STRIKES

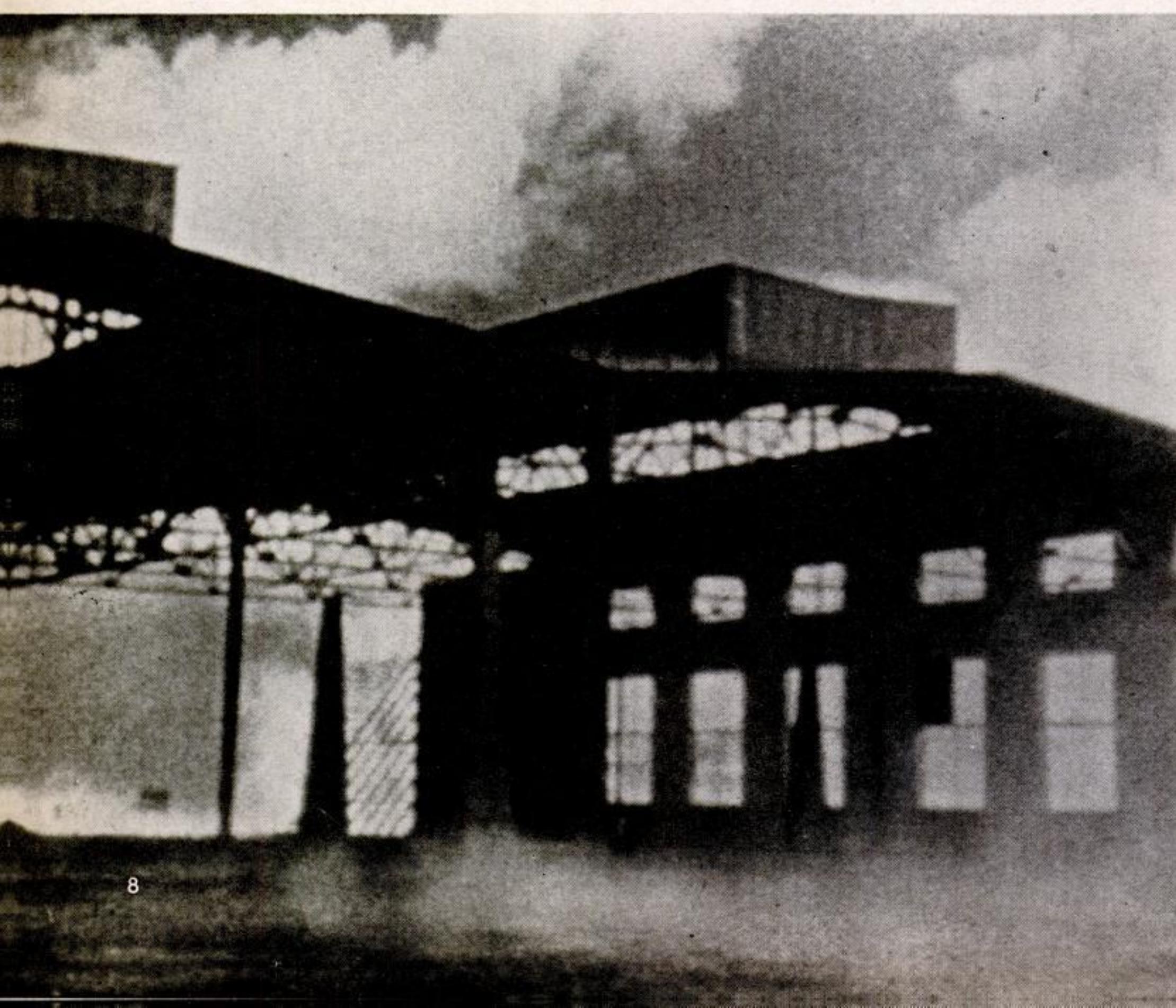


IN SHOT TAKEN ABOUT 1/100TH SECOND LATER



"ZERO" TOWER, on top of which bomb rests, rises above a test tank. Balloons hold instruments to measure blast. Blast vaporized tower.

BLAST APPROACHES HANGAR-TYPE BUILDING INCORPORATING MANY DIFFERENT INDUSTRIAL DESIGNS



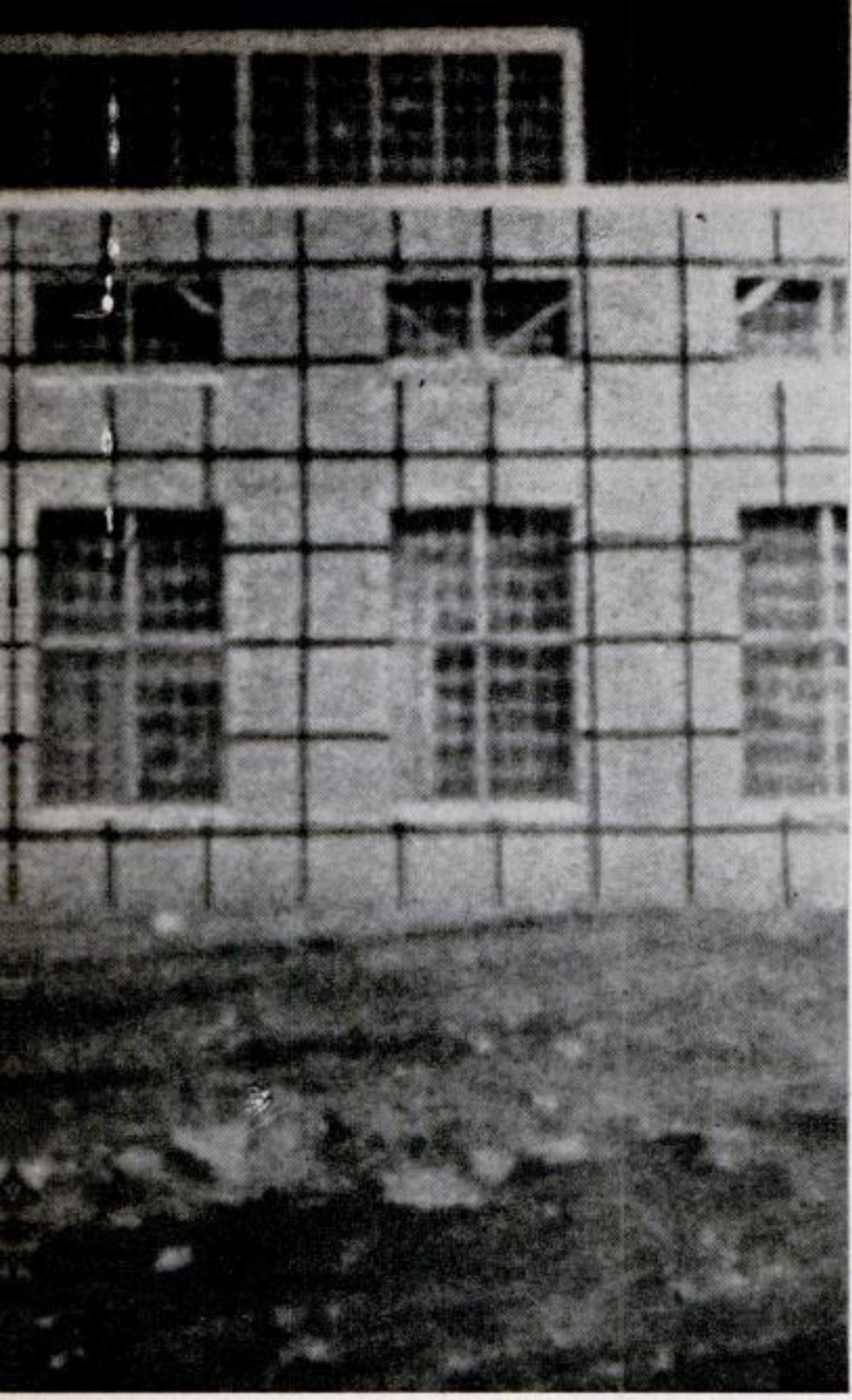
SHOCK WAVE STRIKES, KNOCKING OUT WINDOWS



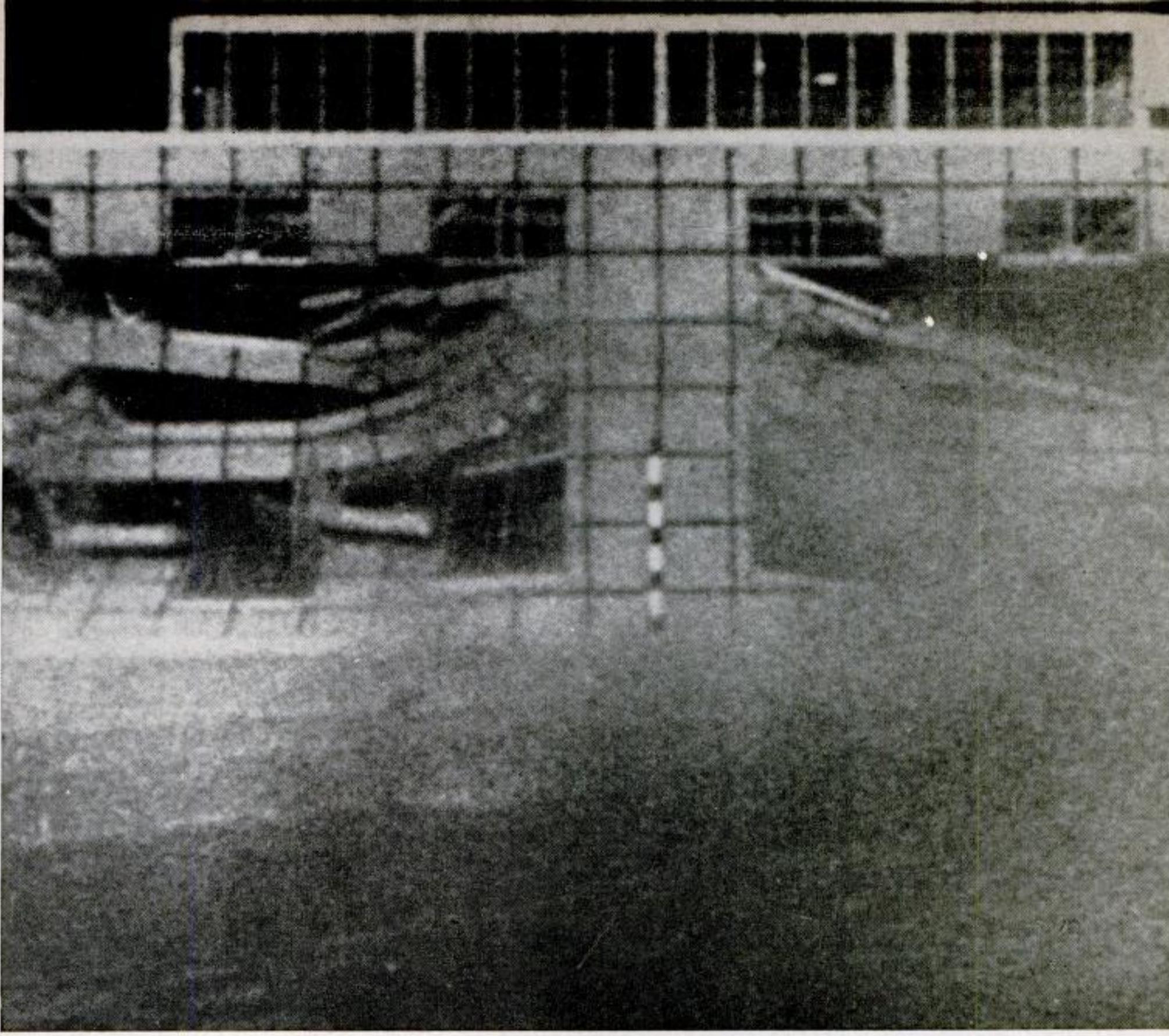
## SPEAKING OF ...These are the first to show buildings

The photographs on these pages are the first ever released which show atomic destruction in progress. Taken at Eniwetok Atoll, the Atomic Energy Commission's mid-Pacific proving ground, they appear in a recently issued AEC film called "Operation Greenhouse." This was the code name for the Eniwetok tests which were carried out to measure the effectiveness of some of the newest U.S. atomic weapons.

The bombs, estimated to be five or six times more powerful than wartime



BLAST HAS ALREADY TORN GLASS FROM WINDOWS



FACADE COLLAPSES AS SHOCK WAVE PASSES THROUGH BUILDING, CHURNS UP DUST IN FOREGROUND

## PICTURES . . .

### being demolished by an atomic blast

models, were detonated atop steel towers (*left*). Tanks, planes and other items of military equipment were placed nearby to determine their durability under atomic attack, while thousands of instruments recorded the heat, radiation and blast of the explosions. To gather data needed by the Civil Defense Administration, the task force constructed houses and a variety of industrial buildings. Then it trained remote-controlled cameras on them to photograph exactly what happened when the shock wave struck.

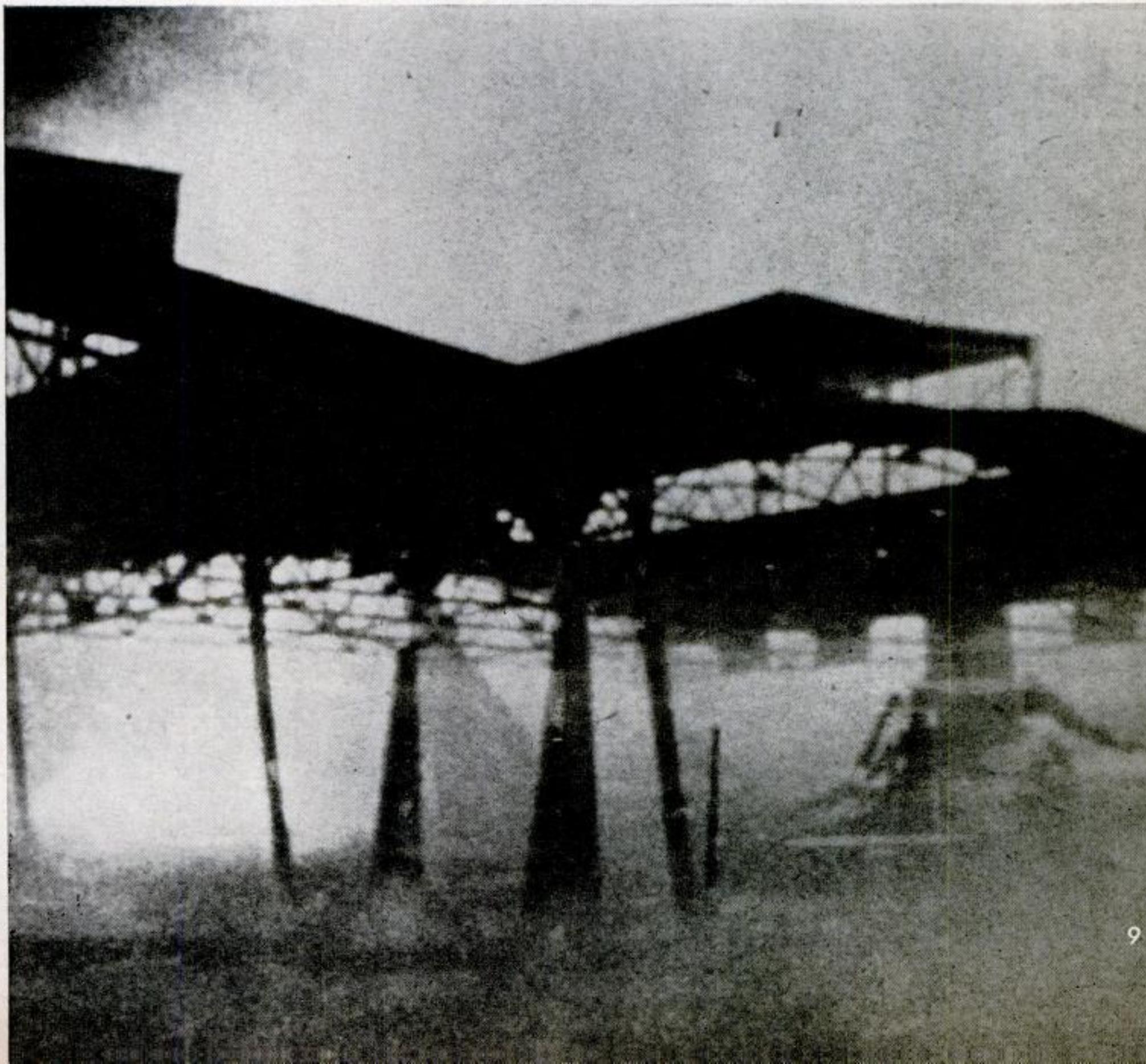
AND BUCKLING SECTIONS OF WALL BETWEEN THEM



BUILDING LISTS TO LEFT UNDER BLAST PRESSURE. ITS DISTANCE FROM BOMB WAS NOT REVEALED



BUNKER containing control switchboard to start automatic instruments which record the blast, is locked up by scientists just before test.



Don't ever let HEADACHE

interfere



## BROMO - SELTZER

does more for you  
-it's faster, too!

### COMPARE

1. RELIEVES HEADACHE PAIN FAST
2. SOOTHES YOUR UPSET STOMACH
3. CALMS YOUR EDGY NERVES

	BROMO-SELTZER	ANY OTHER HEADACHE PRODUCT
1. RELIEVES HEADACHE PAIN FAST	YES	?
2. SOOTHES YOUR UPSET STOMACH	YES	?
3. CALMS YOUR EDGY NERVES	YES	?

Bromo-Seltzer and only Bromo-Seltzer is ready instantly to fight headache all three ways. For best results, use cold water. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. Keep ahead of headache. Keep Bromo-Seltzer handy.

Millions believe in **BROMO - SELTZER**



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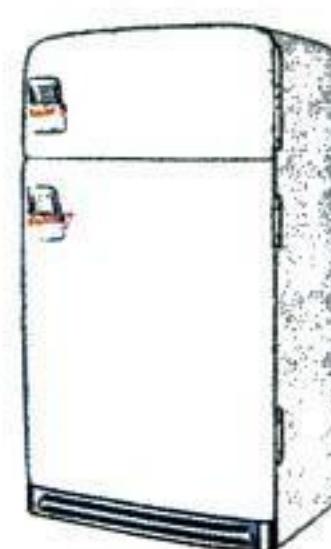
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## CONTENTS

## THE WEEK'S EVENTS

NEW LEADERS, NEW ZEAL GET "OLD" OUT OF G.O.P.	14
LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD	31
RED-TAPED PIRATE GOLD	37
THE S.S. "UNITED STATES" TAKES THE BLUE RIBBON	54

## EDITORIAL

IKE'S "GREAT CRUSADE"	28
-----------------------	----

## PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

ADLAI STEVENSON	83
-----------------	----

## ARTICLE

THE GREAT LION KILLER, by JOHN A. HUNTER	93
--	----

## ENTERTAINMENT

MIKE'S VENICE	42
---------------	----

## SPORTS

LITTLE PITCHER WITH BIG WINS	49
------------------------------	----

## FASHION

HOURGLASS ON THE BEACH	67
------------------------	----

## ART

"GRANDMA" SHARON	74
------------------	----

## THEATER

PREScription FOR AN AILING SHOW	79
---------------------------------	----

## OTHER DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS	4
SPEAKING OF PICTURES: THESE ARE FIRST TO SHOW BUILDINGS BEING DEMOLISHED BY ATOMIC BLAST	8
LIFE'S VISIT: MR. BANG THE FLOWER MAN	108
MISCELLANY: AND THEN THERE WERE 55	110

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## LIFE'S COVER

Photographer Arnold Newman took this week's cover a month ago when the candidate took time out from seeing the delegates to sit for the first color portrait since his return to the U.S. The picture completed one part of LIFE's preparations for last week's Republican convention. LIFE already had portraits of three others, and these, together with a picture of the superliner S.S. *United States*, were engraved into covers ready for the presses the moment the convention ended. The picture of S.S. *United States*, prepared in case the G.O.P. was deadlocked at press time, appears on page 59.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (*left to right, top to bottom*) and line by line (*lines separated by dashes*) unless otherwise specified.

COVER—© ARNOLD NEWMAN	42—RALPH MORSE
8, 9—U.S. ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION	43—PHILIPPE HALSMAN
14, 15—GEORGE SKADDING	44—T. PHILIPPE HALSMAN
16, 17—CORNELL CAPA (3). GEORGE SKADDING—HY PESKIN—RALPH MORSE, GEORGE SKADDING, GEORGE SILK	45, 50, 52—LEONARD MCCOMBE
18, 19—LT. NBC—GEORGE SILK; CEN. CORNELL CAPA; RT. HY PESKIN—CORNELL CAPA	54, 55, 56—DRAWINGS BY ROLF KLEP
20—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT, FRANCIS MILLER, ALFRED EISENSTAEDT—GEORGE SKADDING, HY PESKIN (2)—GEORGE SKADDING (2), RALPH MORSE	57, 58—RALPH MORSE—ARNOLD NEWMAN
21—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT, GEORGE SKADDING (2)—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT, GEORGE SILK, ALFRED EISENSTAEDT—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT, HY PESKIN, ALFRED EISENSTAEDT	60—ALLAN GRANT
22—HANK WALKER, LISA LARSEN—LISA LARSEN—HANK WALKER	61—WILLIAM SUMITS—JOHN SADOVY—JOHN SADOVY
23—LISA LARSEN—RALPH MORSE	62—WILLIAM SUMITS EXC. CEN. RT. A.P.
24, 25—LT. HY PESKIN—PETER STACKPOLE; CEN. GJON MILI; GEORGE SKADDING—PETER STACKPOLE	63—NINA LEEN
26—PETER STACKPOLE, GEORGE SKADDING—MARK KAUFFMANN, ED CLARK—ED CLARK	66, 71—RELANG FROM RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE
27—RALPH MORSE	74—T. NINA LEEN
31—A.P.—W.W.—FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL	75, 76—HERBERT ORTH
32—A.P.—JOE SCHERSCHEL	79—LISA LARSEN—SLIM AARONS
34—U.P.—NORBERT YASSANYE	80—LISA LARSEN
37—EDWARD ROWE SNOW, ERIC SCHAALE—EDWARD ROWE SNOW	83—CORNELL CAPA
38—ERIC SCHAALE EXC. BOT EDWARD ROWE SNOW	84, 85—BOT. CEN. LT. CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHERS
40—ERIC SCHAALE	86—CORNELL CAPA
	87—CORNELL CAPA EXC. T. LT.
	88, 89—CORNELL CAPA EXC. T. LT. FROM "ADLAI E. STEVENSON SON OF ILLINOIS" © 1952 BY NOEL F. BUSCH PUBLISHED BY FARRAR, STRAUS AND YOUNG, INC.
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	93—WALTER SYKES—LAURA L. SYKES
	94—WALTER SYKES
	95—DAN MANNIX
	102—FRED A. WARDENBURG—GEORGE GOODWIN
	107—COURTESY GEORGE GOODWIN
	108, 109—LOUIS FAURER
	110—GRAPHIC PHOTO UNION

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## How we retired in 15 years with \$250 a month

Just fifteen years ago I made up my mind that I'd retire. I wasn't making a lot of money, but I figured you can do almost anything if you really set your heart on it. Thanks to that step in 1935, I'm picking oranges in my own Florida backyard today. With an income of \$250 a month, guaranteed for life, plus social security benefits we'll be getting soon, Helen and I are living.

Back in '35, things weren't going so well at the office. Like most everyone else, we had salary cuts. But one friend of mine—Jim Morse—was hardly bothered at all. "I'm going to retire anyway," he said. "I'll be selling the house and packing up for Florida." How he could afford it I couldn't figure, because he never made more than a comfortable living.

"The answer is simple," said Jim, "a fellow's got to look ahead. He's got to realize he won't always be forty. He won't always be able to keep plugging at the same old job. He shouldn't have to either. With his family grown, he can live well on a lot less."

"Yes, but how can you plan today?" I asked.

"There'll always be business ups and downs," said Jim, "but there's an up-to-date way to insure yourself an income you can retire on no matter what happens."

It's called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. I started mine fifteen years ago and never felt happier! Now, pretty soon, I'll be getting my first check and retiring."

He told me that Phoenix Mutual had a booklet explaining all about its retirement income plans. So I dropped them a card. When I read the booklet, I knew *this was for me!* Not long after, I qualified for a Phoenix Mutual Plan of my own.

Since then, I've seen a lot of changes. The war came. Boom times, too. But I've always looked forward to what Helen and I are doing today—living our own life with a monthly check for \$250 and no clock to punch. You just can't believe how fast fifteen years go—when there's a care-free future ahead.

### Send for Free Booklet

This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$10 to \$250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs.

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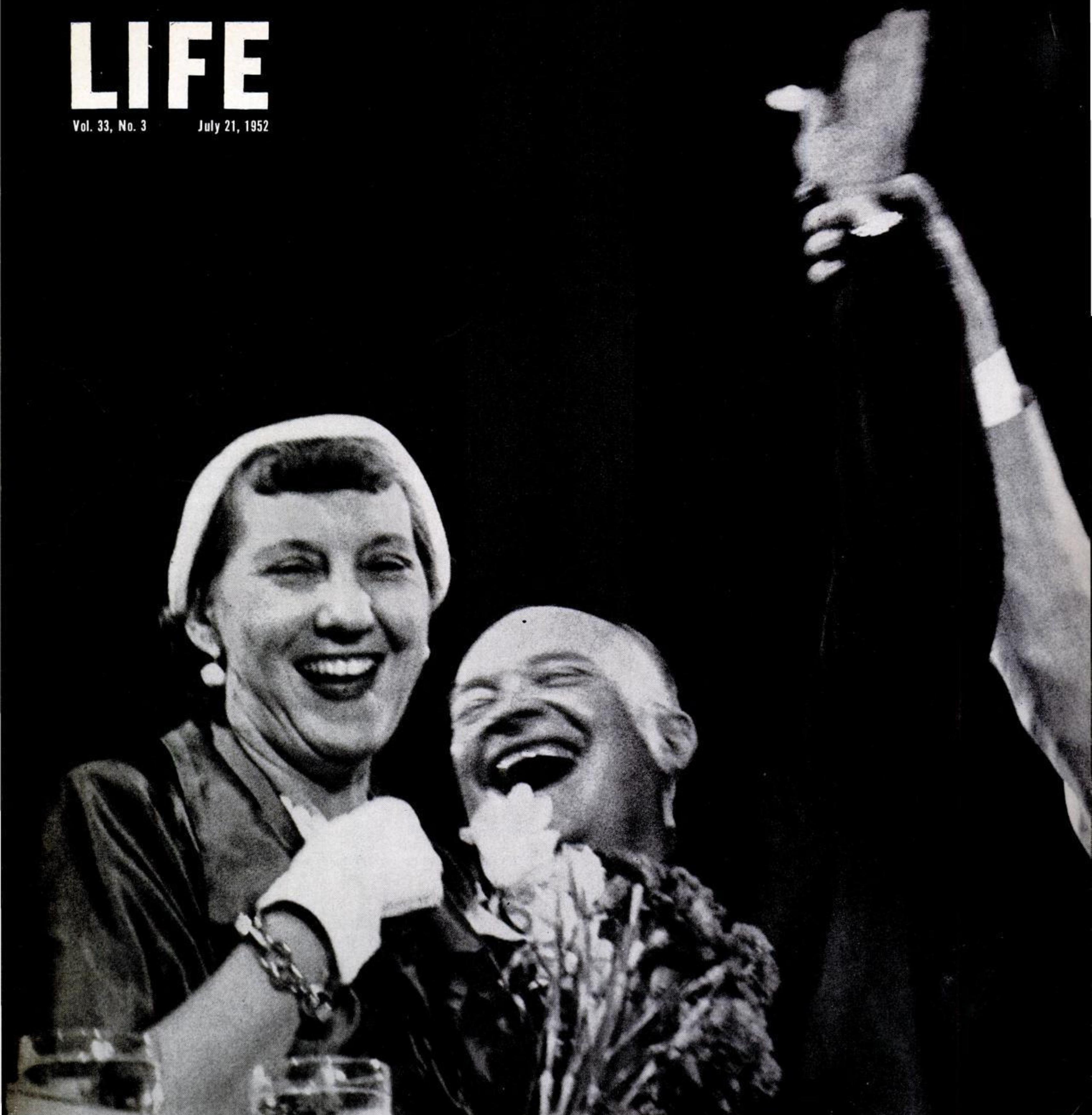
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## NEW LEADERS, NEW ZEAL TAKE 'OLD' OUT OF G.O.P.

The triumphantly raised hand, the exuberance of a victor in the moment of victory hardly fought and rightfully won is captured above by LIFE Photographer George Skadding. It is something more—a turning point in American politics. No battle for the Republican nomination had been more intensely and bitterly fought. But the 25th Republican convention responded to the will of the voters freely expressed in primaries and now freely recorded in the nomination of Dwight D. Eisenhower.



It was clear long ago that the Republican choice this year surely would lie between two distinguished Americans. One, Senator Robert A. Taft, held the firm allegiance of great dedicated sections of his party. But the demand that Eisenhower become a candidate had the kind of kinetic force that bursts all political boundaries. So evident were his qualities for leadership that even before he had assented to the nomination he was the choice of many of the country's leading newspapers

and magazines. In six primaries he polled the amazing number of 940,456 votes (vs. 543,752 for Taft) without campaigning once in person.

In the end it was not his popularity alone that made him a nominee but a moral issue—the issue of whether those who voted for him would have their votes counted by the convention. It was fought to a decision before the greatest audience in history (*pp. 18, 19*) and the greatest gallery of reporters and photographers ever assembled. The result was an open con-

vention and one in which the delegates had to stand up and be counted before all the world.

The convention battle may have left scars and divisions within the rank and file but it certainly brought new blood and new leadership to the party. The younger men made the successful fight which really decided the nomination and then the convention followed through in a bold appeal to youth by picking as the vice-presidential candidate a 39-year-old senator from California, Richard Nixon.



**IN KITCHEN CONFERENCE** at Congress Hotel, Taft leader Clarence Brown sought compromise with

## KEEP IT CLEAN

Eisenhower man John Heselton, Henry Zweifel, Texas, listens in. But Eisenhower refused all deals.

## DECISION CAME ON THE MORAL ISSUE

In a deserted kitchen of the Congress Hotel, in its ornate Gold Room where the credentials committee met and in the vast echoing amphitheater at the stockyards the struggle for the nomination went on for a full five days. But the most decisive roll call was not the last but the first—it came on the first afternoon when the convention was only 4½ hours old.

The roll call was forced on the "moral issue" raised by the Eisenhower forces against the delegates whose credentials were disputed. At about the time these delegates were chosen two canny, experienced politicians, Herb Brownell of New York and Wesley Roberts of Kansas (see page 26) took over from the sometimes amateurish managers of Ike's earlier campaigns. The Taft men knew that they could not win the nomination without the disputed southern delegates and the Ike men knew that so long as they rode an issue there would be a question about these Taft votes. They exploited it to the fullest.

Against the Taft forces were arrayed a solid 95 votes controlled by New York's Governor Dewey and 70 California votes controlled by Governor Warren. On the Wednesday before the convention Taft's floor manager Tom Coleman made his last plea for support to Pennsylvania's Governor Fine. As he left the governor said, "Tom I know that you would like to know this—Herb Brownell [Eisenhower's campaign strategist] is coming to see me tomorrow."

Coleman, wise in the ways of politics, knew what this political hint meant. He knew that on the moral issue Pennsylvania's votes would be cast against Taft. The Taft strategy then was to evade an early vote and thus avoid disclosing their weakness.

But on Monday, when the gavel fell, the battle was joined and with it began a series of Taft blunders. The Taft forces moved that the convention adopt the old rule of 1948: Ike's men countered with a "fair play" motion that barred the contested delegates from balloting on any disputed group. At this point the Taft forces had been planning to raise a point of order which would have exempted seven of the Louisiana delegates from the dispute. Such a point would have had to be sustained or instantly rejected by the whole convention without debate. But at the last minute one of the Taft floor managers, Clarence Brown, unexpectedly offered an amendment. This was subject to debate and a roll call vote—a roll call that would disclose Taft's true strength.

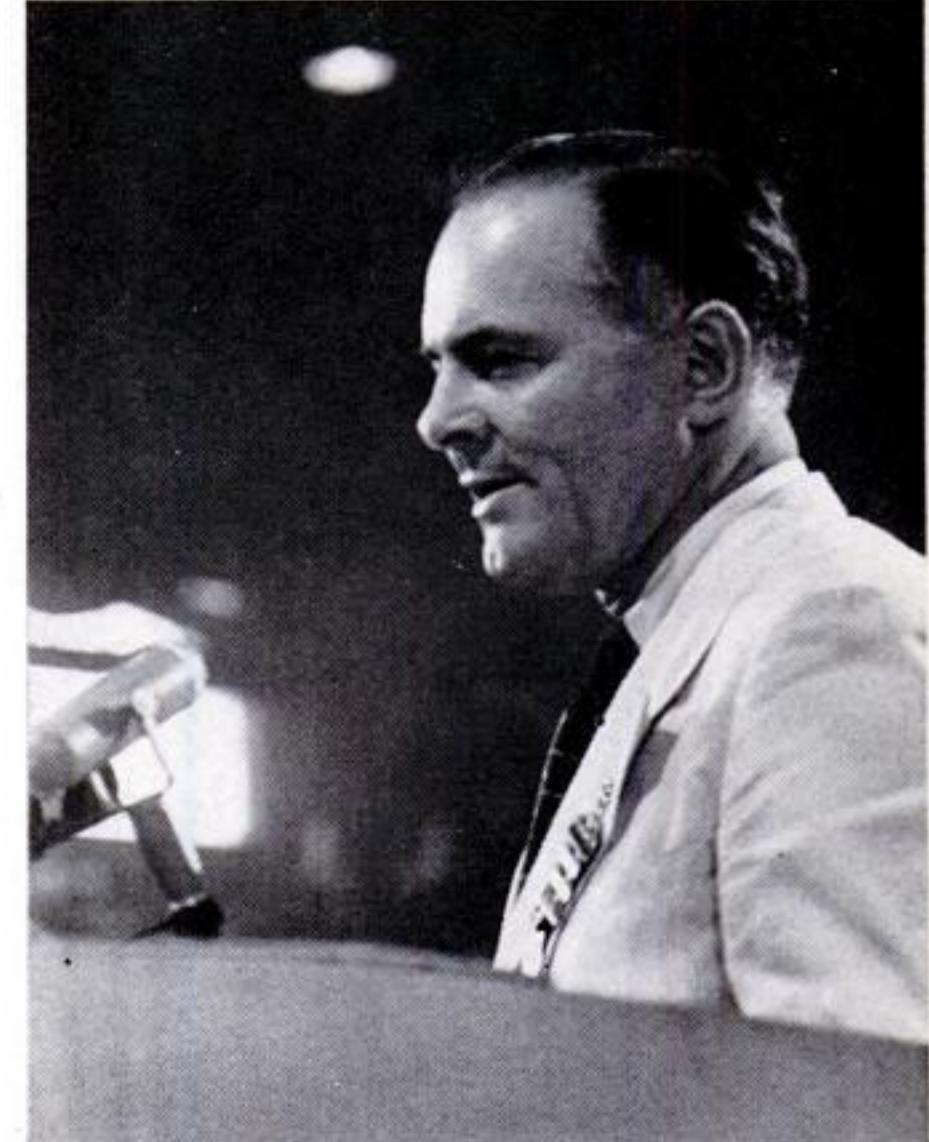
Belatedly and almost frantically Taft's men offered a compromise. "I beseech you," cried Senator Bricker of Ohio, "to accept our amendment," offering at the same time to accept the opposition motion. The Ike floor managers would accept no compromise and forced the roll call. The decisive result: Against the Brown amendment (and Taft) 658 votes, For 548. There was no doubt that Eisenhower was in.



**A NEW FACE** in the south is John Wisdom, presenting case for his Louisiana delegation. Unseated by Taft faction he was reseated at the convention.



**DRAMA ON ROSTRUM** is provided as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge complains that microphones



**MOST EFFECTIVE** in arguing for change was Connecticut's Lodge. Said he: "We are not bound by 1912 rules any more than we are by 1912 policies."



**YOUTHFUL CAPTAIN** of the Eisenhower group in credentials fight was Washington's Donald Eastvold, who asks ruling from committee chairman Ross Rizley, Oklahoma. Later he presented minority report which was upheld on floor.



**THE FIGHT BEGINS** when Washington's Governor Arthur Langlie presents the amendment to bar contested delegates from voting. Christian Herter (right), helped draft the Langlie amendment and aided in directing battle for first vote.



failed to work and Massachusetts was not recognized.  
Left to right: David Ingalls, Taft manager, Gov-

ernor Dan Thornton of Colorado, Cabot Lodge, Mrs. Charles Howard, national committee secretary, Chair-

man Guy Gabrielson. At microphone awaiting turn to speak is Taft spokesman Rep. Clarence Brown.



**REVERSE ENGLISH** was used by Eisenhower supporters. A vote of "No" in this case was a signal to support the pro-Eisenhower motion which carried.



**RIVAL TEXANS**, Taft man Henry Zweifel, (left), and Jack Porter sat only a row apart while they were awaiting first roll call on the disputed delegates. As

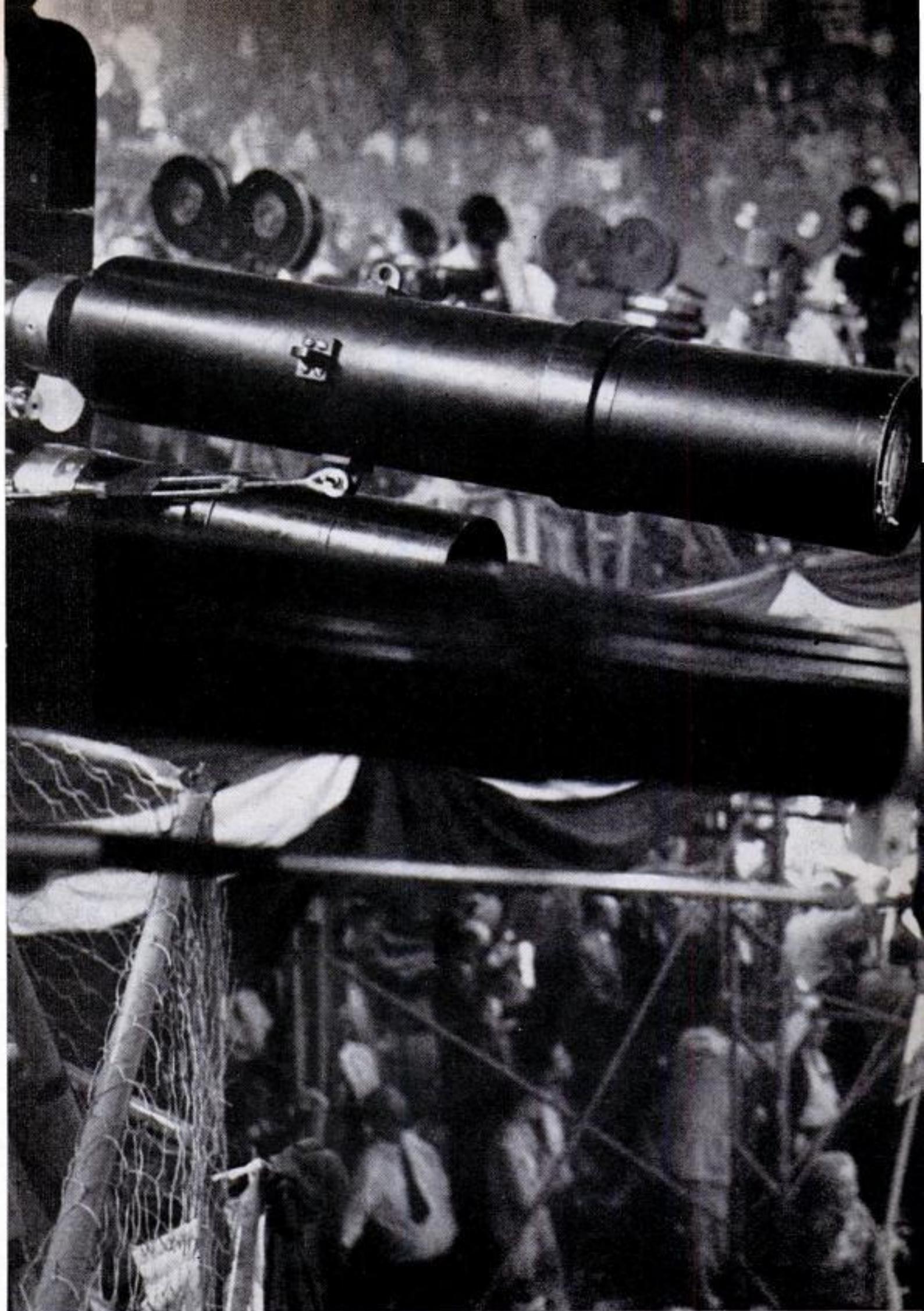
a result, Porter's delegation was seated and he succeeded Zweifel as state committeeman. In Porter's delegation there were 33 votes for Eisenhower.



**"TV STARS"** grew familiar as the cameras returned to them again and again. Above: Taft rooter with continuous handclap and an elderly handkerchief waver.

## TELEVISION SHOWED THE FLOOR TO HISTORY'S BIGGEST AUDIENCE

Television made the Republican convention the most widely-viewed event in history. Its astonishing zoomar lens, operating from high in the cavernous amphitheater, sucked up the distance to bring millions of viewers face to face with a single screaming delegate among the hysterical thousands far below. When it worked, the walkie-lookie (a new NBC hand camera which was promptly dubbed a creepie-peepie) did for the visual audience what the roving candid microphone had done for radio listeners. The 77 cameras with which the major networks covered the convention enabled TV to report predictable events like a state caucus. The Republican doings were watched in almost 18 million homes and additional TV coverage was piped by closed circuit into cities which have no TV station and was shown in theaters and hotels. All told, some 70 million Americans saw part or all of the 6½ hour show. So ubiquitous was TV's giant eye, in fact, that more than one delegate, caught by the television camera during a moment of relaxation, received an indignant telegram within the hour from constituents at home, demanding that he get to work.



**THE BIG BERTHAS** of the TV convention coverage were the long lenses like the 25-inch one (*top*) and more especially the zoomar (*below it*) which ranged

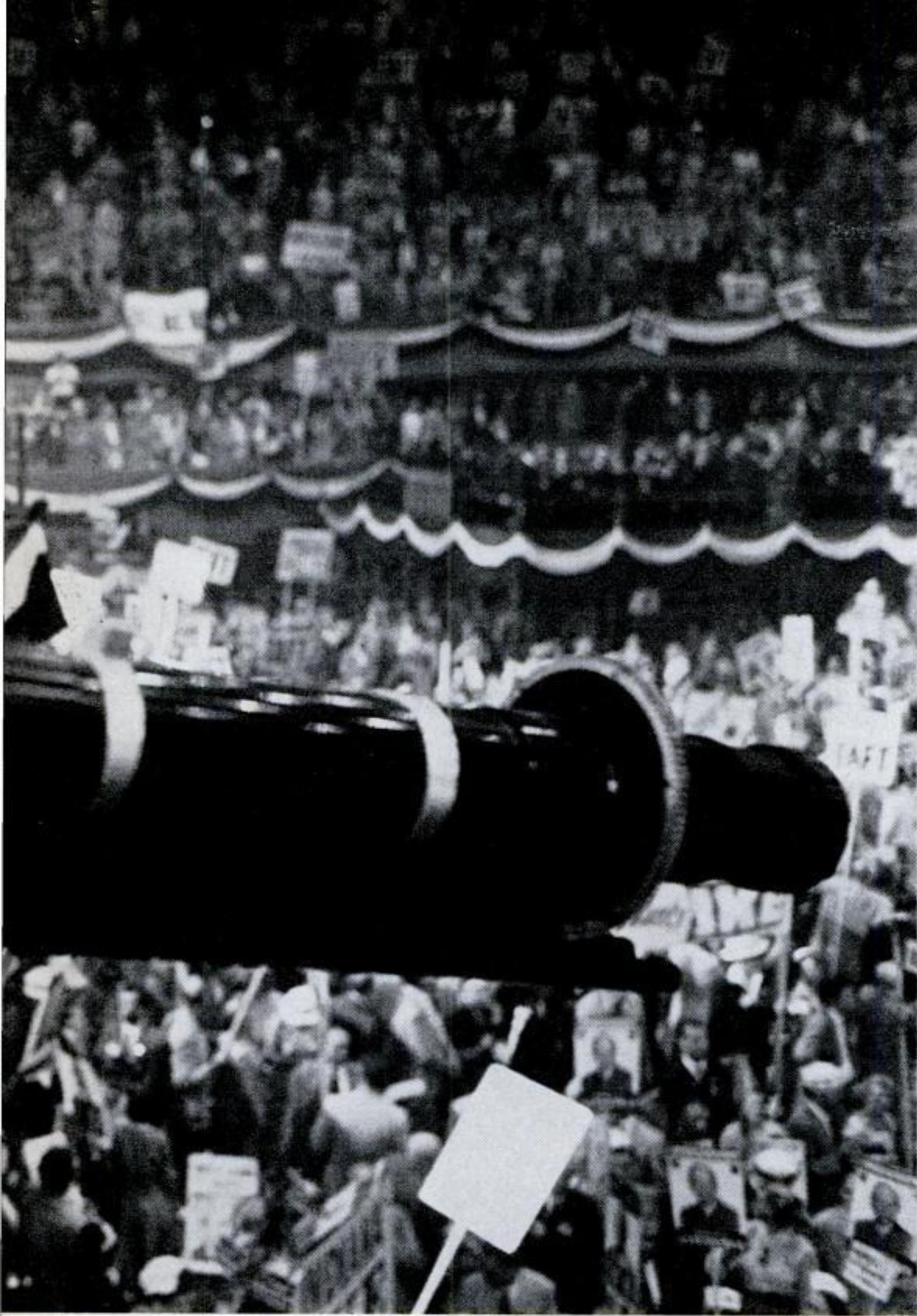


**ENTRANCE CUE** was given by TV to nomination demonstrators, 150 of whom were admitted to hall for

each candidate. These watch a screen in the corridor, waiting for Dirksen to end Taft nominating speech.



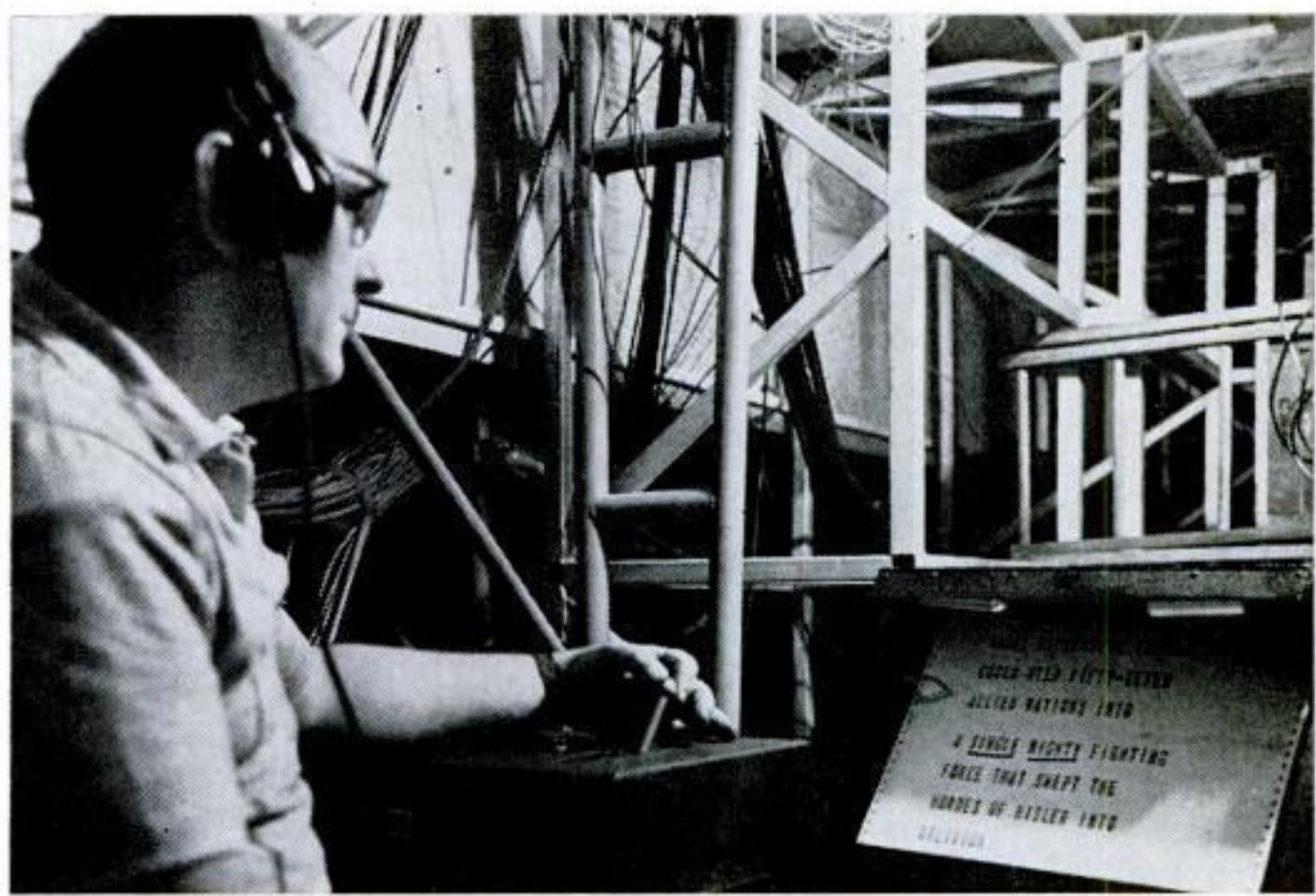
**DIRECTOR** of TV coverage was Robert Doyle who picked shots from seven cameras pooled by networks.



throughout the entire convention hall with an all-seeing eye. The zoomar lens focuses automatically and telescopically and is operated by only one cameraman.



**BOON TO SPEAKERS** was the Teleprompter (right) which unrolled their speech line by line in huge letters so that they could read it without seeming to.



**PROMPTER'S MUSCLES** were furnished by Art Keely who sat under the speaker's stand to pace synchronized duplicate roll of speech with the speaker.



**CREEPY-PEEPIE** consists of a 10-pound camera and a 50-pound transmitter on the engineer's back.



**NETWORK CONTROL ROOM**—here CBS's—could transmit pool picture, its own coverage or com-

mercials (on screens at left). Background: commercial studio with tireless Betty Furness standing by.

# ON STAGE AND OFF, SUMMERFIELD AND FINE FORM DRAMATIC TEAM



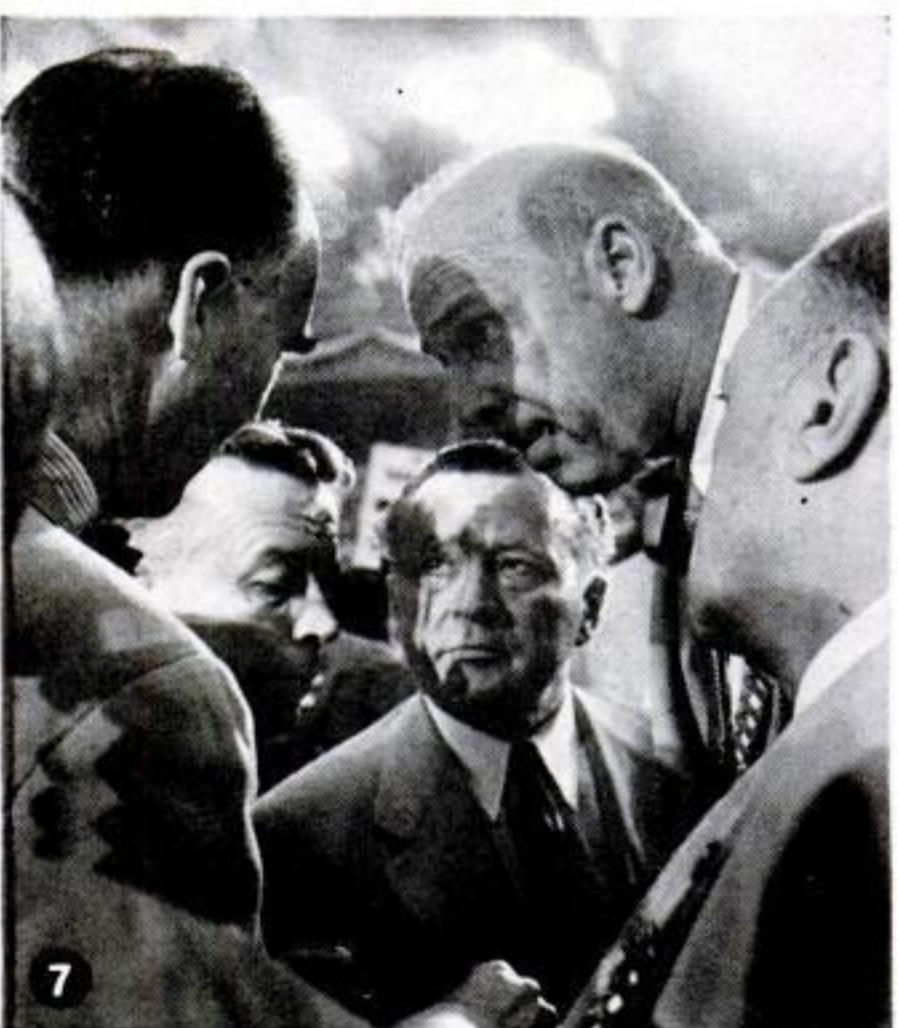
**AT LUNCH** Fine (center) told Pennsylvania Senator James Duff and state GOP chairman Harvey Taylor (right) that he felt their state was pro-Eisenhower.



**PLAYING ALONG** at the moment, Summerfield met Taft Floor Manager Tom Coleman near Stassen's hotel headquarters. Coleman sought to convert him.



**IN BEDROOM** of Fine's hotel suite Summerfield and Fine early agreed to stand together for Ike. They also agreed not to reveal their decision immediately.



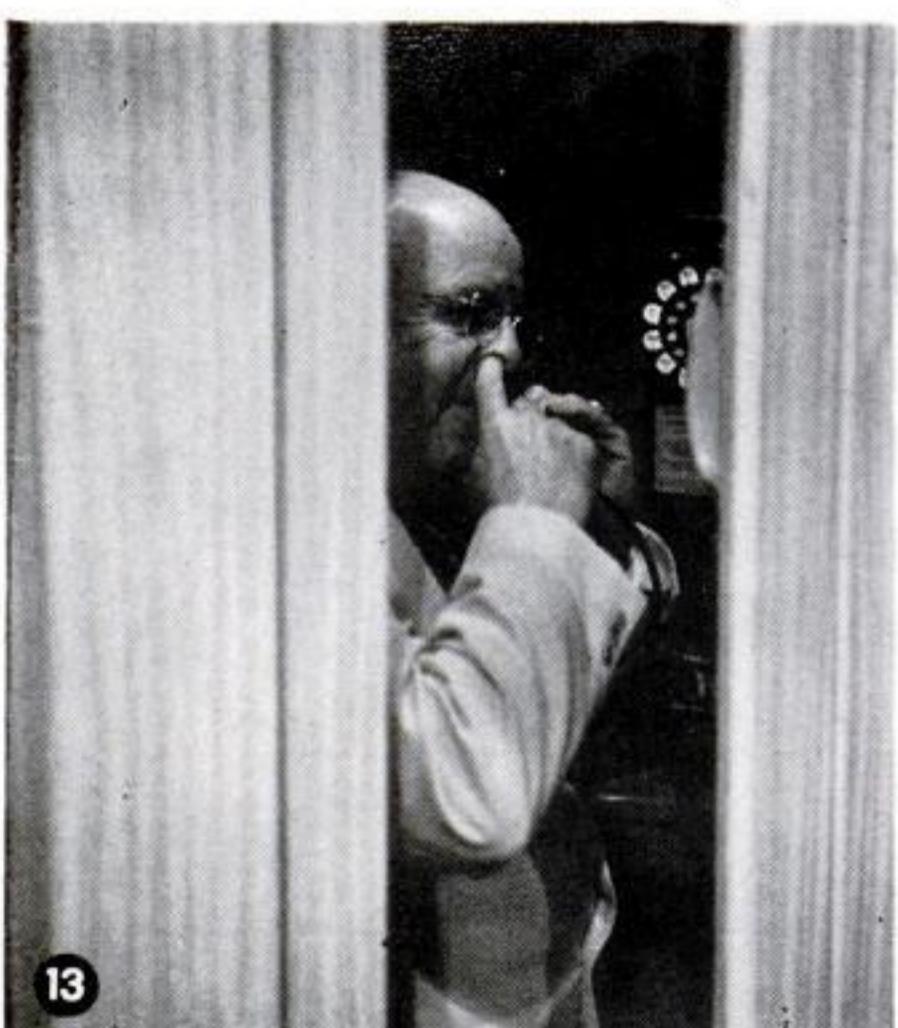
**A SERIOUS TALK** between Summerfield (lower center) and some of Eisenhower's floor strategists occurred just before one of the convention sessions.



**WITH A TAFTMAN**, Summerfield talks in confidential undertones during critical debate on the floor. The Taft man was Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen.



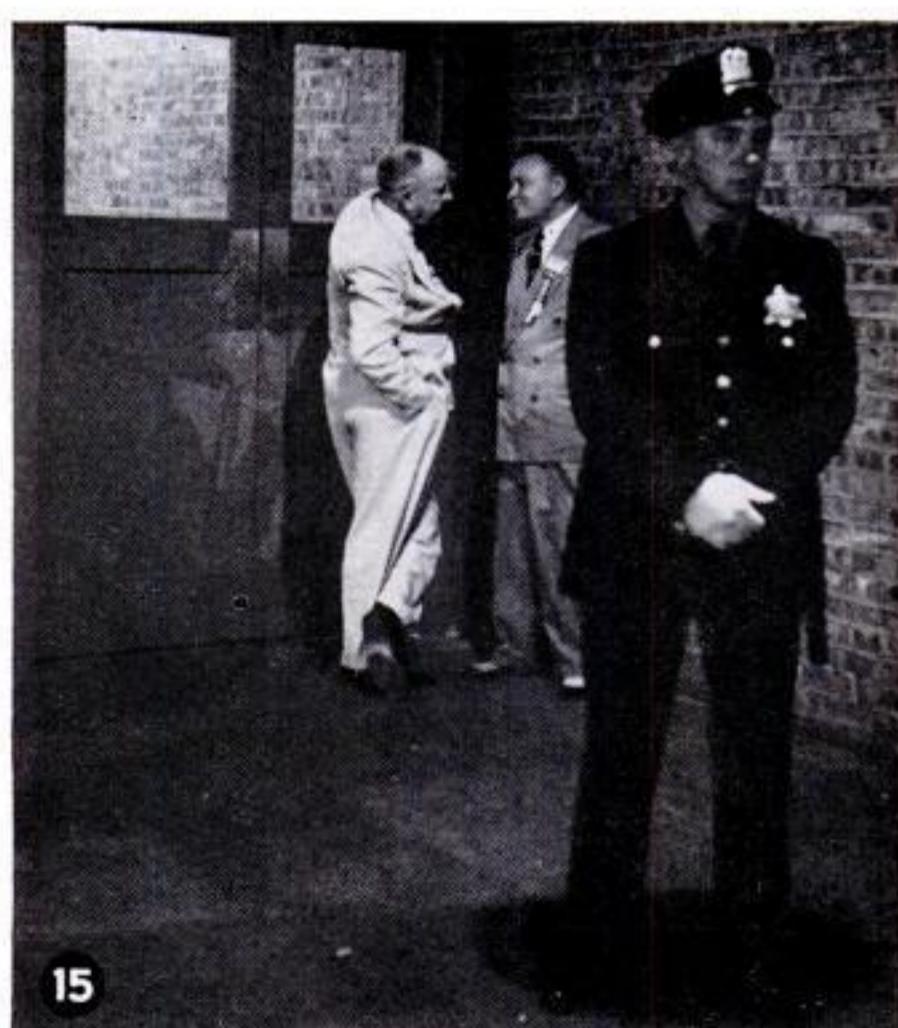
**HOARSE SUMMONS** to his delegation is called through a newspaper by Summerfield who worked like a coxswain to maintain his crew's zest for Ike.



**CALL TO SUMMERFIELD** was one of the many Fine made to the Michigan delegation chairman. This was in a telephone booth in an amphitheater corridor.



**A MYSTERY CALL** in another phone booth was made by Summerfield who talked earnestly to a politician whose identity he later refused to disclose.



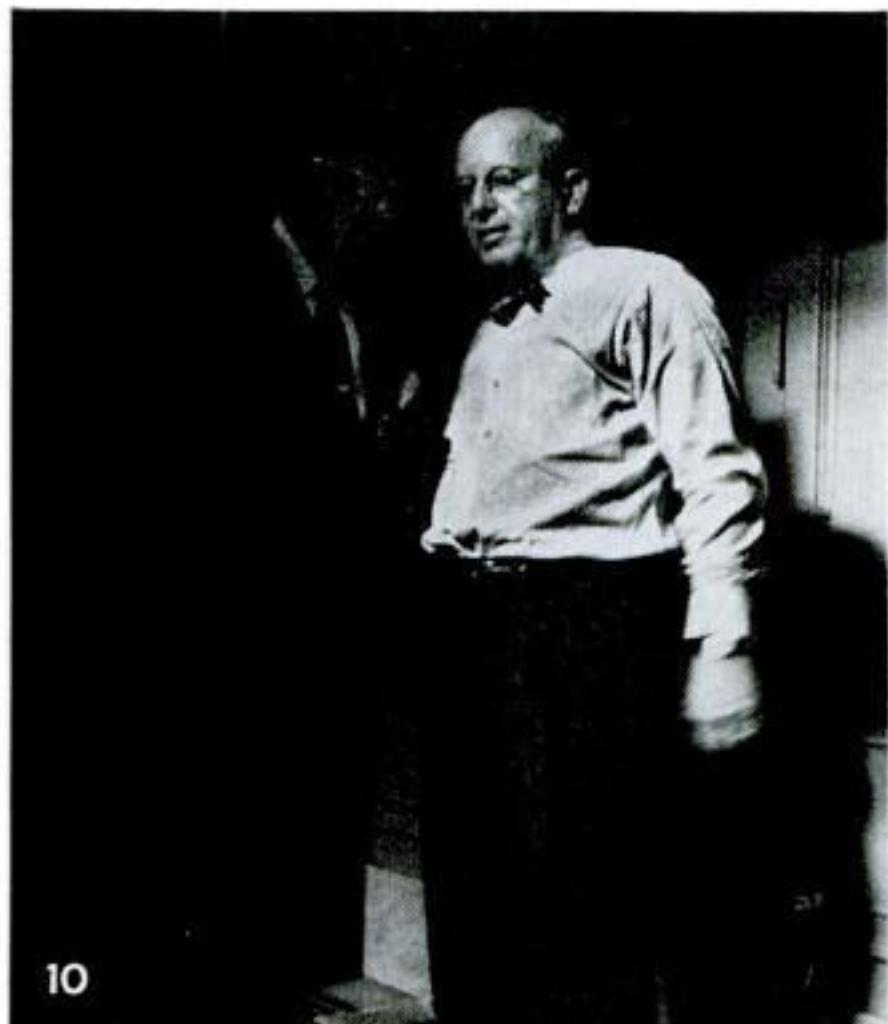
**SEVENTH KNOWN MEETING** (there may have been more) of Summerfield and Fine was for the purpose of timing their announcements for Eisenhower.

quadrennial hour, holding incessant mouth-to-ear confabs with other key figures, scurrying down hotel corridors to elude the overcurious press and praising practically any candidate. Occasionally he turned up in the company of such glamour veterans and political amateurs as Screen Actress Irene Dunne, and once turned up on the rostrum, dewlaps a-quiver with rage, at what he regarded as a doublecross. Summerfield meanwhile

harangued his delegation through folded newspaper and megaphone, and argued at times with ushers who objected to his holding a caucus which blocked aisles supposed to be kept clear. But at convention's end both men reached the politician's supreme goal: they had helped put over the winner. Summerfield was promptly rewarded with the GOP chairmanship and given responsibility for running Ike's campaign against the Democrats.



**AT CAUCUS** with his 70-man delegation Fine persuaded them to vote affirmatively on the "fair play" amendment. Subsequently 57 voted as he had asked.



**AT SHADY MEETING** in hotel corridor Fine spurns Pennsylvania National Committeeman Mason Owlett's plea to support Georgia's 17 Taft delegates.



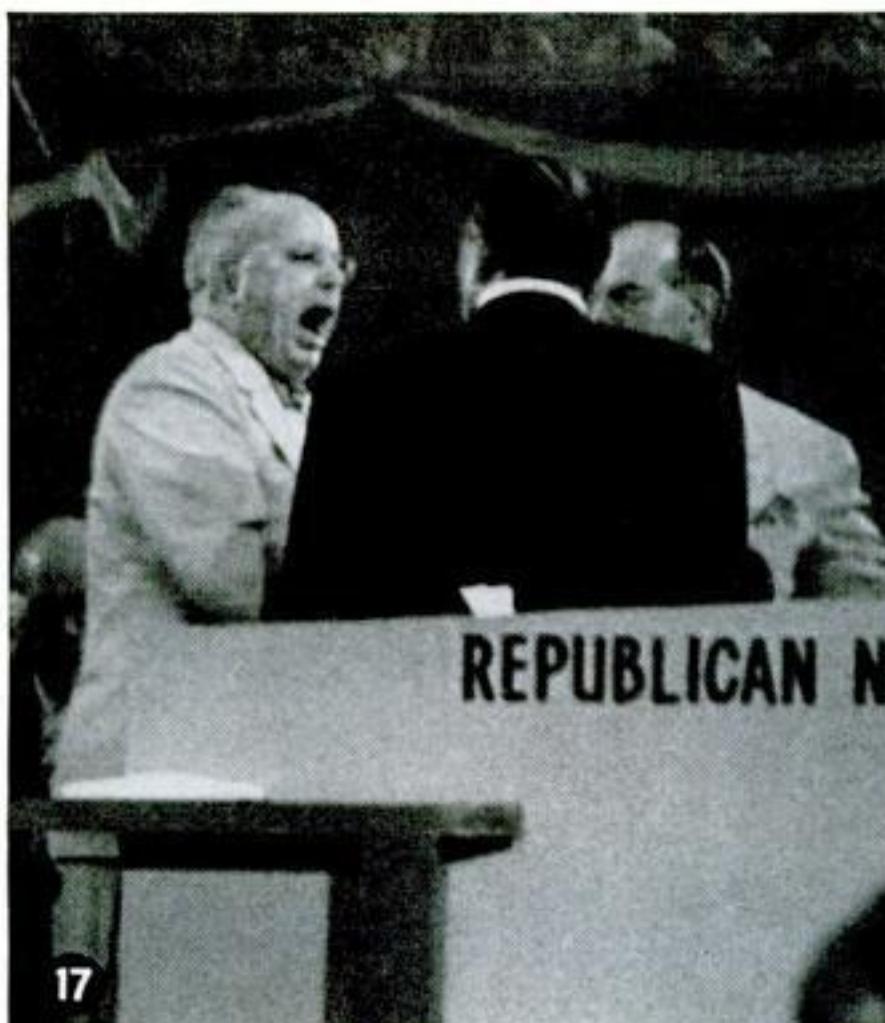
**ELECTRIC AMPLIFIER** was used by Fine to address his big group. He understood they were promised time to meet and discuss the Georgia question.



**CHEEK-BY-JOWL**, Summerfield and Fine whispered on the convention floor awaiting the arrival of General MacArthur, once Fine's favorite candidate.



**GUARDED BY USHERS** they met in a corridor of the amphitheater which was also being used as a rendezvous by Taftmen for their quick meetings.



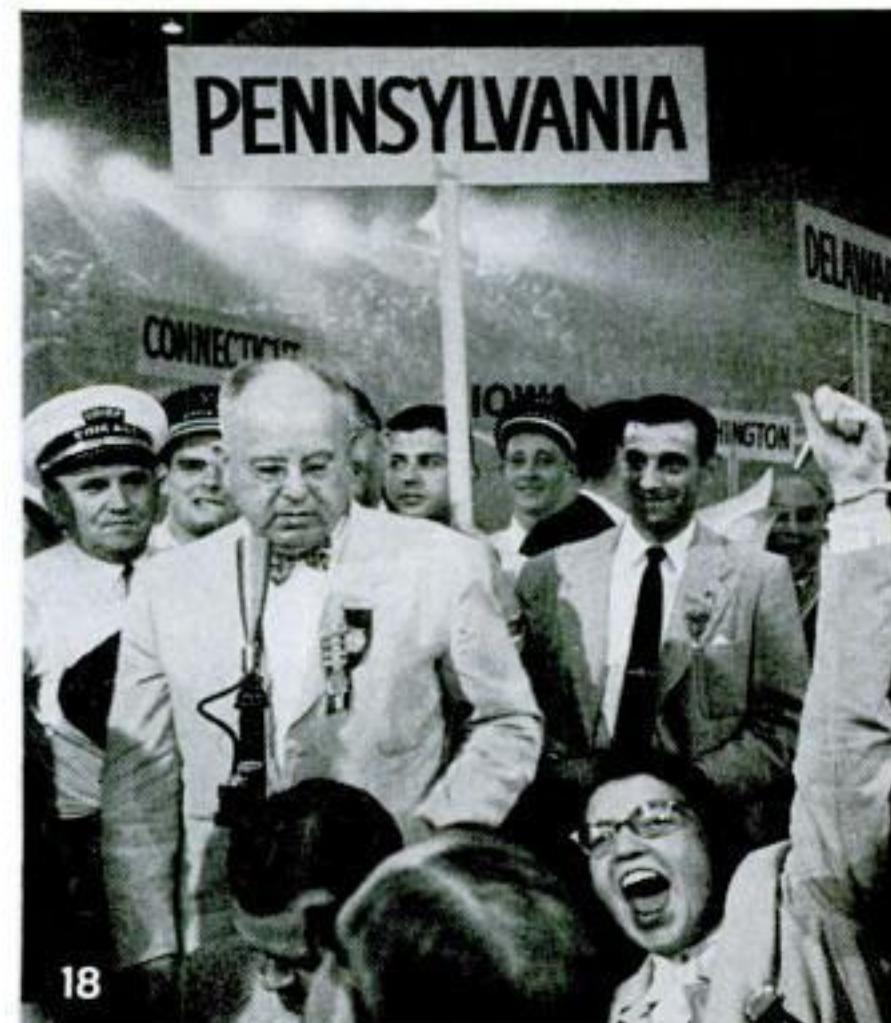
**ANGRY SCENE** occurred between Fine and Hallinan when latter proceeded with a Georgia vote during absence of Fine. He returned from caucus fast.



**A JAUNTY MEETING** between Senator Duff, an early Ike proponent and Fine, whose convictions of Ike's chances were strengthening, made each smile.



**DEWEY LISTENS** as Fine, in a meeting in private dining room of the Stock Yard Inn near the amphitheater, said he has finally decided on Eisenhower.



**APPROVAL** of the Fine delegation, back from its caucus, was highlighted by Fine's own answer to roll call dispute with: "Pennsylvania will never pass."



**CLENCHED FIST** is waved by Mamie as she tells press she will follow Ike everywhere he campaigns.

## MAMIE EMERGES AS

Up to last week almost any American could tell you that Ike Eisenhower had a wife named Mamie who wore her hair in bangs, but that was about all. In Chicago they began to find out more about her. They smothered her with bouquets, begged her for autographs and guessed at the origin of her hat (it came from Paris). The day after she arrived, she found herself shaking the hands of 3,000 eager visitors. And when she went to bed, sound trucks reminded her that a new public life was only beginning for her. They roared out a new song that ended, "Ma-mie, what a wonderful name for the First Lady of our Land."

But Mamie took the fuss and lyrics calmly, emerging from her first venture into public life with a new reputation as a poised, pleasant and bright-eyed woman who appeared younger than she was (55). In her public utterances



**RAPTLY LISTENING** to her husband talk to an 82nd Airborne reunion after his arrival in Chicago,

Mamie was almost in tears. Ike, sadly recalling division men lost in World War II, nearly wept himself.



**ANSWERING MAIL**, Mamie holds her "working glasses" in hand as she dictates to secretary Mary

Jane McCaffree. She spent most of the convention in suite, watching TV and meeting delegates and wives.



**WARM WELCOME** is given Mamie by Ike's brother, Milton, the president of Penn State College.



**FEATHER TEST** is given Mamie's Paris hat by a reporter. Mamie said that the feathers were artificial.

## POISED CANDIDATE

she settled mainly for "This makes me very happy" or "You're all very kind." She proved she could turn aside silly questions gracefully and directly. When Hedda Hopper asked whether Mamie, as first lady, would expect all women to wear bangs, she quietly replied, "I should say not." Asked if she as "a soldier's wife" would worry when her soldier son went to Korea, she answered, "That's a strange question to ask a mother. Soldier's wife or not, I'm still very much a mother." Even the heavy handshaking turned out to be no ordeal—once she had learned to remove the heavy West Point ring Ike gave her in 1916. In all the excitement and uproar on the speaker's stand she kept her natural spontaneity; when Mrs. Nixon, wife of the vice presidential nominee, was brought up to take her seat, Mamie turned to her new running mate and said, "You're the prettiest thing."



**WITH HER GRANDCHILDREN**, who came to visit Mamie and Ike at the Blackstone, Mamie holds

Susan, 6 months. At right is David, 4. They are children of Mamie's soldier son who is going to Korea.



**MAMIE'S RUNNING MATE**, pretty red-haired Pat Nixon, 39, was besieged by camera and radio men after her husband's nomination. She was Pat Ryan, a



school teacher and a Democrat when Nixon met her in Whittier, Calif. He converted her to Republicanism, now says, "She is my answer to Nancy Kefauver."



## MEMORABLE EVENTS INCLUDE THE



**WHISTLES AND BANNERS,**

No sooner had each nomination speech ended than the wild demonstrations began and the hall of the convention burst into a frenzy of whistles and sirens. Jiggling and waving placards, banners, flags and balloons turned the huge arena into a kaleidoscope of movement (LIFE will publish a color photograph of the



### MACARTHUR'S BIG SPEECH

Leaning confidently into the microphones on opening night, General Douglas MacArthur delivered keynote address. Speaking in a voice that did not always have its customary mellow authority, he lit into the administration. But he could not match the magic of his great 1951 speech before Congress and received disappointingly brief applause. Noting this and some abortive efforts to start a MacArthur boom, many began to believe that the General indeed was fading away.



### PUERTO RICO'S BIG LAUGH

After much polling of big delegations, a request for polling of the three-man Puerto Rican group smoothed tense Wednesday night tempers with waves of laughter. The requestor was Marceline Romany, who felt he was being deprived of his vote. In a Spanish accent he insisted his name was on the temporary roll. When the chair agreed, he demanded a reading of delegates' names. Finally, as the clerk stumbled through a Spanish tongue-twister, (Mrs. Providencia Ramos de Villamil) he asked "What was that name?" Then, "That's all right, she's not here." As the hall roared again, Romany voted to seat Georgia's Ike delegation.

## LOUD NOISES AND DEEP FEELINGS



**WHOOPLA AND BALLOONS**

demonstration in the Aug. 4 issue). Eisenhower and Taft had the most frantic demonstrations, each lasting at least 40 minutes until they were halted by the chair. Stassen's backers, when their time came, went demonstrationless on the grounds of maintaining proper dignity, and quietly distributed roses instead.



**A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH**

When the name of Dwight Eisenhower was finally put in nomination and the big demonstration had begun Leverett Saltonstall (*foreground*), a dignified Massachusetts senator who had worked for Eisenhower, seized an Ike placard and began to dance about the floor in a most unBostonian way. Behind him another dignified Bostonian took refuge by grasping his state's signpost. On Saltonstall's right was Senator Henry Cabot Lodge who had helped run Ike's victorious campaign.



**A MOMENT OF SADNESS**

On Tuesday night Ex-President Herbert Hoover took the speaker's stand. A decade ago, he was vilified as the architect of the 1929 depression, but in recent years he has re-emerged as a man of stature and intellect; his work on the Hoover Report has drawn praise even from President Truman. On Tuesday, before Hoover could begin his address, the delegates and the galleries staged a heartwarming, 13-minute demonstration. When he began Hoover, now 77, remarked that "due to the inexorable course of nature" he would probably never address the convention again, they drowned out his words with loud cries of "No! No! No!"

# IT ENDS WITH TEARS, GRINS, AND A PROMISE



**BEAMING** Tom Dewey, who helped mastermind the Eisenhower strategy, takes a confident pre-victory stretch just before delivering 92 votes to Ike.



**CHOKED UP**, Dave Ingalls, Taft's campaign manager and second cousin, fights back tears as Taft is finally defeated on the convention floor. Ike polled

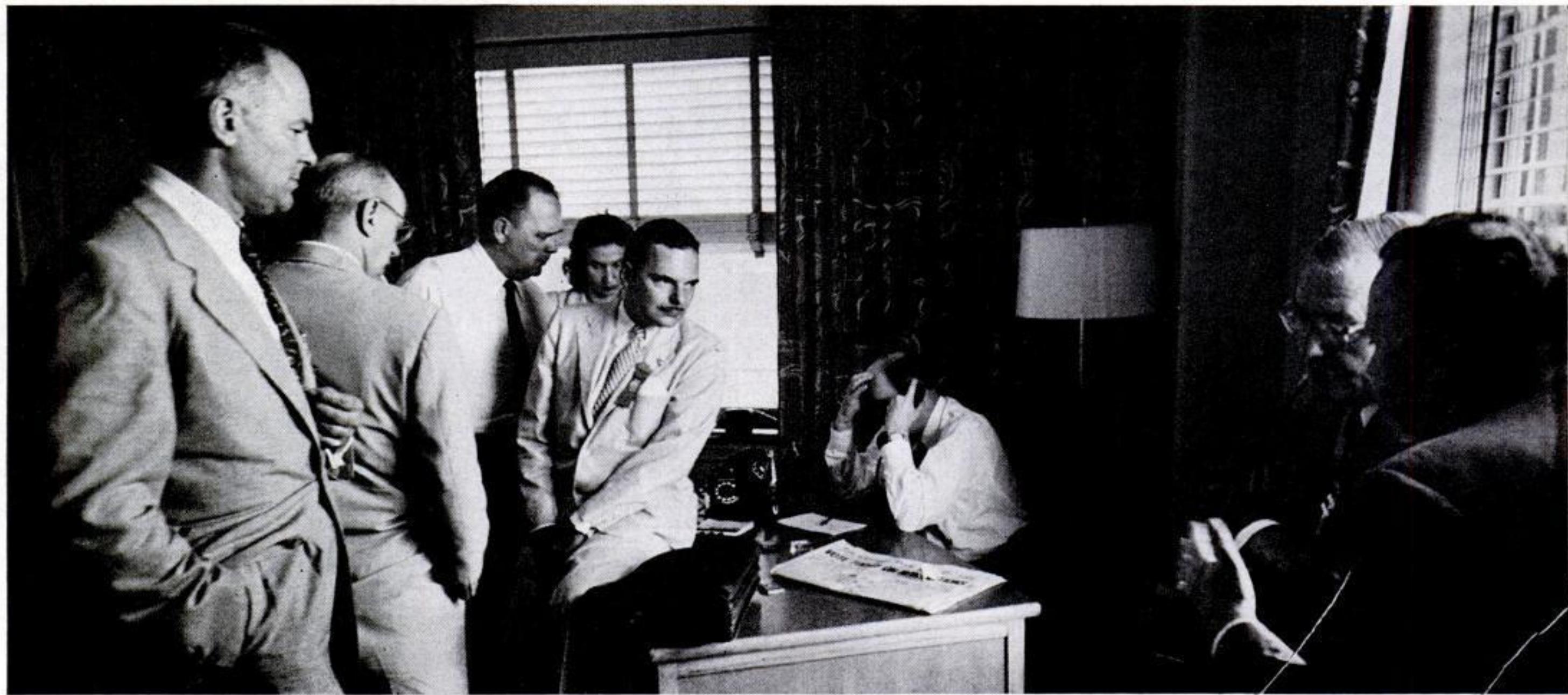
595 on the first roll call, Taft 500. Then Minnesota switched 19 votes to Ike, giving him nomination. This picture was taken as state after state followed suit.



**SADDENED** Bob Taft frowns as he reads a last-minute count of the delegates a few hours before the balloting begins. As in 1948 Taft was a good loser.

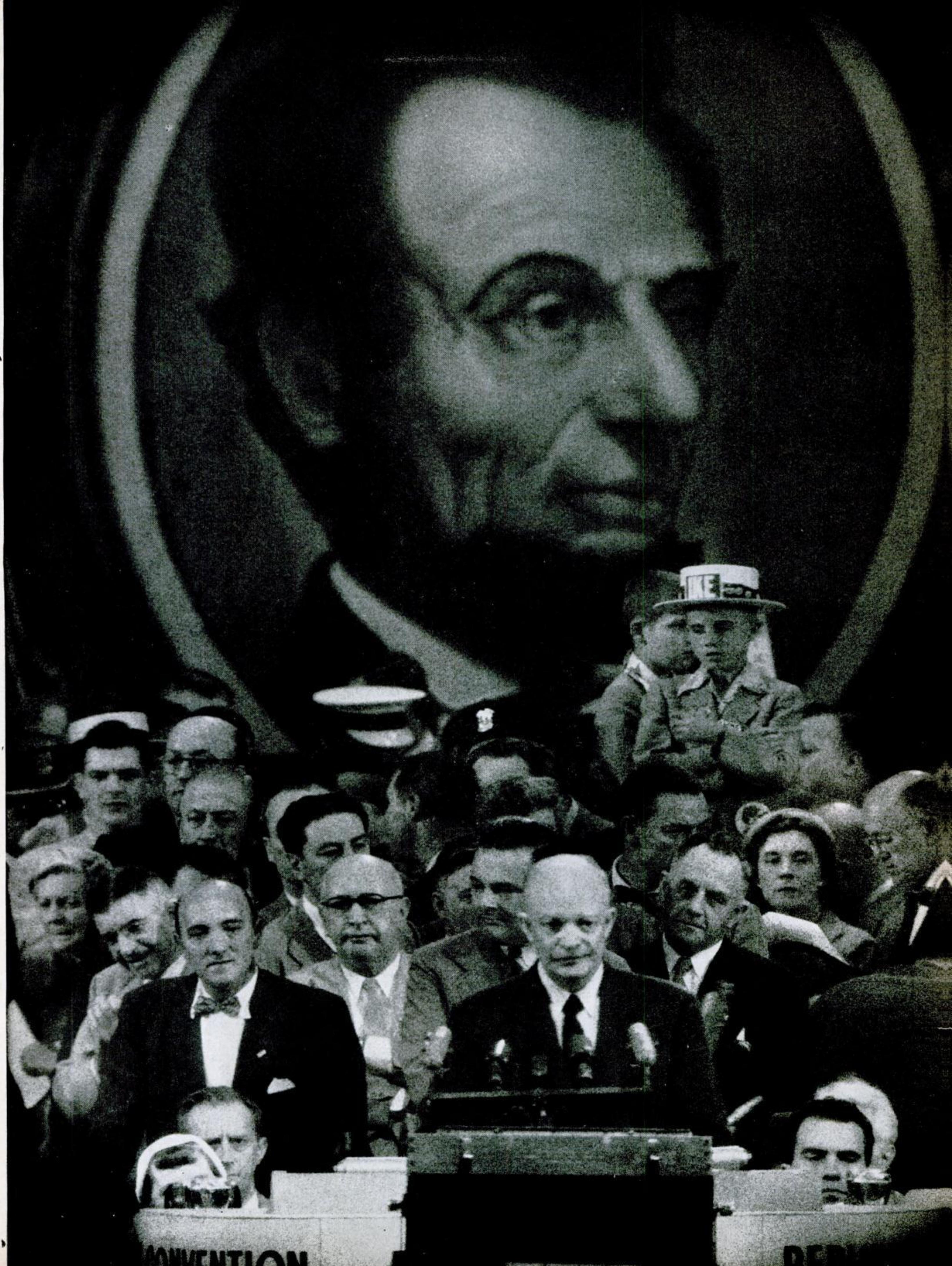


**JOYFUL** Ike strategists, Wes Roberts and Herbert Brownell Jr. never left hotel but passed big decisions over private telephone to convention amphitheater.



**HIGH COMMAND** tells the General they have sold everyone on Richard Nixon, 39, as candidate for vice president. This exclusive picture was taken two hours after the presidential nomination at the exact moment Eisenhower himself hears

who is recommended to be his running mate. Informing Ike, who asked for "a young man," are left to right: John Lodge, Wes Roberts, Barak Mattingly, Dewey, Herbert Brownell (on the phone), J. Russel Sprague and Arthur Summerfield.



CONVENTION

STORY OF THE

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# IKE'S 'GREAT CRUSADE'

## ITS SOLE OBJECTIVE IS A REPUBLICAN VICTORY—FOR MORE THAN REPUBLICAN REASONS

The Republican convention of 1952 will be memorable for many years. Not only did it pick the best possible candidate, but it carried to the first national TV audience more political drama than any convention has held in years. Besides their normal factional discord, the Republicans were deeply divided this year over a moral issue, that of the stolen delegates. On this issue, the Old Guard of the party got hold of the wrong side, and the Ikemen seized the right. Ike's victory was therefore also a victory of right over wrong. No dramatist could write a simpler, more sure-fire and more deeply satisfying plot than that.

Because he won on a moral issue, Ike's acceptance speech sounded just right. "You have summoned me," he said, "to lead a great crusade." The Republicans had just shriven themselves in public. If there is crusading to be done, they are in good moral shape for it, certainly far better shape than the Democrats. But are they in good political shape also? Is "crusade" the right word for the task ahead of them?

That task, as Ike described it, is first and foremost to get elected. And that is in fact the one and only objective on which all wings of the Republican party are now agreed. Ike was not nominated by acclamation; he started no prairie fires. There was as much holy zeal in the Taft camp as in his, perhaps more; and the practical men who swung the nomination for Ike did so with one very practical argument: Ike can win. If that is expediency, let Democrats make the most of it.

So perhaps "crusade" is too strong a word for the next few months of Republican activity. The Republican troops are a quite miscellaneous crew of Americans who are divided, like the rest of the human race, along sharp lines of temperament, geography and belief. But while they are united as yet only by a desire to win, that desire is not a mere hunger for patronage and office. The Republicans want to win in order to prove something, both to themselves and to the nation.

### The why of 'time for a change'

What do these Republicans want to prove? First, that a change of administration is still possible in the U.S.

Each four years they have used one slogan with increasing intensity: "It's time for a change." This year the slogan is embossed with better-than-usual arguments, from the chronic grafting of the Trumanites to the Hiss case. But these arguments all get answers of sorts. What gets no answer, and can only be answered by a Republican victory, is the conviction behind the slogan. This is the conviction that the American system of divided powers, which underpins our liberty, has a temporal dimension; that despite the words of the Constitution, growing bureaucracy (as Hoover put it) "has a real inherent power"; that the only sure check on that power is the power to change administrations; that we can not be sure we still have this power until we in fact turn the Democrats out.

Rogers Dunn of Connecticut correctly predicted the elections of 1944 and 1948 by analyzing the distributions of federal jobs in various key states. It is the cynical implication of his thesis that enough votes can be bought by jobs to make "spend and spend, elect and elect" a true description of what has been happening to this country. Republicans are not abnormally cynical, but they know that only a Republican victory can destroy this cynical thesis. They would like to see it destroyed. They would like to prove that the Fair Deal formula of subsidies and promises is not the

only way to win elections and has not made elections mere rituals. They cannot prove that beyond question except by winning. That is why they regard a Republican victory as all-important.

They would also like to prove something in foreign affairs. Republican attacks on the Acheson foreign policy often run to inarticulateness, bad logic and mere wrath. Yet the real reason why Republicans want control of U.S. foreign policy is neither complicated nor sinister. They want to break the Democrats' near-monopoly of respectable opinion about foreign policy, and to stop the consequent blackmail to which any and all opposition to the Acheson policies is now in some degree subject.

Some of Ike's own supporters do not really trust the Republicans on foreign policy. Even the tolerant *New York Times* is extremely quick to rebuke any Republican criticism of the Korean war, for example, unless it first pays exaggerated obeisance to the role of the United Nations. Acheson's admirers (both at home and abroad) have perfected certain subtle tests which must be passed to ward off a charge of "isolationism." Many Republicans are too plain-speaking to pass these tests. But there is only one way they can prove that the tests are silly and the charge a libel. That is by being made responsible for an alternative to the Acheson policy.

### Proof depends on victory

The Dulles plank in the Republican platform shows that a non-isolationist, non-Acheson foreign policy can be worked out satisfactorily on paper. But platforms never convinced anybody, and in the case of foreign affairs a successful policy is never called so except by historians, after it has proved itself. To win any credit from historians of foreign policy, the Republicans must have charge of foreign policy long enough to have some effect on it. Meanwhile they can only bemoan the way so many current historians so misrepresent the actual disasters into which the Achesonian policy has led the nation.

Here, then, are two major reasons why the Republicans are so determined to win this year. Only by winning can they really prove what they know to be true: that this country can be better governed than it is, and that there can be less fear and fewer clouds on its horizon. This feeling is deeply held by most Republicans, whether Old Guard or new. Because it is a difficult feeling to express in a debate, the Democrats are already saying that Ike's will be a "no issue" campaign. Of course there are concrete issues—plenty of them. Taft has ably exposed them for months in one debate after another all over the country. But now the Republicans want to win more than the debates; they want to win the election.

That is why they chose Ike, and why Ike last week summoned them to unite and organize from top to bottom. Even in Texas, where the bitterness had run deep, Taft supporters signed up to work for Ike as soon as they got home. The desire of patriotic Taftmen to beat the Democrats has never been in question. As for the Ikemen, some of them must now prove that they are as serious about elections as about conventions. But certainly Ike is serious, and he knows how to inspire seriousness in others.

So the Republicans have a leader, a set of issues, a moral victory over some of their members and the satisfying memory of a great convention. More than all these, they have a will and a need for victory. By November, "crusade" may not be too strong a word.



## Home late after shopping?

Don't let dinner-worry dim the glow of that new hat! Count on quick, quick Minute Rice to feed your family in style—and on time! It's pre-cooked...just bring to a boil and turn off the heat. Comes out perfect every time—each grain fluffy and full of flavor!

Served plain, Minute Rice is delicious—stretches leftovers into a real meal. Or you can whip up a new beauty like the all-American favorite shown below. Either way, you'll know why so many women are never without quick, quick Minute Rice!

# Time to spare...thanks to Minute Rice!



### Quick and Easy!

No washing! No rinsing! No draining! No steaming! It's pre-cooked.

### "Dinner delish"...done in 18 minutes BACON'N EGG RICE

Here's an after-shopping fancy that looks like hours of fixing—done in jig-time thanks to MINUTE RICE.

Prepare 1½ cups (5-oz. package) pre-cooked Minute Rice as directed on package. Let stand 10 minutes. Add 5 slices cooked bacon, diced, and 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced. Melt 1 package (8 ounces) processed American cheese in double boiler. Add ½ cup milk and blend well. Place rice mixture on platter and top with cheese sauce. Perfect rice—a luscious feast—for a hungry-but-soon-made-happy family!

Another quickie—Curried Rice for four: Prepare 1½ cups Minute Rice as directed on package, adding ¾ teaspoon curry powder with the water and salt. Marvelous with lamb stew, roast pork, creamed eggs, or shrimp.



For perfect rice  
the quick and easy way  
\*\*\*pre-cooked

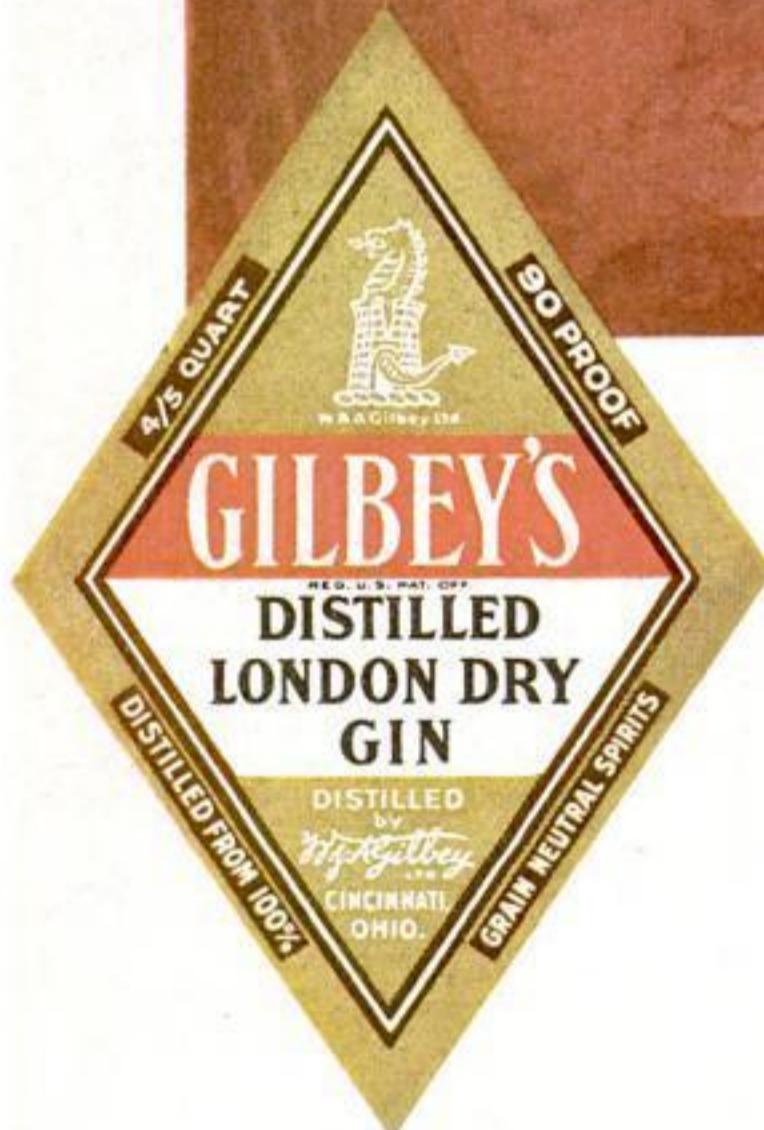
# MINUTE BRAND RICE

A Product of General Foods



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was known throughout France during the reign of Louis XIV...on late 17th century playing cards.



This diamond is known the world over today. It's the label for the gin that's dry, naturally dry...clear, crystal clear...

the right proof, 90 proof, for perfect mixing, perfect taste.

Dry  
Clear  
Right proof



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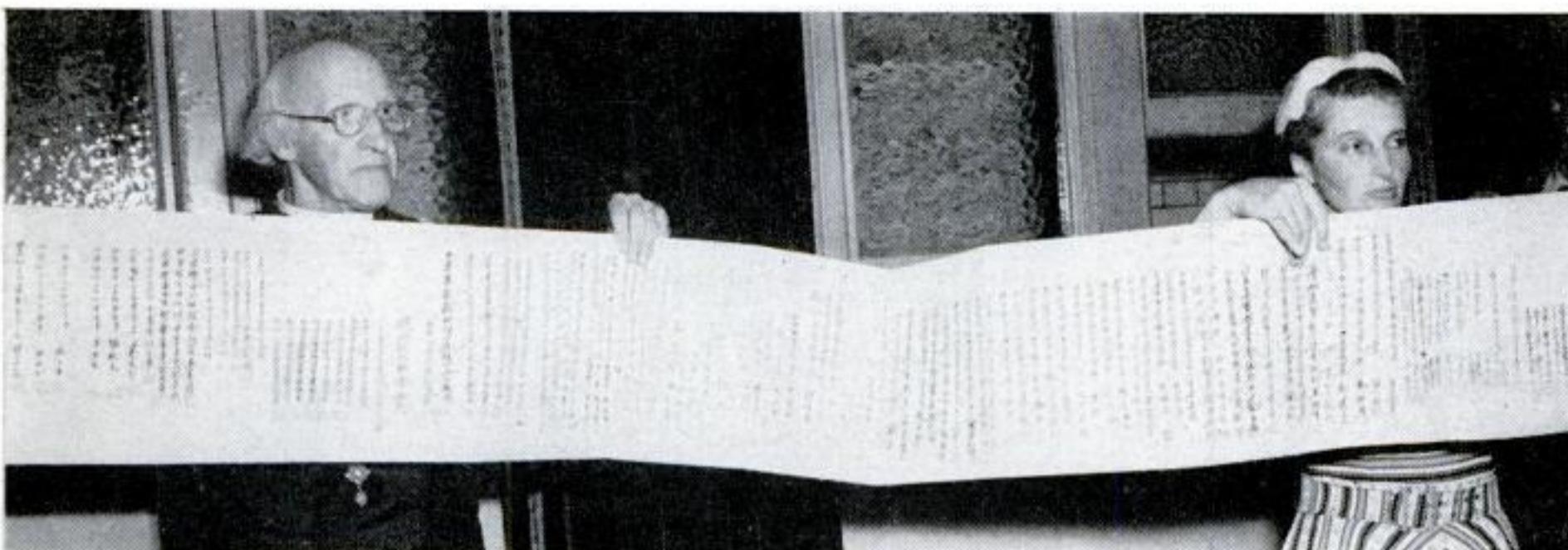
THE INTERNATIONAL GIN—

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GILBEY'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 90 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

# LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

The Red Dean displays a scroll, the Widow Stevens is dragged away and Joshua is missing at Jericho



"RED DEAN" AND HIS WIFE HOLD UP CHINESE SCROLL "PROVING" U.S. WAGES GERM WARFARE

Hewlett Johnson, the "Red Dean" of Canterbury, aroused Britain again with his latest pro-Communist pronouncement. Returning from China, he said he had "irrefutable" proof that the U.S. is waging germ warfare. No Chinese have been killed by germs, the Dean explained, because they were inoculated. But one American died when he tried to disprove the charge by eating a germ-laden insect dropped by a U.S. plane. To prove his points, the Dean displayed a 15-yard Chinese scroll, but didn't find it necessary to explain what it said. This was too much even for a country long accustomed to his preposterous statements. Thirty-two members of Parliament started a petition begging Queen Elizabeth to dismiss him.

\* \* \*

Officials of M-G-M, one of Hollywood's richest studios, who make \$1,000 a week or more will get pay cuts of 25 to 50%. The pay cut was announced by President Nicholas Schenck, who reportedly got \$277,800 last year and now may have to scrape by on \$138,900.

## Foreign political throes

While the U.S. was in the throes of a convention (pp. 14-27), other countries were having some political throes of their own.

In Mexico the presidential election was conducted with unparalleled peacefulness. On voting day not a shot was fired as Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, a firm friend of the U.S., was elected. But next day a delayed explosion took place as supporters of defeated candidate General Henriquez Guzman rioted. Post-election result: 7 dead, 89 injured, 524 arrested.

In France Premier Antoine Pinay won an important vote of confidence with the help of 28 deputies who broke away from De Gaulle's Rally of the French People and formed the 12th French political party.

In Iran, Mossadegh balked at forming a new government because only 14 out of 57 senators voted for him. But since there was no other candidate, the reluctant premier allowed himself to be consoled and accepted the job.

\* \* \*

Anyone interested in a nice, quiet wedding can get one in Plainfield, N.J. The police have warned that loud horn blowing and improper driving no longer will be tolerated in wedding processions.

After 400 long years of being Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon is fed up. Residents of the town, wanting something livelier than *Hamlet*, voted to have vaudeville shows in a hall near Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. One woman explained, "A lot of people simply get tired of living with Shakespeare's spirit day and night."

## Was Joshua at Jericho?

Excavating at Jericho in the Holy Land, a team of British and American archaeologists have dug up the oldest town yet discovered anywhere in the world—the ruins of a massive stone wall dating back to the Neolithic Age, before 5000 B.C. On the same site they have also found later ruins of other cities. But in spite of their best efforts the archaeologists found no tumbled-down walls from the period of 1400 to 1260 B.C.—the time when Joshua supposedly fought the battle of Jericho.

\* \* \*

To the Reds in the Soviet Zone of East Berlin, Walter Linse was a "wanted" man. A West Berlin lawyer and anti-Communist, Linse had been collecting damning evidence of the way the East Zone Reds were violating laws and human rights. Last week the Soviet got the man it wanted. As he left his home, Linse was slugged, hustled into a taxi and rushed across the border, where the barrier was conveniently raised to let the taxi pass. The U.S. sharply demanded that the Russians return Linse at once. But there was no word of Walter Linse from behind the Soviet barrier.

The Acting Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force last month concerned himself with beer. A letter to service clubs, over General Nathan Twining's signature, told bartenders to: "Open the tap handle completely and allow the beer to flow until the glass is two-thirds full. Close the tap. Allow the beer to settle and then repeat process until the beer barely flows over the glass." The Air Force feels this may save money.

\* \* \*

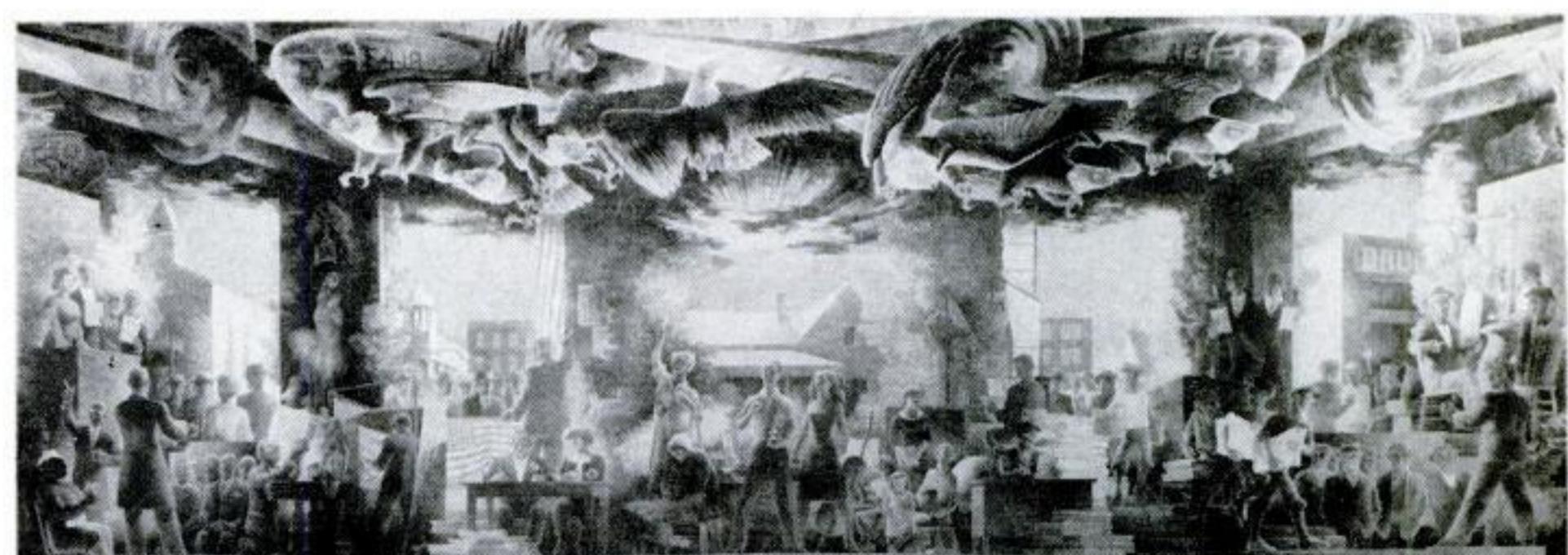


MT. EVEREST IS STILL GROWING UP

It isn't getting any easier to climb Mt. Everest. The Swiss expedition which got within 900 feet of the top (LIFE, June 16) now reports that because of movement in the earth's crust, Everest is getting higher every year. According to the Swiss leader, the world's highest mountain which was once 29,002 feet is already 29,610 feet and still growing. He recommends that "Anybody who wants to reach the top better hurry."

## Misleading mural

The Foreign Service Journal last week entered the rather specialized field of art criticism, proposing that a mural in the main lobby of the State Department be "erased, eradicated, expunged, deleted, and destroyed—or, at the very least, decently veiled." The Journal felt that the mural, inherited from the War Department, might be misinterpreted by foreign diplomats. There seemed to be some reason for these fears, since the painting is largely devoted to armed soldiers, screaming eagles and bombardiers preparing to bomb.



MISLEADING MURAL INHERITED BY THE STATE DEPARTMENT SHOWS U.S. AS WARLIKE NATION



## They left us sitting pretty ... pretty near "cleaned out" of our most valuable possessions

*(Typical of what happens somewhere every day.)*

"So it can't happen to you?

"Well, that's what we thought . . . until two thugs dropped in on us one night. They bound and gagged us, and then in their own sweet time stripped our home of silverware, jewelry, furs, and \$95 in cash.

"All told, we lost about \$2500. And, believe me, that loss was hard to take."

\* \* \*

There may be a thief in your future, too.

Just in case there is, get yourself Hartford Residence and Outside Theft Insurance at once.

You pay only a few cents a day. And night and day, 365 days a year, you're protected against losses from burglary, holdup, and other forms of thievery.

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SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES DRAG A WIDOW FROM HOUSE AND HOME

The Widow Stevens, who had had her 80-acre farm auctioned off for refusing to pay a \$176 debt she owed as a stockholder in a bankrupt insurance company, had been saved from eviction last month by her neighbors, who repulsed the sheriff (LIFE, June 16). But last week Sheriff Clark Gregory came back. While a cordon of 40 state troopers kept back the angry neighbors, Gregory and 15 deputies smashed down the front and rear doors, stripped the house and piled the furniture in a waiting truck. Among the items removed was Widow Stevens herself, who was dragged away by a pair of deputies.

\* \* \*

While the U.S. Information Service library in London is dedicated to freedom from censorship, officials last week felt justified in removing one piece of reading matter. They took down a banner which two Communists, posing as electricians, had managed to drape from the library balcony. The banner read: "Ridgway—Go Home."

### Heman Sweatt flunks out



LAW STUDENT SWEATT

Two years ago Heman Sweatt, a Houston Negro, won a U.S. Supreme Court decision granting him the right to attend the segregated University of Texas Law School (LIFE, Oct. 16, 1950). Last week, after getting consistently poor grades, partly because of illness, Sweatt flunked out. But he did not feel that he had been discriminated against either in his marks or in his personal life. In spite of his own failure as a law student he had won a triumph for his race, for another Negro, who entered the law school when Sweatt broke the barrier, is graduating next January.

\* \* \*

In Chicago a Brooklyn jewelry salesman named Charles Silver decided to save \$1 by moving on from an \$8 hotel to a \$7 hotel. Between hotels a hold-up man caught Silver and took from him between \$75,000 and \$90,000 worth of diamonds.

### Flabbergasted mothers

Until last month quadruplets were mighty scarce in New England. Then in Weymouth, Mass., Mrs. John Manning, who had expected quintuplets, gave birth to one daughter and three sons. And last week in Portland, Maine, Mrs. Silas Pinkham, who expected only one child, turned out one son and three daughters. Since quadruplets appear only once in every 680,000 births, both Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Pinkham had a right to be flabbergasted. But by far the most flabbergasted multiple mother of the month was Mrs. Nicholas Winterstein of Sarreguemines, France. Expecting to give birth to her 20th child, Mrs. Winterstein produced not only her 20th, but also her 21st and 22nd.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34



**1.** Harried Harry, tired and tense, had driven all day long.  
The sun beat down, the children fussed, and everything went wrong.  
Up spoke his wife: "Now, children, we're in luck, so please don't cry.  
We're in the heart of town, and there's a Statler right near by!"



**3.** A little later, much refreshed, they went downstairs to dine.  
"What food!" cried Harry. "It's the *tops!* The service, too, is fine!"  
The chicks had *special* menus—children's plates and silver, too—  
And, joy of joys, the waiter brought balloons when they were through!



**5.** Next morning, bright and early, they were on their way once more.  
They'd ordered up a big box lunch, their car was at the door.  
Said Harry, "I feel wonderful! Boy, what a perfect rest!  
We'll *always* stay at Statler, where you really *are* a guest!"



**2.** And at the Statler door, attendants took their car away.  
They marched into the lobby, and they registered to stay.  
They got their rooms—and oh, such rooms! So cheerful, cool and bright—  
The beds were fresh and clean, and every last detail was right.



**4.** That evening, Harry and his wife went out to see a show.  
They employed a Statler sitter, so the children let them go.  
The youngsters settled down to hear a story and to eat  
The bowl of fruit the Statler sends *all* youngsters for a treat.



STATLER HOTELS: NEW YORK • BOSTON • BUFFALO • DETROIT  
CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • WASHINGTON

\*  
ANOTHER GREAT NEW STATLER • LOS ANGELES  
(READY FOR OCCUPANCY SUMMER, 1952)

**RC makes you  
feel like NEW!**

*Yes, and RC is  
best by taste-test, too!*

*Enjoy a frosty bottle!*

*Get that grand new  
brand new RC feeling!*

*2 full glasses in  
the BIG BOTTLE -  
everywhere!*

**ROYAL CROWN**  
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**COLA**  
Best by taste-test

## NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED

The Iron Curtain press balanced the good news with the bad. In Czechoslovakia proud scientists announced that an alcoholic clinic was getting amazing cures by feeding its inmates "deep group study of Marxism and Leninism and debates on Korean imperialist aggression." In Russia a proud *Pravda* announced the imprisonment of a woman who had been practicing out and out witchcraft, daily except Sundays, in the village of Nikolsk. But things were gloomier in Poland which had picked up two new vices, vodkaism and Bikinism. The dangerous inclination of Polish workers to consume excessive quantities of vodka, Warsaw papers moaned, was interfering with Russia's "plan fulfillment." Bikinism, the papers explained, sprang from revealing bathing suits which led to "sexual excesses" and "antistate activity."

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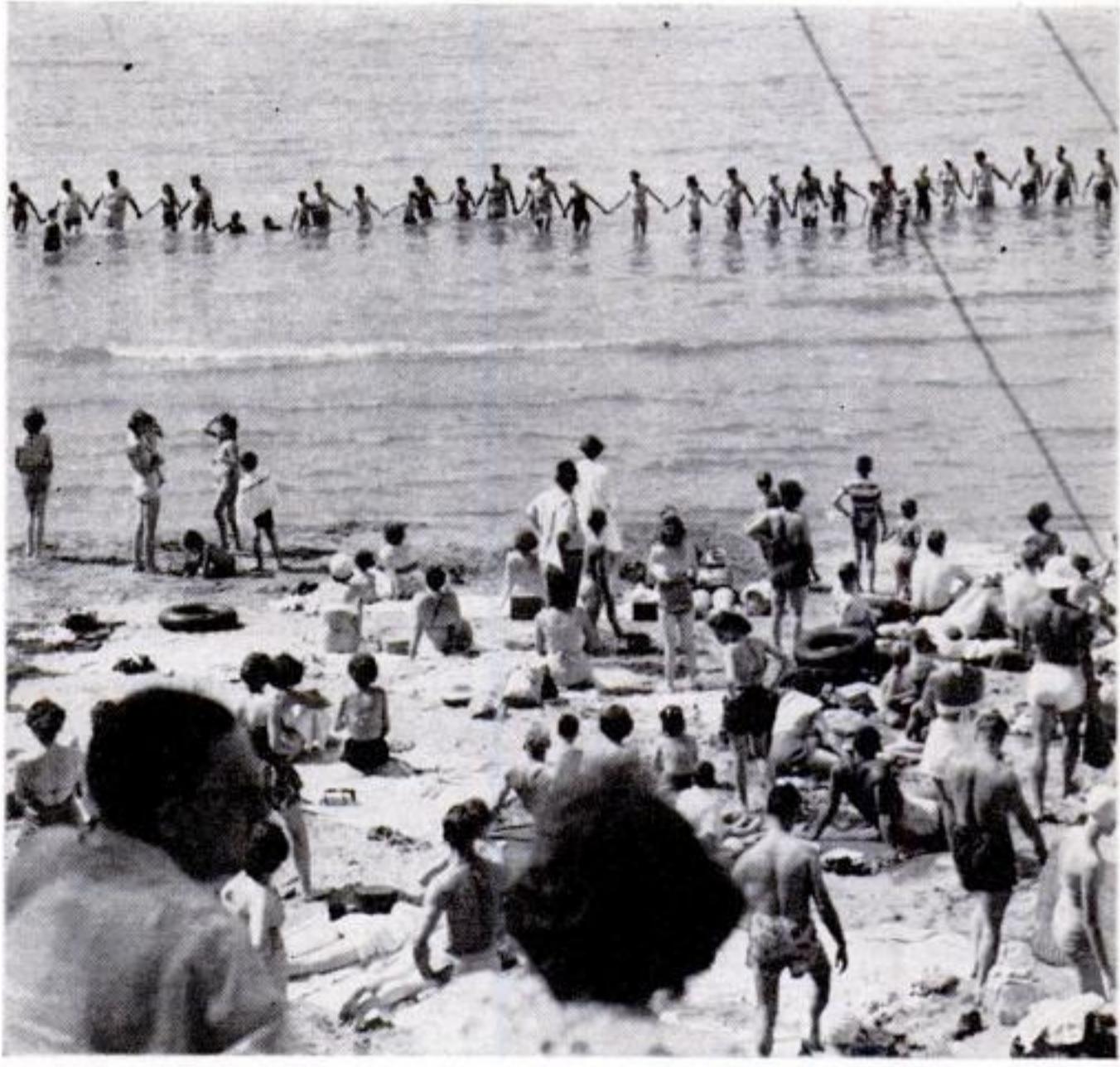
MANVILLE'S 11th

Dancer Anita Roddy-Eden, 29, last week married asbestos heir Tommy Manville, 58. For Miss Roddy-Eden it was her first marriage. For Mr. Manville it was—well, there was Florence Huber and Lois Arlene McCoin and Avonne Taylor and Marcelle Edwards and Bonita Francine Edwards and Wilhelmina Boze and Sunny Moran and Georgina Campbell and then he married two of them twice—his 11th. As usual, he said that it would be his last.

### Mrs. Rubi fights against graft

Mrs. Barbara Rubi had obviously been reading too many stories about graft in New York City's police force. When Patrolman Carmine de Franco wrote out a summons for her because her dog was loose in a children's playground, he asked for her credentials. As Mrs. Rubi explained in court, "I thought when a cop asked for credentials, you were supposed to open your purse and hand him \$5. So I said, 'Here's my credentials,' and hit him. I said, 'You'll not get \$5 from me, you grafter.'" The judge decided that suspicious Mrs. Rubi had behaved unkindly toward Patrolman De Franco and fined her \$50 or 30 days. But Mrs. Rubi wasn't going to pay money to a judge, either. She chose the 30 days and went off to the workhouse where she planned to write her memoirs, exposing both Patrolman De Franco and a sheriff in New Mexico who had once had a fight with her about a horse. But before she could start writing, Mr. Rubi paid the \$50 fine and took his wife away.

\* \* \*



CLEVELAND BATHERS COMB THE WATERS FOR A LOST BOY

At Huntington Beach near Cleveland, weekend swimmers joined hands to perform a grim task. Wading ashore step by step, they searched in vain for the drowned body of a lost little boy. The sad search went on until somebody found the "drowned" boy standing safely on the beach, looking with interest at the strange antics of his elders.

**Kodak**  
TRADE-MARK



Big fish or big moments—  
snapshots bring them back

## Put summer in your pocket—with snapshots

Even the best of memories can soon blur to a vague impression.

But you *can* bring back—in every happy detail—those fishing trips, those days at the beach, those good times with your family. Let snapshots remember for you.

No matter where you are, or when—have your camera ready and extra Kodak Film on hand.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Send a snapshot with every letter

At your dealer's—dependable Kodak and Brownie cameras for indoor and outdoor snapshots.

For black-and-white snapshots, Kodak Verichrome Film.  
For full-color snapshots, Kodacolor Film.





**PARDNER—HERE'S A TASTE OF THE GOLDEN WEST!**

### RECIPE

Ma'am, here's just about the easiest recipe you ever made, and...

It'll leave your folks singing cowboy songs. It's the perfect answer for a western-style dinner! Ah, what deliciousness you taste when the rich flavor of Hunt's Tomato Sauce blends in with the other ingredients in this recipe.

**2 cans HUNT'S TOMATO SAUCE**  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped onion     $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt  
 Dash of pepper            2 tsp. sugar  
 1 tbsp. lemon juice  
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 2 dashes Tabasco sauce

Combine the ingredients. Cover; simmer slowly till onions are tender—about 30 minutes. Then serve hot on hamburgers,

**Barbecue Sauce  
made with—**

chicken, cutlets, spareribs, pork, etc. It's different and it's wonderful!

Hunt's Tomato Sauce is all tomato, through and through. And Hunt's is kettle-simmered with fine spices and seasonings to give your recipes a flavor you can't get from any other tomato sauce. Yet...

Hunt's Tomato Sauce costs you only a few cents a can. Try time-saving, cost-saving Hunt's in *any* recipe that calls for tomato flavor. Look for the Hunt red label at your market!

**Hunt-for the best**

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California



REPLACEMENT OR RETURN OF MONEY  
Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
IS NOT AS ADVERTISED TESTED

The Kettle-simmered  
cooking sauce

for Breakfast or Dessert...  
**HUNT'S HEAVENLY PEACHES**



at down-  
to-earth  
prices!



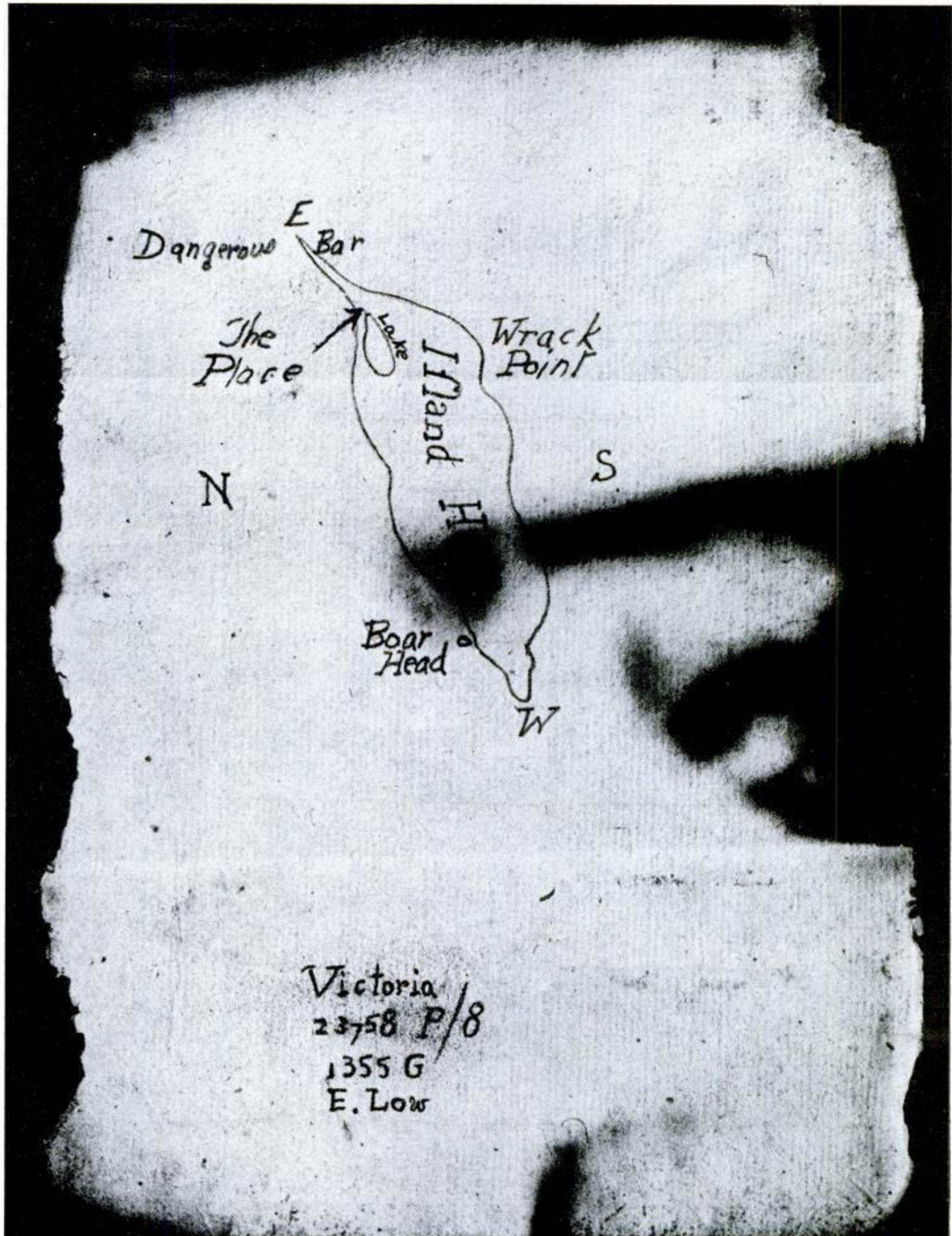
SNOW TRIES OUT METAL INDICATOR NEAR HOME

## RED-TAPED GOLD

Treasure hunter is balked by law  
after finding an old pirate hoard

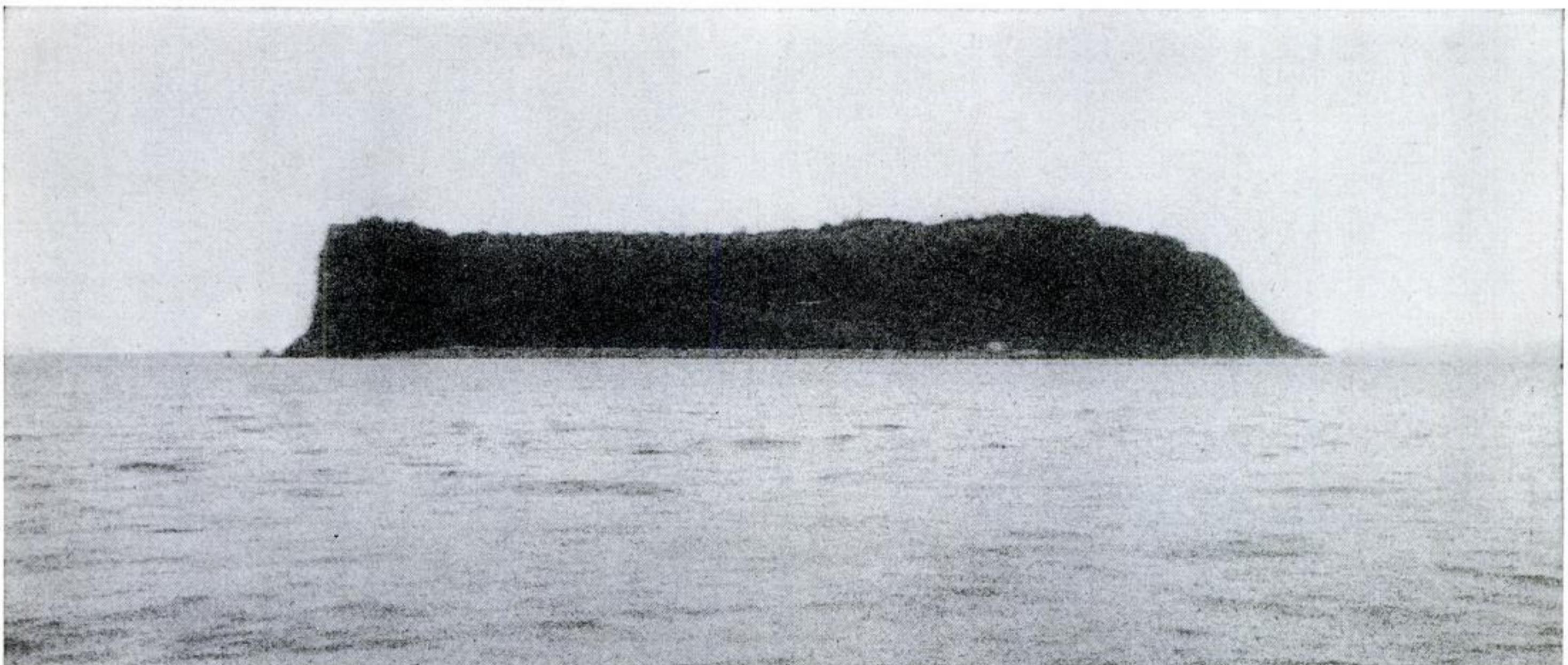
Edward Low, a pirate with a penchant for cutting off his captives' noses, buried his treasure on a lonely Nova Scotian island in the Bay of Fundy more than 200 years ago. But he was prevented from retrieving his hoard by the authorities, who caught and hanged him. Last month Edward Rowe Snow, a Massachusetts expert on colonial pirates, found a small part of Low's gold, but he too was prevented by the authorities from making off with Low's loot.

Armed with a copy of Low's map, which he had obtained after seven years of negotiation, and a detector device used by plumbers to locate buried pipe, Snow made his way to almost inaccessible Isle Haute. Other treasure hunters there before him had taken out \$20,000 in gold. Still Snow's search was quickly rewarded. He uncovered a small cache of old bones and eight gold coins, including Portuguese doubloons, dated 1710, worth perhaps \$1,200. But as Snow was about to leave, Canadian officials impounded the coins and said that, under the law of the realm, Snow would have to have an export license, even for pirate gold.



PIRATE'S OWN MAP used by Snow indicates Low's cache of treasure at "the place" and listed,

above Low's name, the loot of the vessel *Victoria* as 23,758 pieces of eight and 1,355 pieces of gold.



TREASURE ISLAND is tiny,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  x  $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile Isle Haute, 13 miles out in the Bay of Fundy. Discovered by Champlain in 1604, the island probably was picked by

Low for his pirate cache because the forbidding 50-foot tides and the 300-foot rocky cliffs render the place inaccessible except for a few hours of each day.

# Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

**Originating in the Mouth.**



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly . . . acts thoroughly . . . and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

## Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll\*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

### How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*) — before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

### COLGATE'S GUARANTEE:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasant chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage! Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

### Fights Tooth Decay!

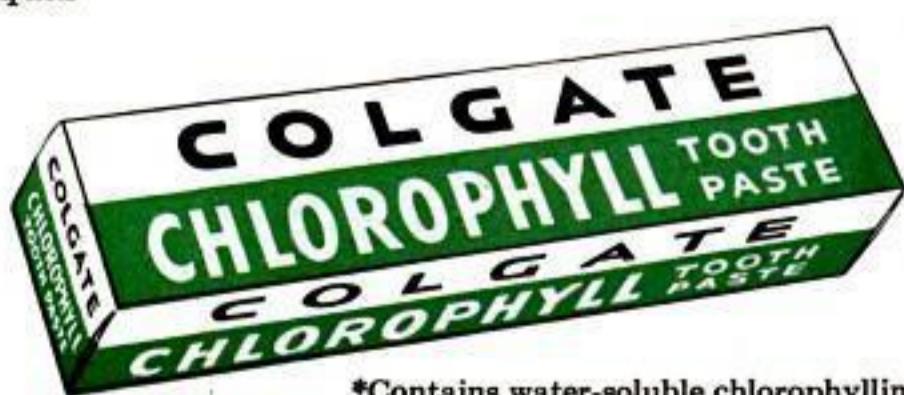
Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste — especially right after eating — you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!



### Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

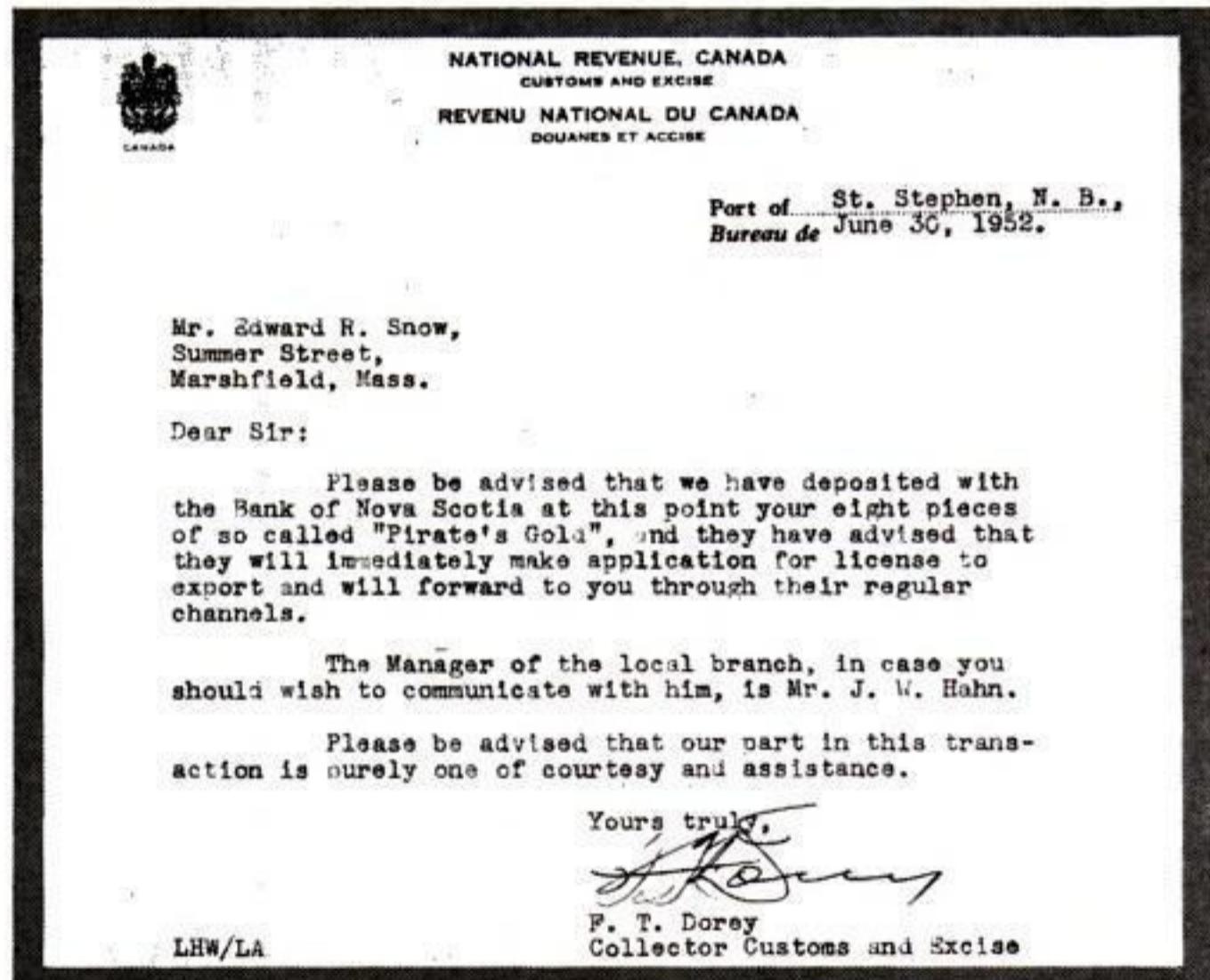


\*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

**NEW GREEN TOOTHPASTE  
Tested and Guaranteed by COLGATE!**



**LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS** on island, John Fullerton and wife, were promised 10% of any treasure Snow found. But alerted mounted police seized it all.



**LEGAL COMPLICATION** was provided by official who impounded coins, then explained what Snow must do to get loot back home to Marshfield, Mass.



**TREASURE TROVE** was found amid skeletal bones. Snow took bones into U.S. after certifying that they were not carriers of hoof and mouth disease.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

*Leadership demands constant achievement*



Faster  
than a cup of coffee

## Lockheed Starfires

destroy an air  
invader

Incredible—but in less time than the few minutes it takes to drink a cup of hot coffee a Lockheed *Starfire* (F-94C) can

Take off from a cold start—  
Climb 7 miles up in any weather—  
Locate enemy bomber  
automatically—  
Destroy the invader,  
without ever seeing it.

And in another few minutes the 2-man *Starfire* crew would be back at their base (without ever seeing the bomber they destroyed).

Today these all-weather jet interceptors are being delivered to the U. S. Air Force for 24-hour duty guarding U.S. borders and key cities. It gives the Air Force a fast-climbing jet fighter that is almost automatic—forerunner of planes that may actually fly and fight by themselves.

The *Starfire's* brain center can locate invading bombers on the darkest, stormiest night. The *Starfire* is a new type of fighter without guns. Its unique all-rocket armament can quickly and completely destroy the biggest bomber built.

The *Starfire* is another example of Lockheed design "stretch"—an engineering achievement of creating a more advanced airplane out of a proved model already in production. This greatly speeds development and production of the second model and cuts cost. Forerunner of the *Starfire* is the Lockheed F-80 *Shooting Star* of Korean fame, America's first operational jet fighter. Lockheed is the world's leading builder of jet aircraft.

**Lockheed**  
*Aircraft Corporation*

Burbank, California, and Marietta, Georgia

*Look to Lockheed  
for Leadership*

# Exide

## ULTRA START

gives you more battery  
...dollar for dollar

IMPROVED PERFORMANCE  
LONGER BATTERY LIFE  
GREATER BATTERY VALUE

It's outstanding...with advanced features that include:

**SILVIUM**—new grid alloy, resists a battery's most destructive enemy—grid corrosion caused by overcharging.

**G.O.X.**—new active material, which takes full advantage of an acid solution of lower specific gravity.

**PORMAX**—new, practically indestructible plastic separators resist heat and acid—are flexible and tough—increase cold-weather starting ability.

Other Exide Batteries as low as \$17.45, less allowance for your old battery.

FOR MAXIMUM LIFE AND PERFORMANCE  
ASK YOUR DEALER TO CHECK YOUR BATTERY REGULARLY  
THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.  
Philadelphia 2

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

DEALERS!



give your customers more for their money



Exide ULTRA START  
... new leader of the famous Exide line

**WHEN IT'S AN EXIDE...YOU START**

"EXIDE" and "PORMAX" Reg. T.M. U.S. Pat. Off. "SILVIUM" and "ULTRA START" T.M. Reg. applied for

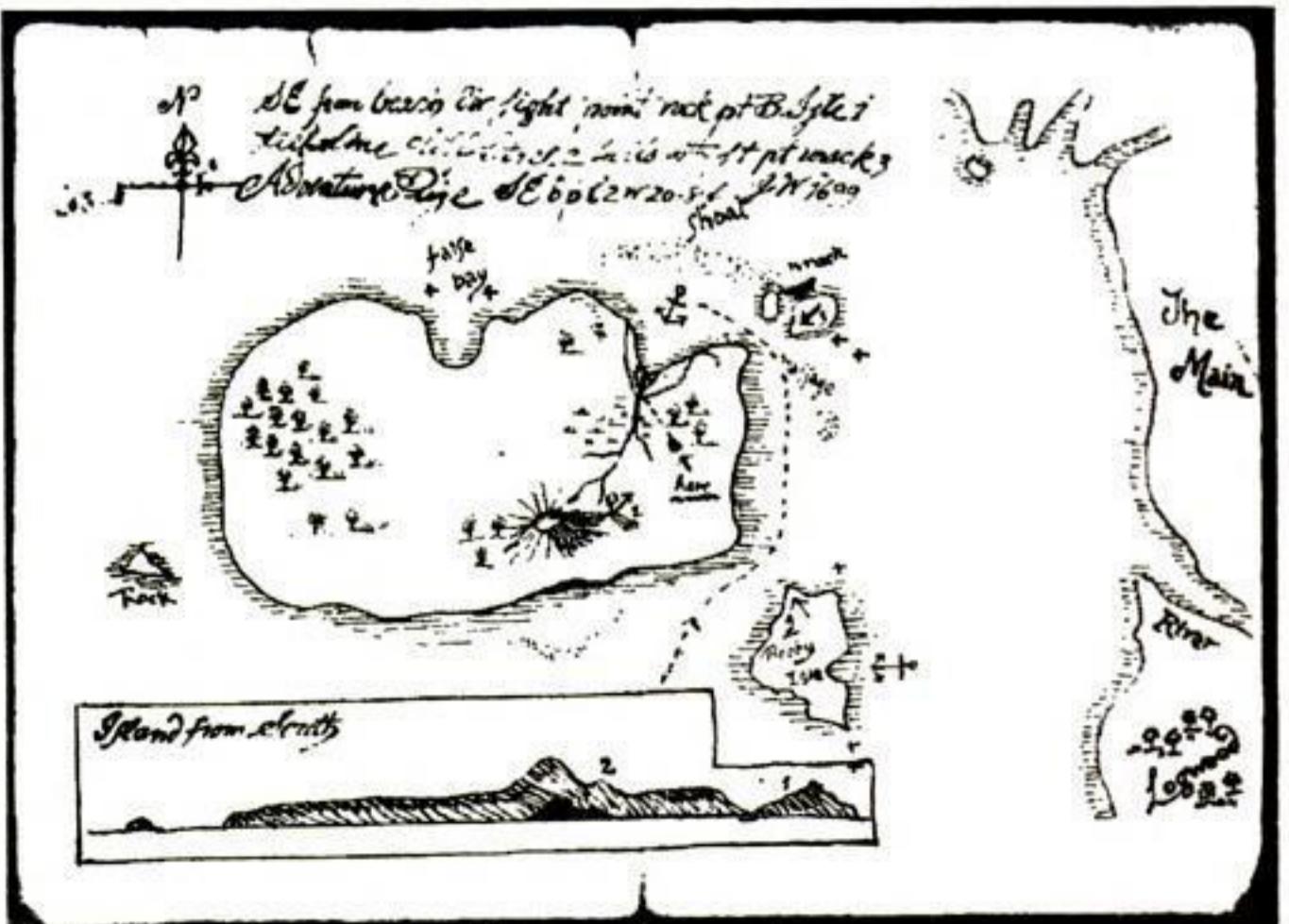
## Red-Taped Gold CONTINUED



**PIRATE MEMORABILIA** in Snow's collection includes these chests. One he is showing has intricate lock works inside cover, and today is worth \$6,000.



**DOUBLOONS AND BONES** found on other hunts jam Snow's study. He has earned more writing about pirates than by digging for their treasure.



A NEW MAP, apparently showing another island cache of pirate treasure, baffles Snow, who can't figure out just where in the world island is located.

Why men leave home HAPPY...



## BITE SIZE cereals for breakfast!

Yes, ma'am, it takes something that *tastes* good to get results like this.

Serve **WHEAT CHEX** (the cereal you've known as Shredded Ralston) when they hanker for something hearty, toasty, crunchy, rich with harvest-ripe wheat flavor, and just sweet enough.

Bring on **RICE CHEX** when they yearn for something light and airy, delicate and delicious, tender and triple-toasted to stay crisp in milk. It's the *newest* taste in cereals!

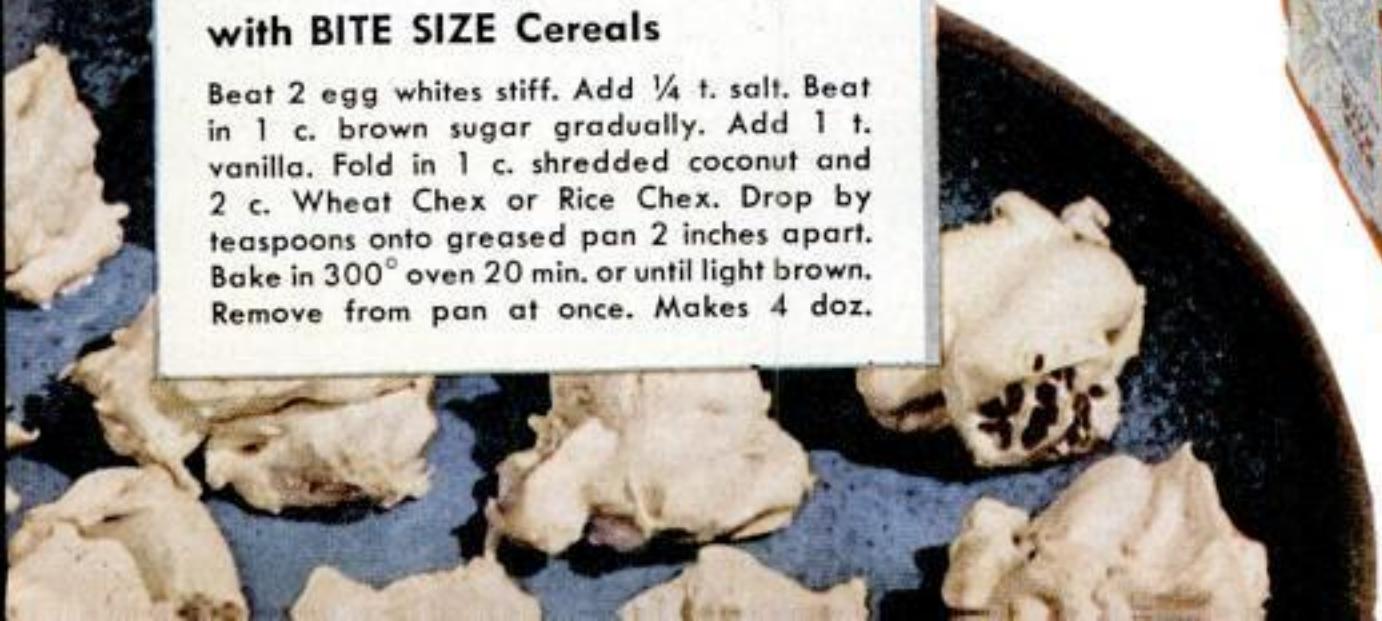


Busiest Boxes  
on your pantry shelf

### SEAFOAM COOKIES

Make 'em easy, make 'em quick  
with BITE SIZE Cereals

Beat 2 egg whites stiff. Add 1/4 t. salt. Beat in 1 c. brown sugar gradually. Add 1 t. vanilla. Fold in 1 c. shredded coconut and 2 c. Wheat Chex or Rice Chex. Drop by teaspoons onto greased pan 2 inches apart. Bake in 300° oven 20 min. or until light brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes 4 doz.



Your Grocer has BOTH...  
try 'em tomorrow

Ralston Purina Company, St. Louis, Missouri



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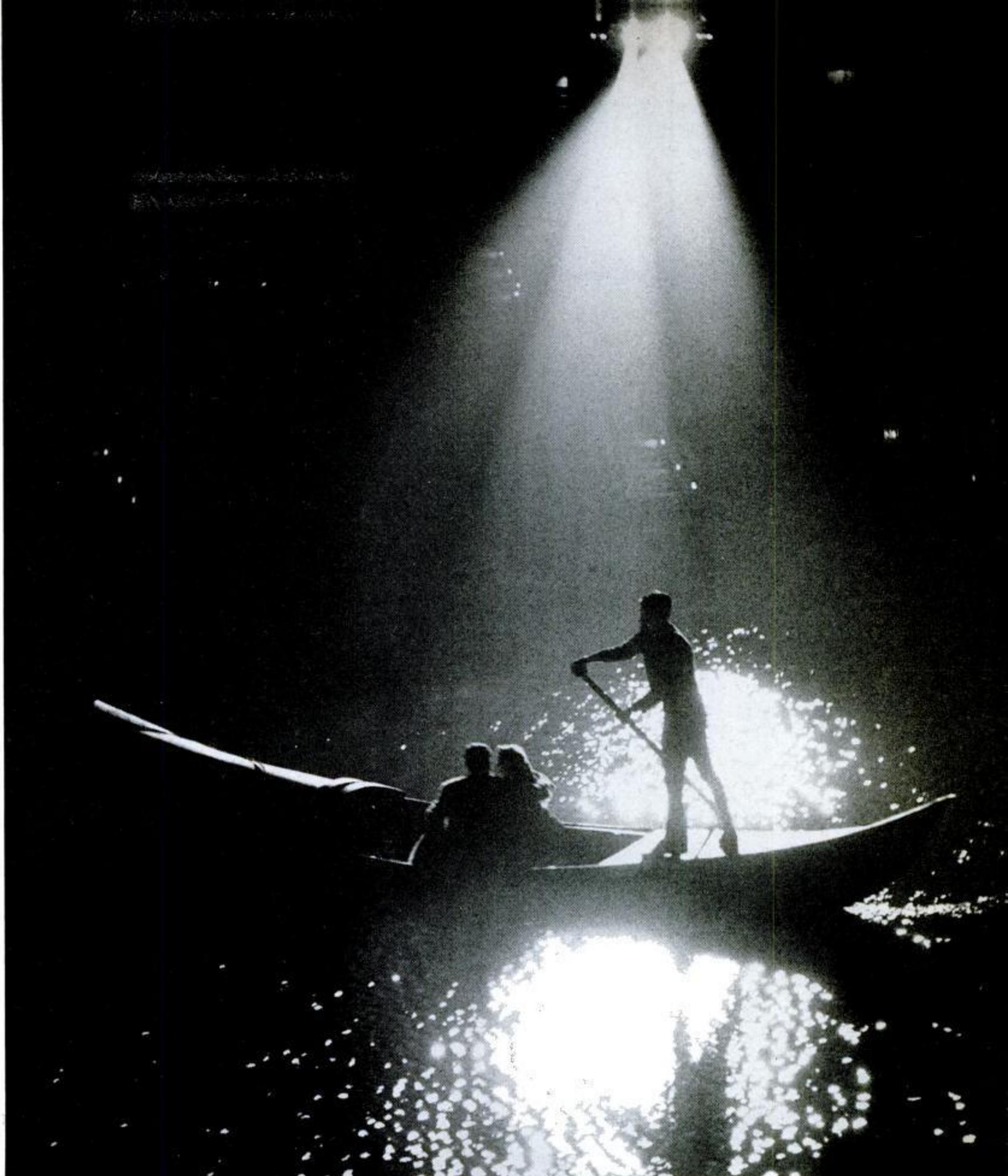
MASKED FIGURES PARADE FOR BIG CARNIVAL

## MIKE'S VENICE

With nymphs and gondolas Todd gives Strauss in seaside stadium

On the theory that people who spend a day at the beach hate to go home at night, Park Commissioner Robert Moses has just built a \$4 million stadium at Jones Beach, Long Island, devoted chiefly to entertainment after dark. The new stadium, which seats 8,200, opened with *A Night in Venice*, an 1883 operetta by Johann Strauss spruced up by Producer Michael Todd (p. 44), one of Broadway's few showmen with a taste and talent for the grandiose.

Getting his show rigged up was something of a nightmare in Venice for Todd. The scenery blew down in a gale. A flotilla of gondolas was as hard to handle as a naval battle. A bevy of nymphs had to swim underwater and emerge on a coral-decked elevator (*opposite page*), which sank unexpectedly on opening night, dumping the nymphs into the lagoon. But the show opened on time, and critics agreed it offered a fine way to pass a summer evening.



LOVERS FLOAT ON LAGOON, THEIR SONGS AMPLIFIED BY RADIOTELEPHONE DEVICE IN THE GONDOLA



COSTUME TROUBLE is remedied at dress rehearsal when wardrobe mistress scurries on stage and hems actors' cloaks as they line up for big chorus number.



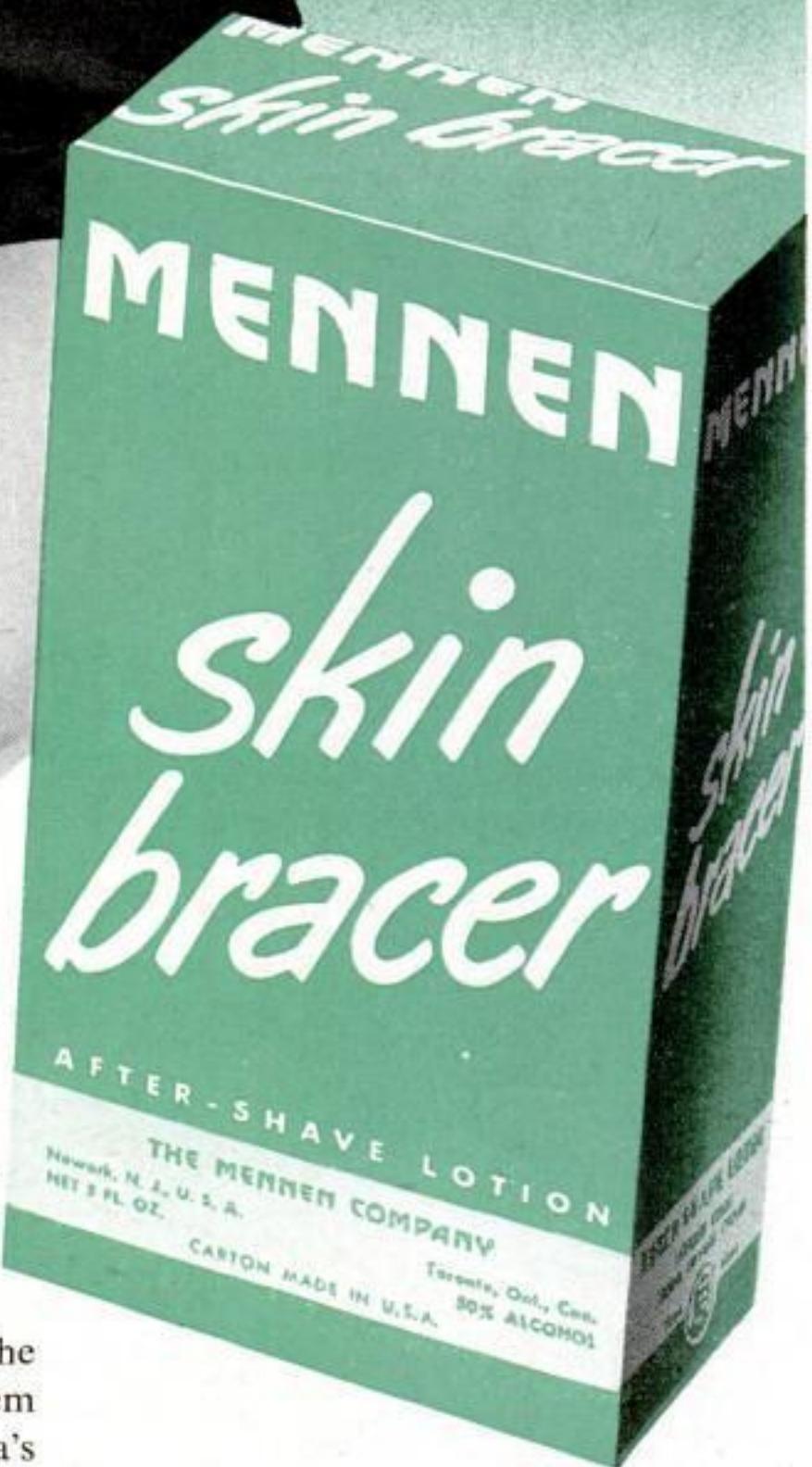
PIE TROUBLE messes up the stage when blueberry pies, provided by Todd as a snack for troupe of 425 during midnight rehearsal, were accidentally spilled.

Come a little closer!  
I like men who  
use Mennen  
skin bracer!



She loves its  
**HE-MAN AROMA**  
You like its  
**WAKE-UP TINGLE**

Wake up your face, men, with the freshest, sparklingest wake-up of them all—Mennen Skin Bracer—America's favorite after-shave lotion. Just try this tingle-tonic for a brisk, cool start to every day—or date! And how the gals go for that crisp, he-man aroma! Yes, with Mennen Skin Bracer to supply that air of well-groomed man,



you're a real cool customer, in any situation. A subtle, all-man scent, but one that lasts for hours. Helps heal tiny razor nicks, too! Get Mennen Skin Bracer today!

America's Largest-Selling After-Shave Lotion

**MENNEN**  
*skin bracer*  
**FOR MEN**



## Mike's Venice CONTINUED



**GRINNING NERVOUSLY**, Producer Todd twists members of cast whom he has found backstage eating messy sandwiches while wearing \$500 costumes.

## TALL GIRL, LOW-JOKES SHOWMAN

Mike Todd, producer of *A Night in Venice*, is at 44 the American theater's last big showman in the tall-girl, low-joke tradition. Born in Minneapolis, son of a poor rabbi who ran a general store, he never finished high school but managed, before he was 20, to make and lose

a million. He made it, as he makes his money now, through a combination of native shrewdness, salesmanship and extraordinary courage, or crust. At 15 he was a salesman in a Chicago shoe store. When a widow came in to buy some shoes for her husband to be buried in, Todd sold her the best pair in the house and talked her into replacing the leather heels with rubber ones at 75¢ extra. At 16, having given up shoe selling, he noticed that Chicago construction workers were making \$13 a day and that there was a shortage of trained men, so he bought 1,000 bricks and a pile of sand and founded a bricklayers' college. Later he went into a home-improvement and contracting business, where he picked up

and dropped his first fortune. When Hollywood began to make sound movies Todd observed that there was a scarcity of soundproofing experts, so he went West, announced that he was the best in the business and became an executive, although to this day he does not know a vacuum tube from a beer bottle.

Todd broke into live show business at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 with an act called *Flame Dance*, an incendiary strip tease that involved a girl, an asbestos harness and a pair of inflammable wings. He scorched a few girls before he perfected the art form, but it made money. Thereafter, dispensing with flame, wings and harness, he concentrated on the really important part of the act and produced some 15 major shows in 10 years. Among them were such successes as *The Hot Mikado*, *Up in Central Park*, *Something for the Boys* and *As the Girls Go*, and such flops as *Call Me Ziggy*, which collapsed in less than a week.

His first wife died in 1946; in 1947 he married Joan Blondell, and was divorced in 1950. He does most of his business by phone (bill: \$2,000 a month), smokes 65¢ cigars (bill: \$13 a day) and for years was a truly spectacular gambler (bets: \$500,000 a year). He is now reformed—except, of course, for *A Night in Venice*, which Broadway considers one of the biggest gambles of his life.



**FAMILY SNAPSHOT** shows him (left) as a tough kid of 7.



**OLD TINTYPE** reveals him as dashing ladies' man at 12.

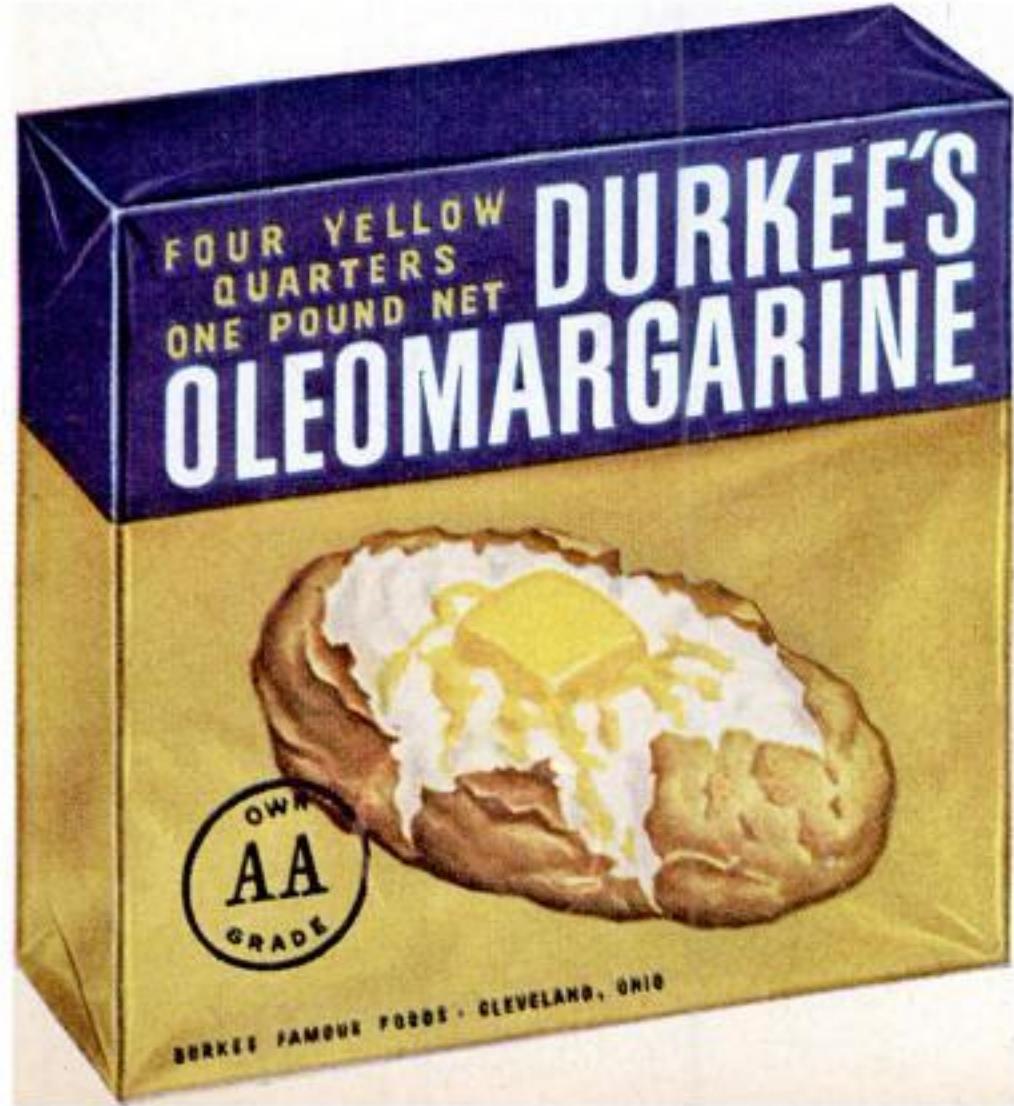
# THE NEW GOLD STANDARD OF MARGARINE



It's what you *spread* on an ear of corn that makes it such wonderful eating. The more the merrier.

Now at last you don't have to hold back on that golden spread. There's a new margarine discovery that tastes as margarine never did before. Even spreads better, cooks better, fries better. Only the cost is the same.

It's the new Gold Standard of Margarine—Durkee's own Grade AA. Get a package today, some fresh-shucked ears and let yourself go!



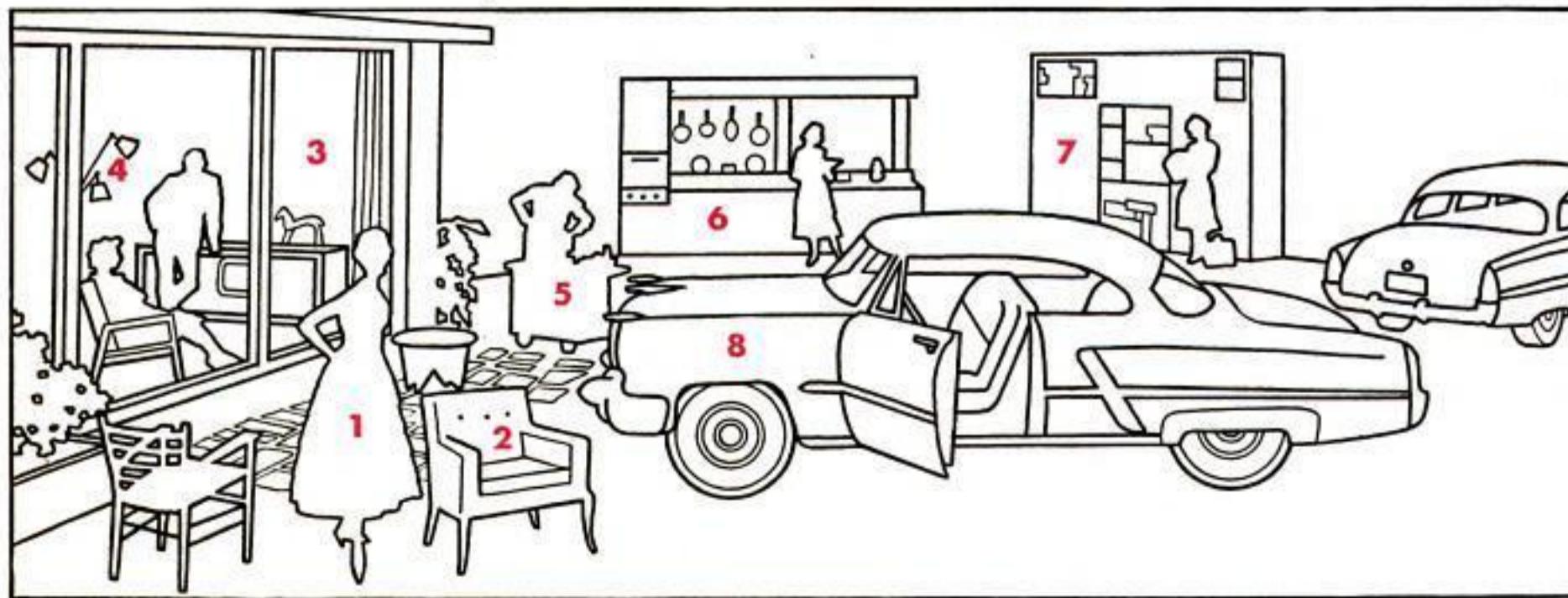
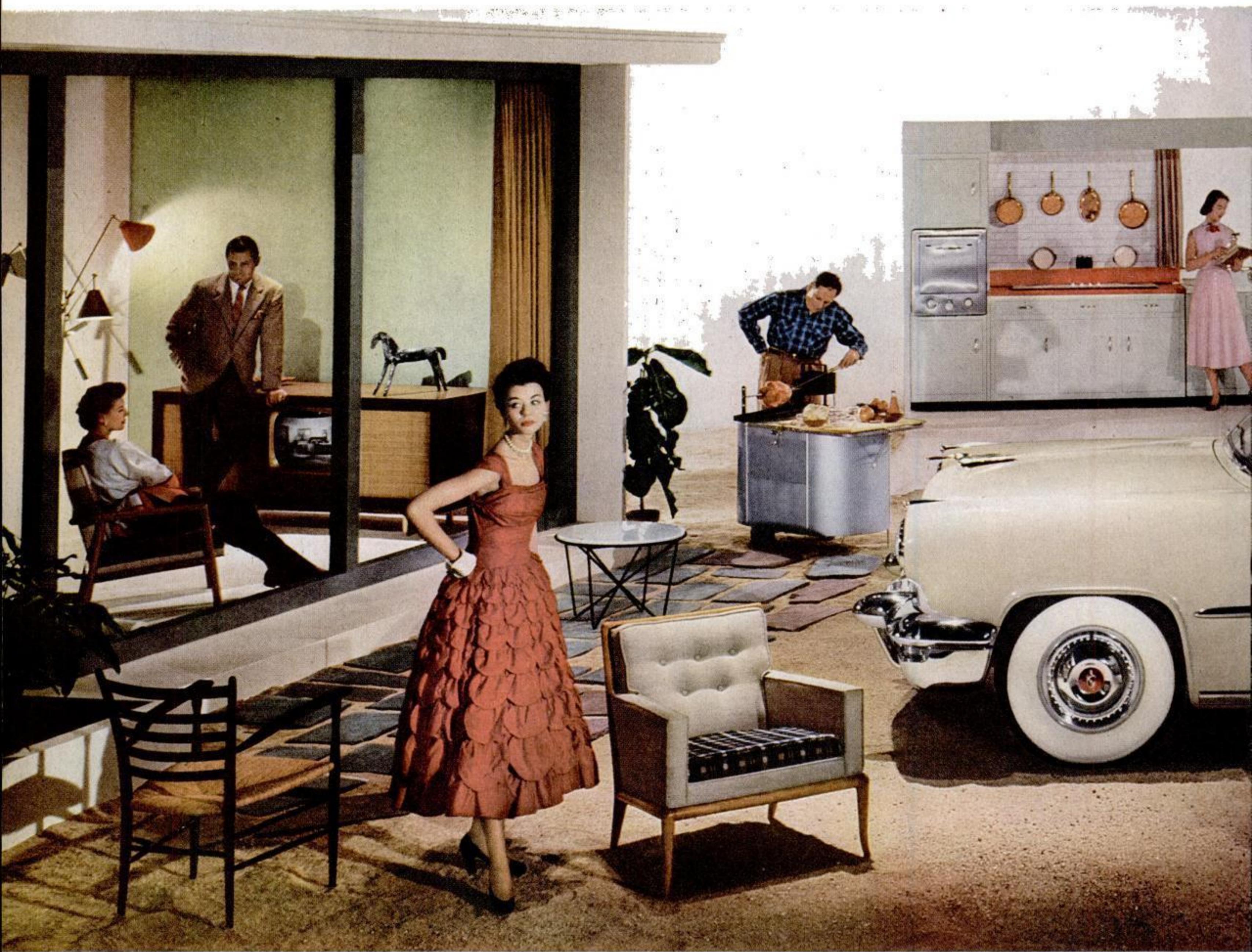
## THE NEW DURKEE'S MARGARINE

Durkee Famous Foods ©

*with the exclusive flavor factor*

Copyrighted material

# NEWEST ADVANCE IN MODERN LIVING



1. Cocktail and dinner gowns by Philip Hulitar, with lovely simplicity that distinguishes the new Lincoln. 2. Smart lounge chair by Robsjohn-Gibbings, cleverly constructed for superb comfort and luxury, as are Lincoln seats. 3. Glass walls for new rambling home, with views that inspire the design of Lincoln windows. 4. The tree lamp—functional yet attractive use of light—as carried out especially in distinctive Lincoln taillights. 5. The new-day barbecue, sturdy, with no excess weight—a beautifully useful tool for modern living—à la Lincoln. 6. The new-day kitchen with push-button convenience and helpful placement of appliances—suggesting the new Lincoln dashboard. 7. Storage wall, handsome use of enormous space—like the 30-cubic-foot luggage compartment beneath Lincoln's long rear deck. 8. Capri Special Custom Sports Coupé, by Lincoln, in Pebble Tan with Raven Black Top. Here the feeling of modern living is captured in swift lines, bold masses, with disciplined restraint. Here,

The exquisitely simple shapes below, silhouetted summaries of today's design, symbolize your life at mid-century.

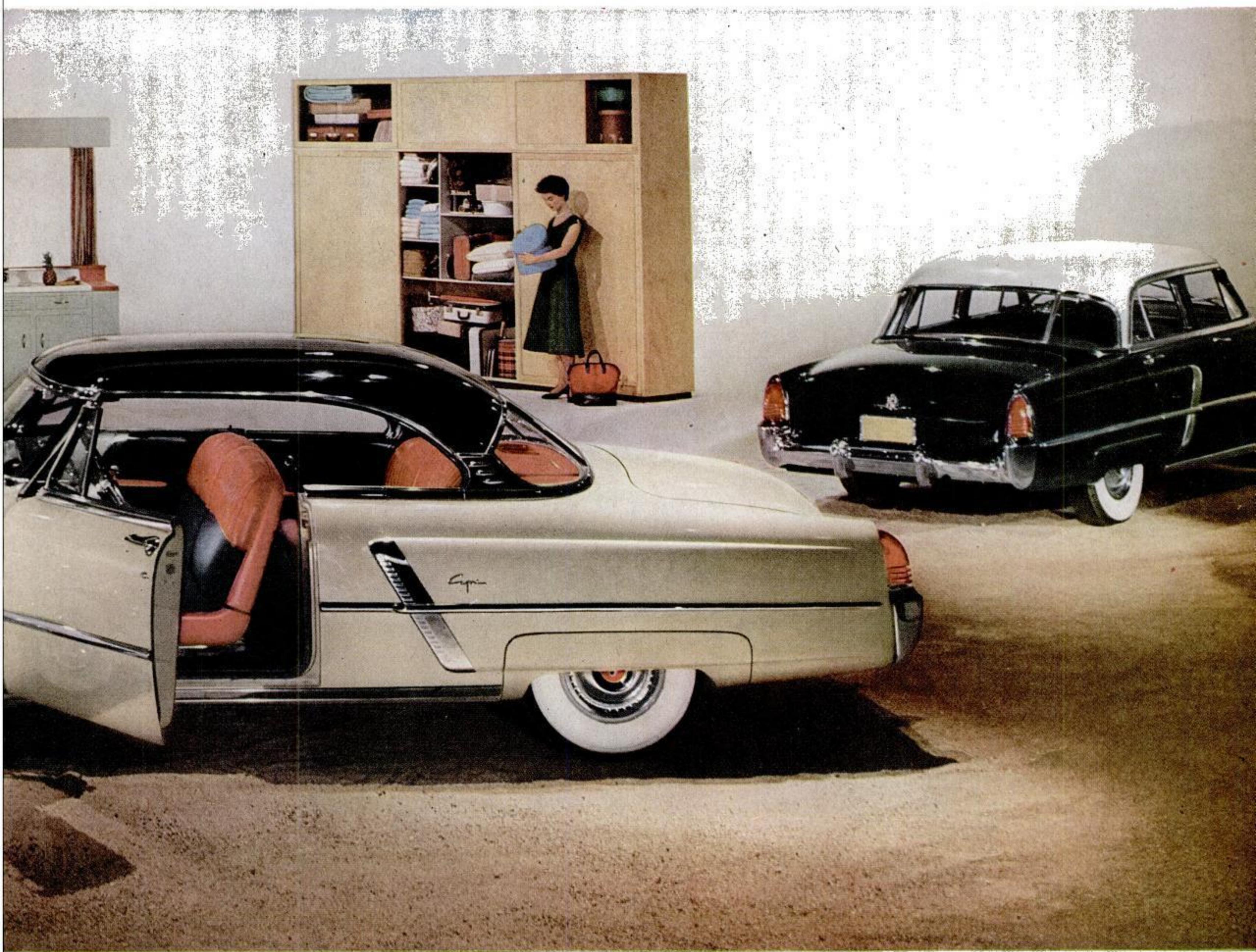
For you do not dwell in marble halls or drafty mansion. Your home has walls of glass. Your kitchen is an engineering miracle. Your clothes and your furniture are beautifully functional. You work easily; play hard. And now—now a fine car keeps in step with your living. There

has never been a motorcar like this before.

It has a rare beauty that is eminently at home with mid-century living. Beauty of line and form, not of ornamentation, nor of pompous size. It is functional beauty that works for a living; the loveliness of great stretches of gleaming glass that let you see—of clean lines that aid your driving. It is the beauty, too, of effortless handling, of magnificently easy power.

And so—there has never been a reception like this for a fine car. In city after city, department stores have grouped new Lincolns with outstanding examples of modern living. The new Cosmopolitans and Capris are gracing the driveways of country clubs from Greenwich to Beverly Hills. And dealers report amazing acceptance, especially after trial rides.

LINCOLN DIVISION—FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Standard equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice. White side-wall tires optional at extra cost.

too, design is more than eye-appealing; it is surprisingly functional. The sweep-down hood, for example, permits even small drivers to see the road directly ahead, as well as the right front fender.

The light, almost airy, quality of the upper structure comes from lavish use of glass (as much as 3,721 square inches). Inside, Lincoln is equally in step with modern living, with unsuspected roominess, and rich upholstery and fittings that characterize the finest homes.

Finally, there is surpassing power and response. A completely new Lincoln V-8 engineered into the compact space beneath the hood—an overhead valve, high-compression power plant, premium product of the world's largest builders of V-8 engines. Together with shift-free HYDRA-MATIC Transmission—plus the new ball-joint suspension, first on any American production car—you get astonishingly easy response, unlike that of other cars. Your Lincoln dealer will let you have a Lincoln for a week end—a week end of modern living on wheels.

THE ONE FINE CAR DELIBERATELY DESIGNED FOR MODERN LIVING

# LINCOLN

IN TWO INCOMPARABLE SERIES—THE COSMOPOLITAN—THE CAPRI



Drink *Pabst* Blue Ribbon  
Satisfy Your Thirst For Better Beer!

FOLLOW PABST BLUE RIBBON BOXING BOUTS . . . EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT . . . CBS TELEVISION NETWORK. Copr. 1952, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**WATCHING A BONANZA**, Connie Mack sits on Shibe Park stairs, instead of revenue-producing seat, to see Shantz, club's biggest asset, in action.

**TINY "JUMBO"** Shantz appears even smaller beside Ray Murray, 6' 3½" second-string catcher, as they watch a foul in pre-game batting practice.



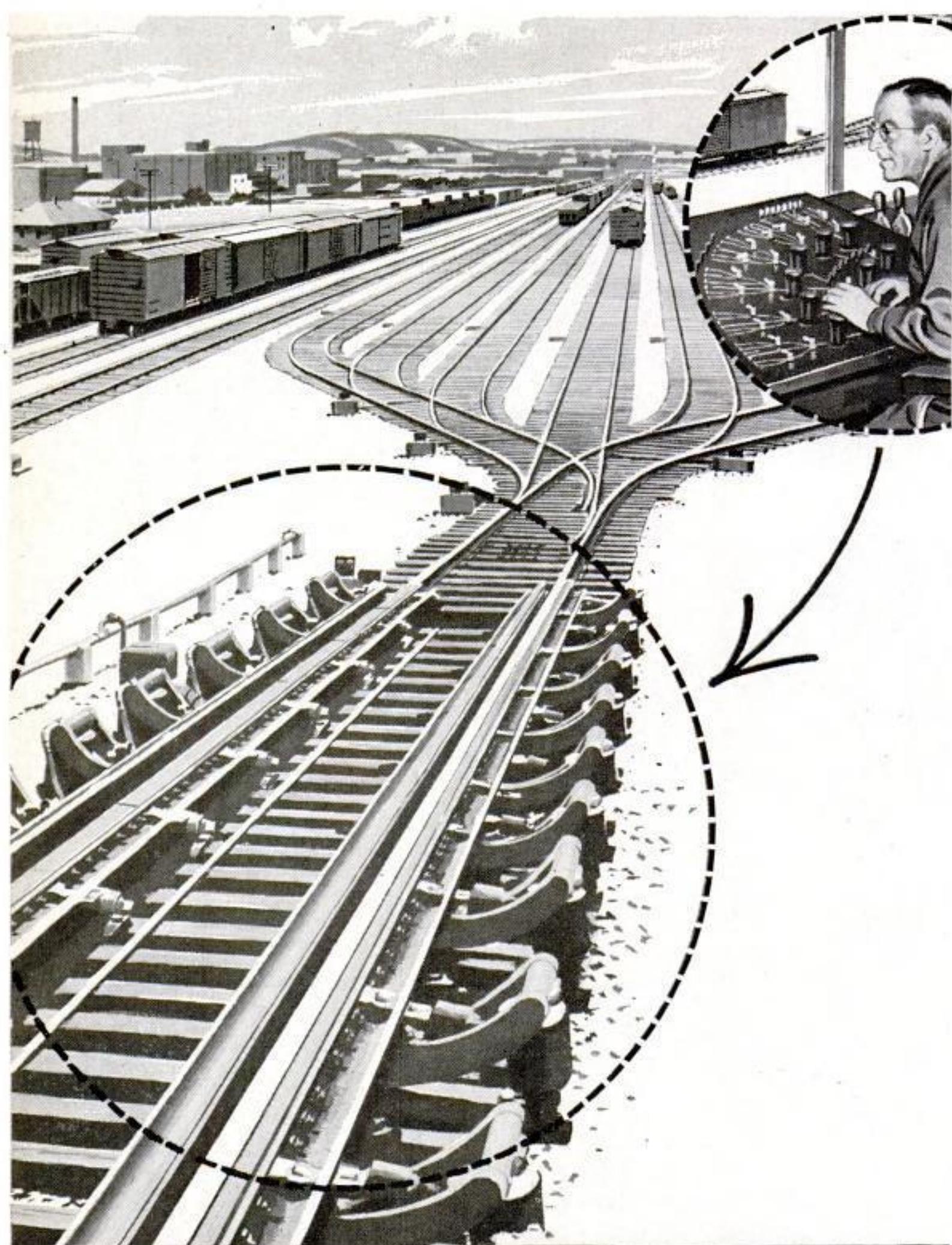
## LITTLE PITCHER WITH BIG WINS

### Bobby Shantz leads big leagues

Beside the conventionally husky form of almost any of his Philadelphia Athletics teammates, Robert Clayton Shantz looks small enough to be—and sometimes actually is mistaken for—the bat boy. At 143 pounds and 5' 7" in height, "Jumbo," as the A's call him, is the smallest pitcher in the major leagues. But as the 1952 season passed the halfway mark last week, the records showed that out on the pitcher's mound little Bobby Shantz was just about the biggest thing in baseball.

For a sixth place club with less than 35 victories altogether, Shantz had won an amazing 14 games and lost only three. He was causing the club's venerable Connie Mack to revise his estimates of what makes a pitcher great. Connie's great pitchers—Grove, Waddell, Earnshaw, Coombs—have been big men, six-footers. Five years ago, after a scout bewilderedly complained, "Shantz is too small . . . but beats everyone," Connie paid the young busher's \$1.25 bus ticket from Pottstown, Pa., signed him, sent him to a farm team.

In his big league debut Shantz pitched nine no-hit-no-run innings in relief, but after that lost more often than he won—until late last year. Then, for no reason he knows, he caught fire, won 10 of his next 12 games. So far in 1952 he has been almost unbeatable, because, he explains diffidently, his catcher "knows more about the hitters now." Last week, in the annual All-Star game (*next page*), little Jumbo got a chance to show the National League why Connie Mack, who has turned down \$250,000 for him, is now saying, "It could be that Bobby will turn out . . . the greatest of them all."



## The "SLOWER DOWNER" that speeds up America's freight

• It's called a car *retarder* — but actually it keeps freight moving *faster* through scores of big railroad yards, where incoming cars are switched and made up into trains headed for many different destinations.

In these yards, cars are shoved over the "hump" and roll downhill by gravity into the network of tracks on which new trains are made up. The cars are carefully controlled and accurately directed by a man in a tower overlooking the yard. By remote control, he operates the retarders, which press

against the edges of the wheels to govern downhill speed of cars, and the switches, which turn each car into its proper track.

Thus trains get made up more quickly, freight rolls on its way sooner, and you and the rest of the nation get better service.

This is just one more example of how railroads use the appliances and methods of modern research in performing their big and essential job of meeting America's transportation needs with efficiency, economy and dispatch.

## ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.



You'll enjoy THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC.

Little Pitcher CONTINUED

## BOBBY VS. ALL-STAR SLUGGERS

Shantz did not get into the All-Star game until the fifth inning and in the sixth inning the game was rained out. But his brief interlude was spectacular. He faced the top of the National League lineup (below). Whitey Lockman (batting average: .307) struck out swinging. Jackie Robinson (.315) struck out swinging. And Stan Musial (.333) looked at a third strike. To strike out the side, Shantz used only 13 pitches.



1 OUT



2 OUT



3 OUT

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



# G.E. BENDS FLUORESCENT LIGHT TO GIVE IT NEW USES

General Electric Circline lamp comes in  
**8 and 12 inch sizes**

A circular light bulb developed by General Electric is bringing fluorescent light to every room of the house—and finding many other uses too.

By compressing a 37-inch tube into a 12-inch circle (and 25 inches into 8), it makes fluorescent compact enough to be used in decorator type floor and table lamps. Wall and ceiling fixtures can be almost as small as incandescent types.

It lets you have fluorescent's soft, cool, diffused light beside your favorite reading chair, to encircle your shaving or make-up mirror, to light your desk. You can use it for decorative effects. It can replace your incandescent ceiling fixtures without requiring more space or extensive re-wiring.

A 16-inch Circline is now under development and will be available soon.



**IN PORTABLE LAMPS**, G-E Circline is often used together with incandescent bulbs.



**IN SMALL KITCHENS**, 22-watt 8-inch Circline nested in 32-watt 12-inch make good ceiling fixtures.



**IN INDUSTRIAL USE**, G-E Circlines in special fixtures solve difficult inspection lighting problems.

*You can put your confidence in—*

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

# Science reveals new ingredient for easy shaves

**Wonderful substance outdoes lanolin, makes beard softer, lubricates, protects skin—and is available now**

For years science has searched for a shaving preparation that would enhance the wetting action of soap and at the same time have a beneficial emollient effect on the skin—a characteristic not present in most shaving soap.

Chemists at The J. B. Williams Co. undertook extensive research into the problem. We asked ourselves this question: Would use of the free sterols present in "Extract of Lanolin" provide the improved shaving preparation we sought to make?

#### *Advantages of Extract of Lanolin*

Even though present in comparatively small percentages, "Extract of Lanolin" can efficiently increase the water penetration of the shaving cream. Imparting moisture to the beard is, as dermatologists know, essential in wet shaving.

The free sterols of extract of lanolin can penetrate the waxy coating of the skin with great hydrophilic effect. This is because it is a natural product closely resembling the skin surface fat.

#### *How it works*

"Extract of Lanolin" in shaving cream forms a film on the surface of each lather bubble and, due to its surface-active nature, tends to penetrate the pores and recesses of the skin—providing the following beneficial effects:

1. The beard becomes wet, easier to shave.
2. The rigid emollient film can act as a lubricant for the razor, helping to prevent abrasion, or "razor burn," by reducing friction to a minimum.
3. There is minimum tendency to leave the skin with less of the protective sterols than present before shaving. Natural protective skin-coating isn't "shaved away."

We then wanted to know how dermatologists themselves felt. 90% of the doctors surveyed approved the idea with enthusiasm.

#### *Result: a superior product*

As a result of our findings, and the approval of dermatologists, The J. B. Williams Company is now offering our Luxury Shaving Cream with "Extract of Lanolin."

We don't wish to make extravagant claims; but we do say that our shaving preparation, through qualities made possible with "Extract of Lanolin," will cut to a minimum the skin irritation due to shaving. This, we believe, should be of particular interest to you, as a man who wants better shaves.

*We're so sure you'll become a steady user of Williams that we make you this FREE offer:*

Send your name and address and get a free guest-size tube of Williams Luxury Shaving Cream with "Extract of Lanolin" ... enough for three weeks' trial. For your free tube, write: **The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. LS-6, Glastonbury, Connecticut.** (Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.)

## Little Pitcher CONTINUED



**IN RARE DEFEAT**, Shantz walks downcast from the employees' exit of Shibe Park after a combination of chest-muscle pains and Yankee base hits sent him to the showers for his third loss of the year. The Yanks scored four runs off him in four innings, far above his season's earned run average of about 1.75 per game. Shantz has a sneaky fast ball, a sweeping curve and a deceptive change of pace, but it is hairline control which makes them so effective. He also fields so well that the Yankees' Casey Stengel wryly complains that the Athletics present an unfair five-man infield when Shantz is in the lineup.

## injector shavers!

**Does your skin smart, burn, when you apply lotion after shaving?**

Try it on your forehead. Same skin yet no burn! That's because your facial skin is irritated from shaving—probably because you're using a razor blade ground like a penknife and you have to "bear down" to shave clean.

**PAL's** patented Hollow Ground process makes "bearing down" unnecessary. You shave with a light, light stroke; your face is cool, relaxed—your skin isn't irritated, is left smooth as a teen-ager's! You owe it to your face to try

## PAL HOLLOW GROUND INJECTOR BLADES



**20 for 59¢**

**10 for 39¢ • 6 for 25¢**

in Metal Injectors with vault for used blades.

Fit your Injector Razor perfectly.



### PAL HOLLOW GROUND DOUBLE or SINGLE EDGE

**10 for 25¢ 21 for 49¢ 44 for 98¢**

in Zipak dispenser with vault for used blades

4 for 10¢ in regular packing.

NEW! PAL Gold Thin Double Edge—same low prices

**PAL GUARANTEE!**—Buy a pack of PALS in the type you prefer. Use one, two or every blade in the pack. If you don't agree that PALS shave you better, return the dispenser for full refund.

PAL BLADE CO., Inc., 43 West 57th Street, N. Y. C.

**PAL**—"The Razor Blade Made for Your Face!"

Pepper-Upper for Summer Supper... Swift's Premium Bacon with the

sweet smoke taste!



ONLY CHOICE CENTER  
SLICES . . . MILD SUGAR-CURED,  
HARDWOOD-SMOKED. IT'S  
AMERICA'S FAVORITE!

Swift's  
Premium  
Bacon

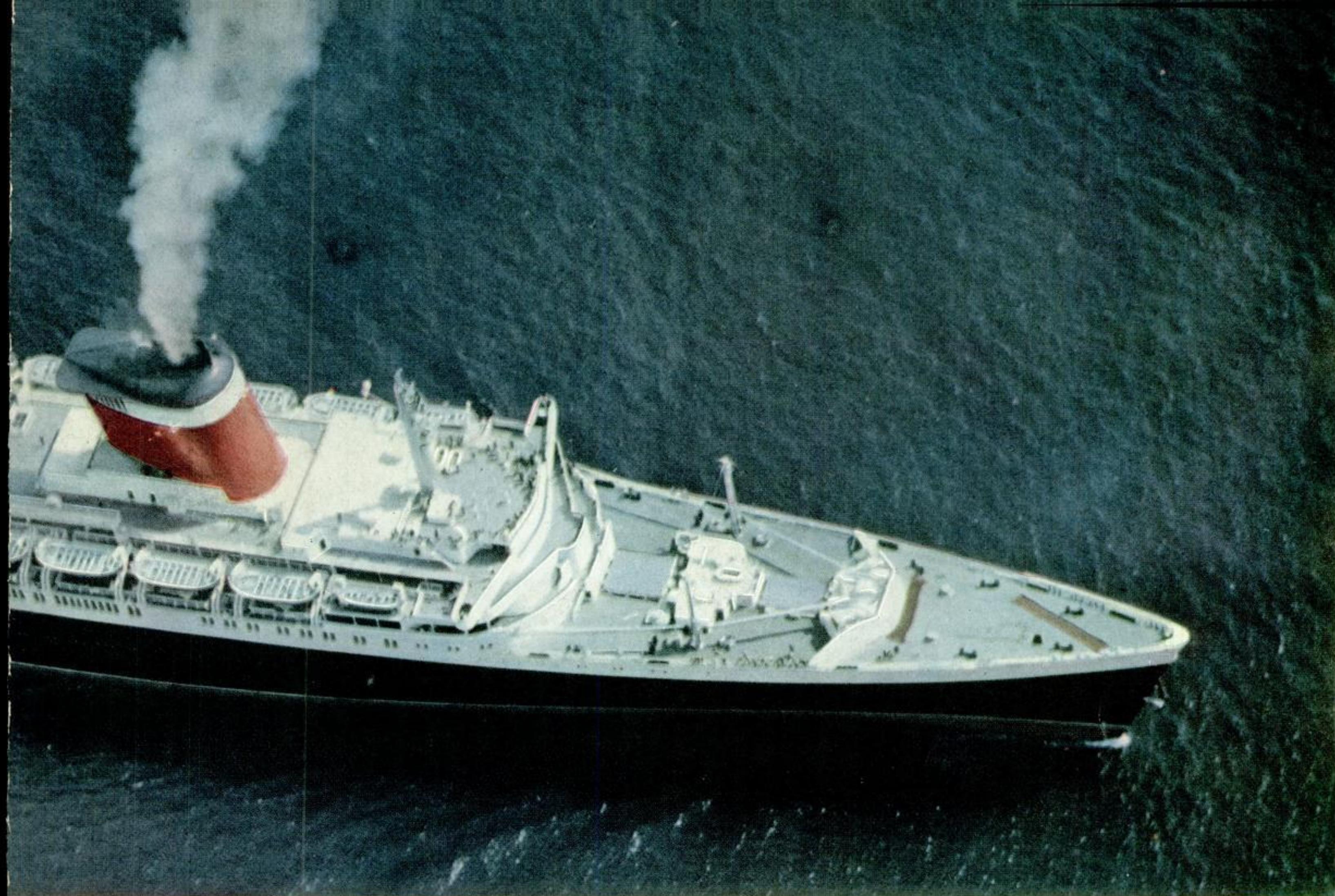




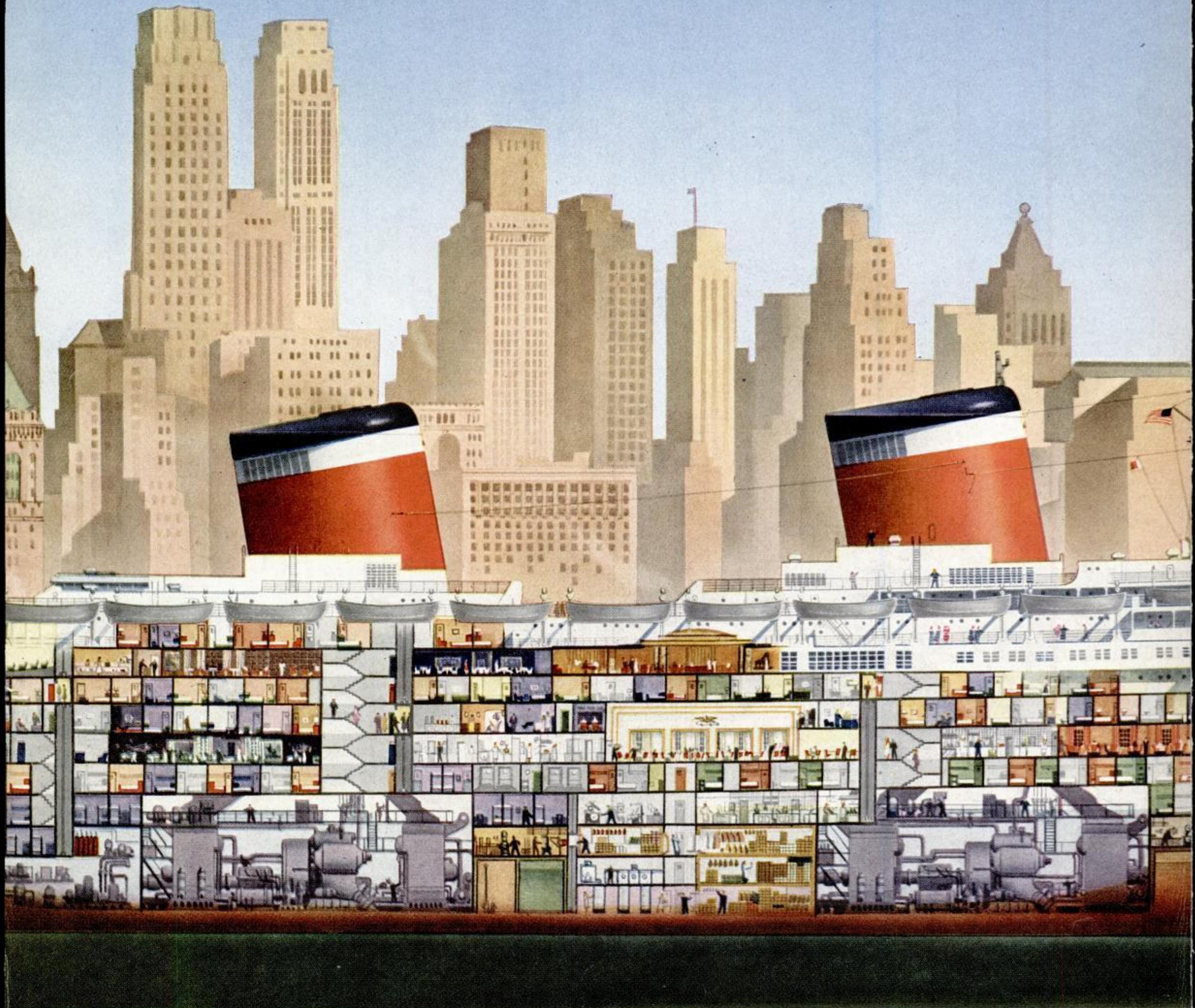
# The S.S. United States

NEW LUXURY SHIP, THE BIGGEST EVER BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY,  
HAS ALREADY PROVED HERSELF THE FASTEST LINER AFLOAT

The \$70 million S.S. *United States*, the world's newest liner, is the biggest ship ever built in the U.S. Above, in a painting done for LIFE, she is shown in cross section against a background of lower Manhattan. At right her main areas are located. She is 990 feet long, grosses 53,000 tons, has 12 decks and carries 2,000 passengers, almost half of them in first class. She has theaters equipped for stage productions, a swimming pool for both first and cabin class passengers, children's playrooms in all three classes, special



CABIN CLASS STATEROOM on main deck has twin washbasins (visible in mirror), accommodates two to four passengers, two of them in Pullmanlike upper berths. Fare: \$275 a person. Tourist class cabins are much the same as this but smaller.



nonslip flooring on the play decks. The *United States* is, all in all, the most luxurious liner afloat and, for many reasons, is a seagoing miracle.

She was built by the Newport News Shipbuilding Co. in less than 30 months, whereas it took more than four years to build the *Queen Elizabeth*. She carries virtually as many passengers as the *Elizabeth*, the world's largest ship, yet weighs an astonishing 20,000 tons less. She contains more aluminum than any other thing ever built anywhere any time and is the

first big ship to be completely air-conditioned and fireproof. In a matter of days she can be converted to a troop carrier accommodating 14,000 men.

But what will most firmly establish the *United States* as a nautical wonder is her speed. With her turbines running at only two thirds of capacity she has gone 34 knots. The *Queen Mary* got up to 33 knots when she established the transatlantic crossing record. The *United States*'s speed is accounted for in part by high-pressure

turbines, the most powerful in the world. Other speed factors are her slim hull, her lightness, her double set of twin propellers. At slower speeds only the forward pair are used. But at the signal for more speed the aft screws cut in, much like the overdrive on a modern car.

Just how fast she can go is not yet known and, when it is, will become a military secret. A lot of shipwise people are sure that if she lets out, the *United States* will be the first ocean liner to pass 40 knots. And some suspect she will reach 45.



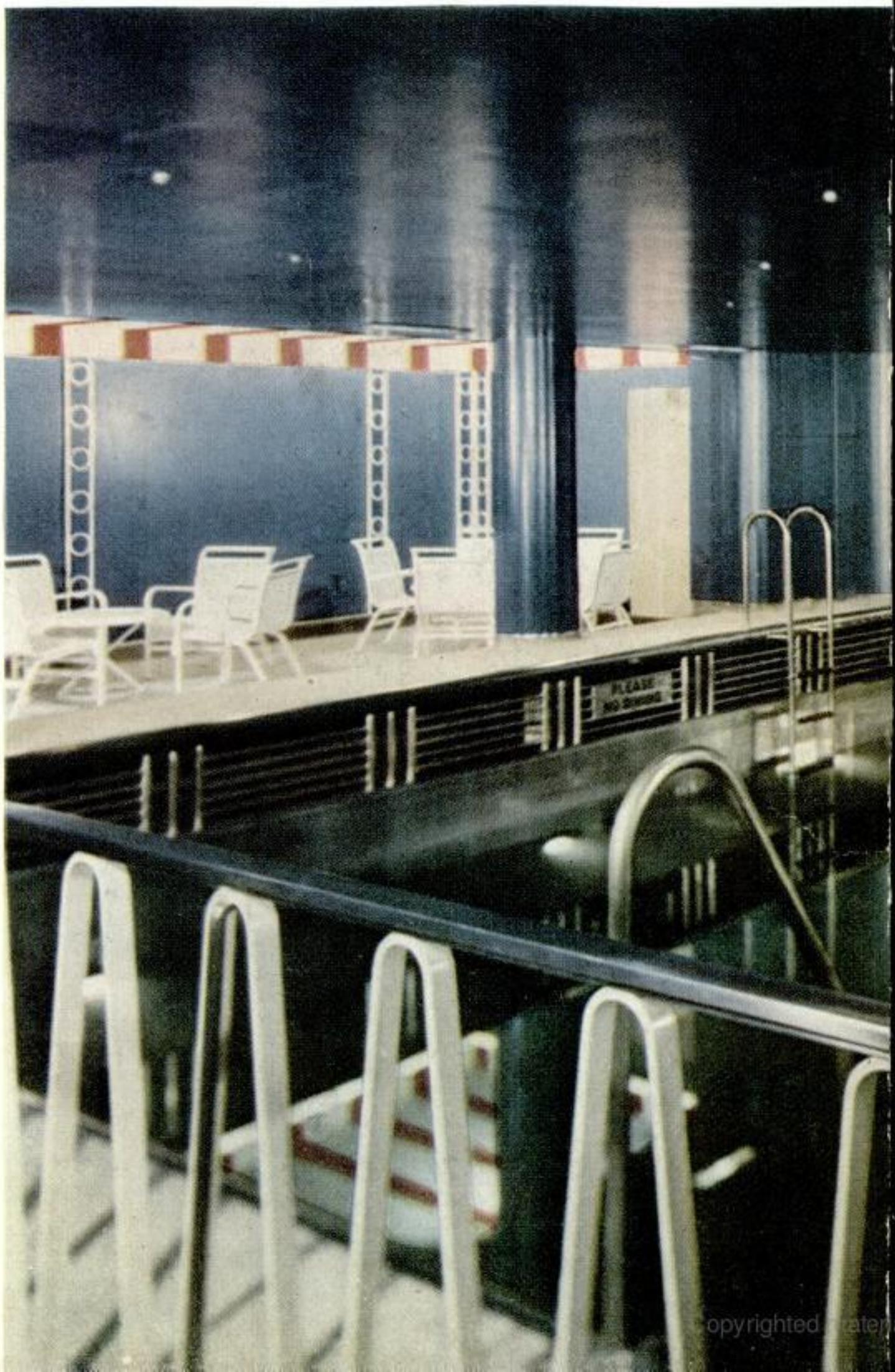
HER SLIM FORM leaves virtually no wake even at a speed of 25 knots, which the *United States* is doing here in this trial run off Cape Henry, Va. before delivery to U.S. Lines. The smoke is leaving the funnels sidewise due to a strong crosswind.

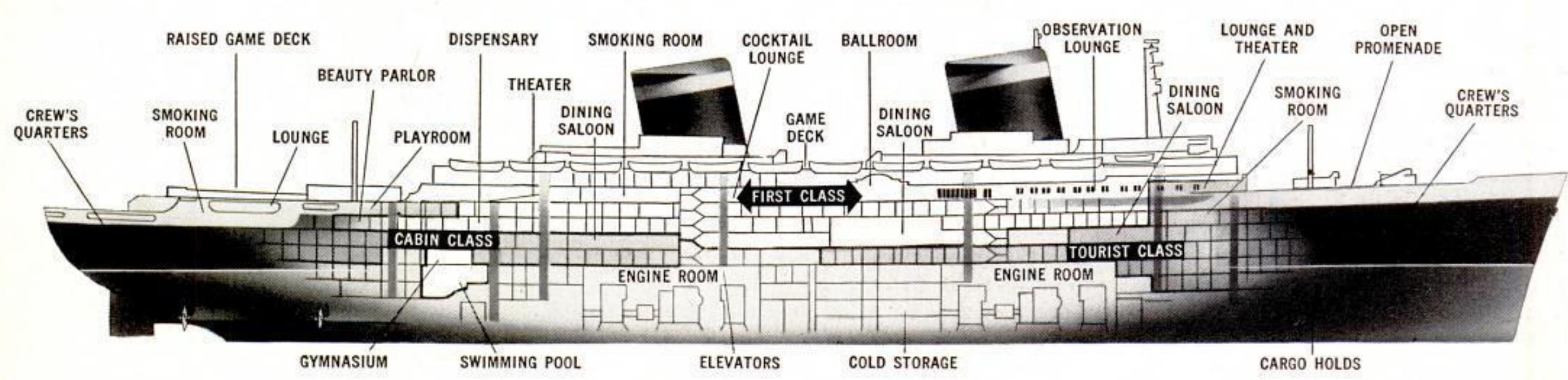


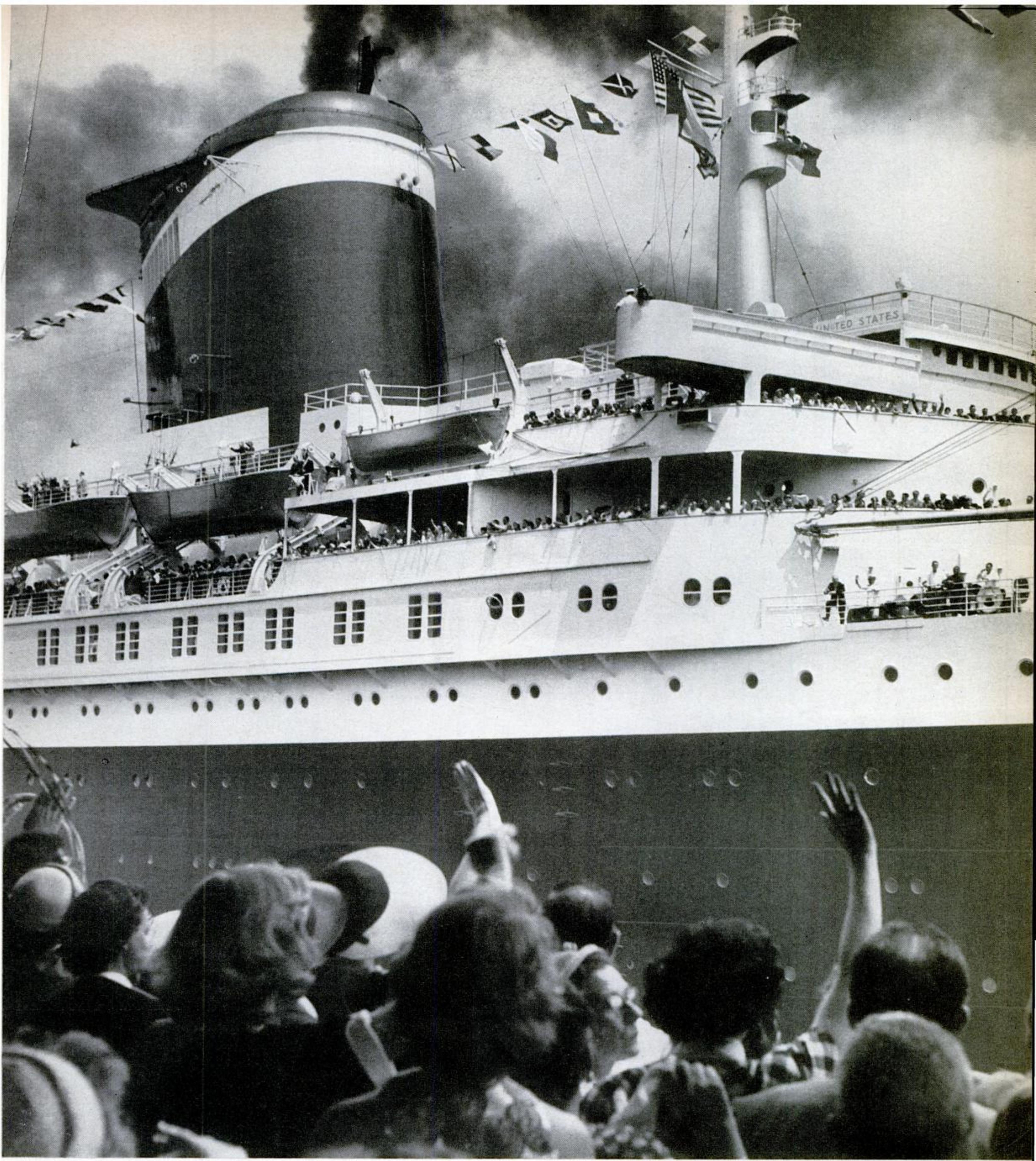
FIRST CLASS STATEROOM contains aluminum furniture, fire resistant spreads and drapes. Fare for this room New York to Southampton (in season) is \$455. Every cabin on ship has telephone from which passengers can make overseas calls.

SWIMMING POOL is of Monel metal (first ever to be installed on a ship) since this material is far lighter than tile. The temperature of its salt water is controlled thermostatically. The decorative signal flags spell "Come on in; the water's fine."

FOLD OUT: DO NOT TEAR







## ON FIRST TRIP SHE TRIES FOR RECORD, BREAKS IT

Leaving 13,000 wildly waving visitors behind, the *United States* (above) backed out of her pier July 3 for her maiden Atlantic voyage. Once at sea she settled down to the serious business of living up to her trial-run speed. The first day out she set a new record, averaging 34.11 knots, against the *Queen Mary*'s

31.13. The second day, operating through fog by radar, she covered the greatest distance any ship has ever made in one day—801 miles at 35.6 knots. On the third day, she stepped up speed until she was plowing the seas at 36.17 knots (41 miles an hour).

Early the next morning a blast of the ship's

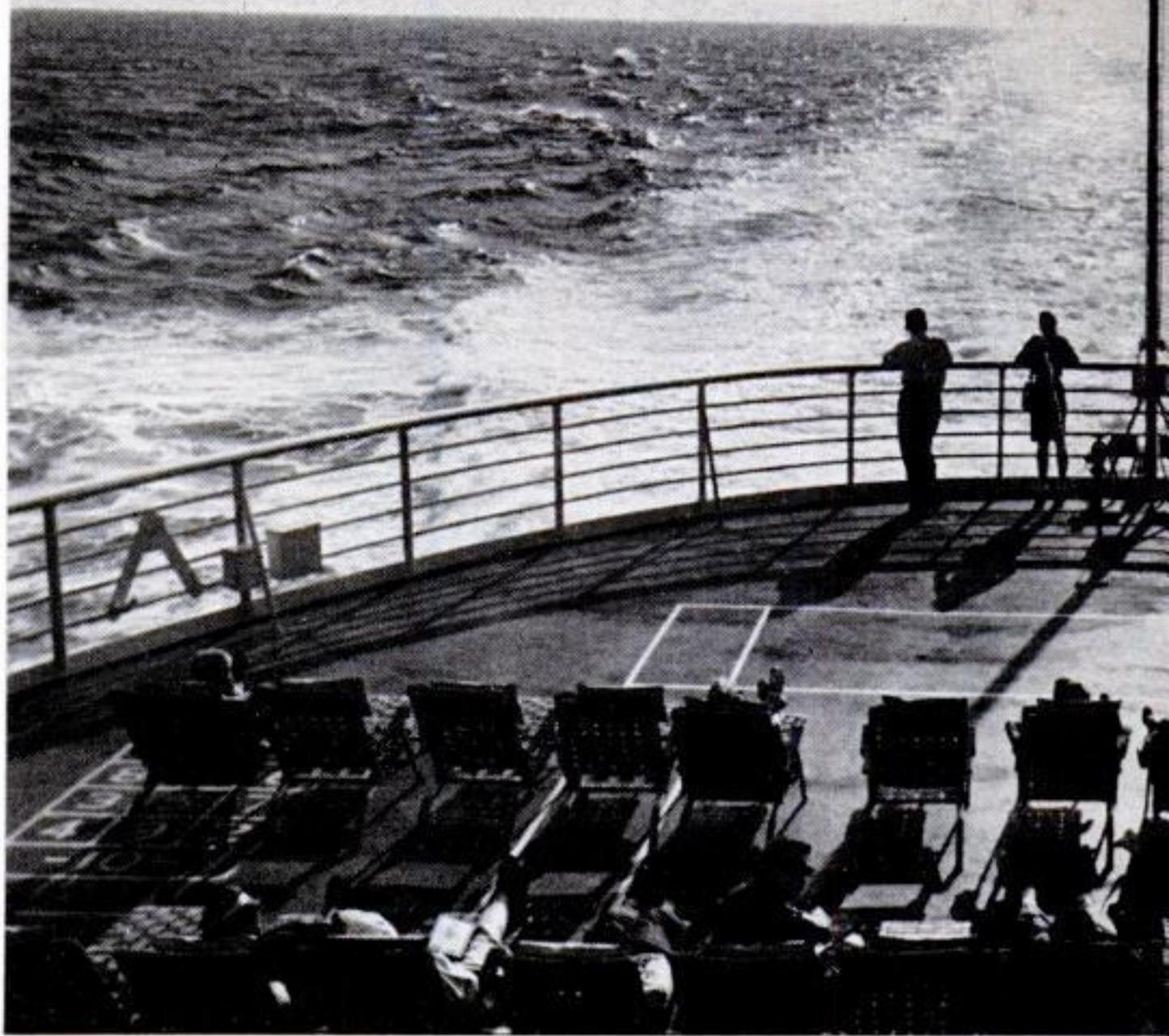
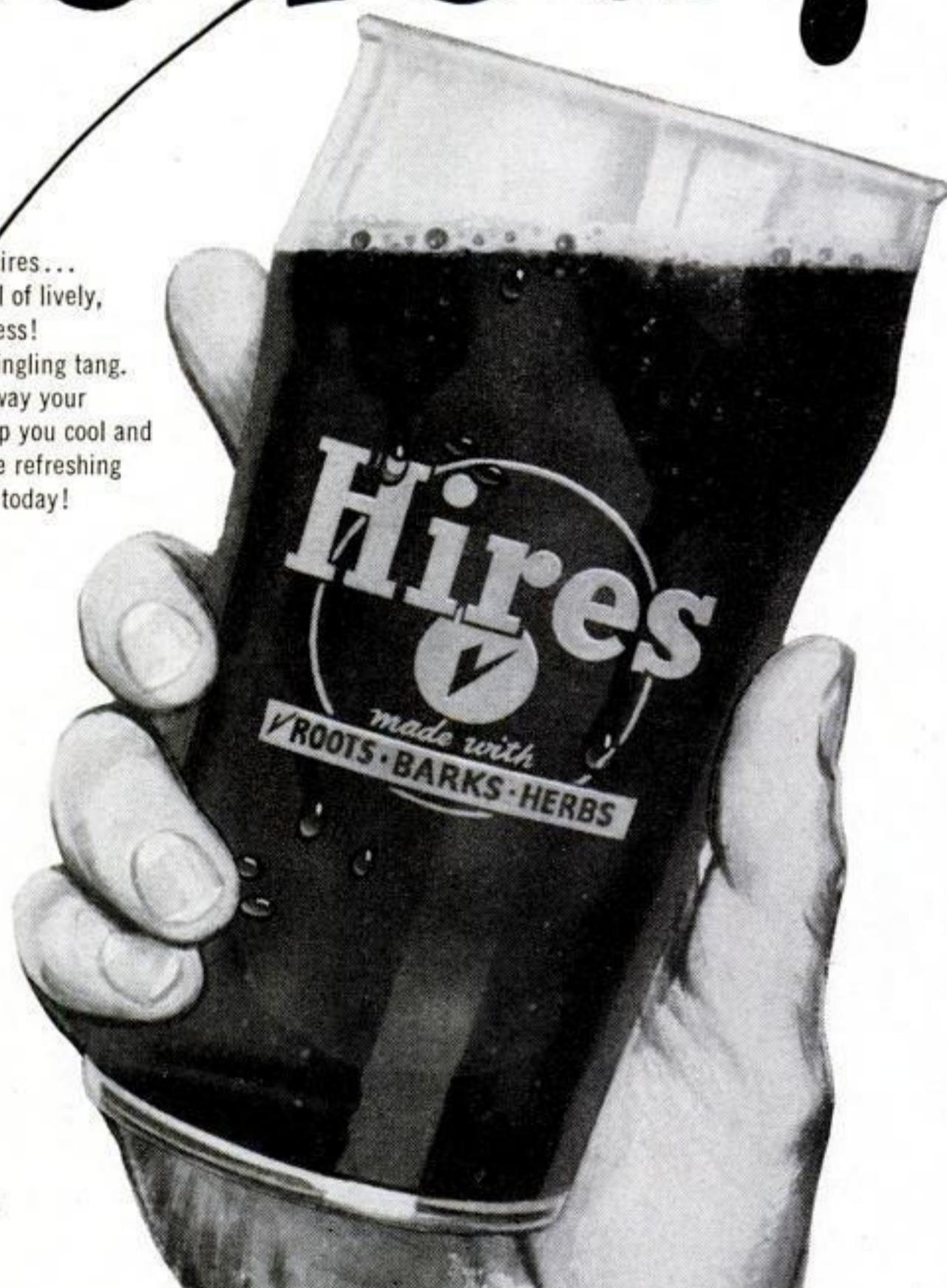
horn announced the *United States* had crossed Bishop Rock, official transatlantic finish line. At an average speed of 35.59 knots she had made the trip in three days, 10 hours, 40 minutes, beating the record set by the *Queen Mary* in 1938 by 10 hours, two minutes. Then she turned round to challenge the westward record.

For pleasure  
and thirst—it's

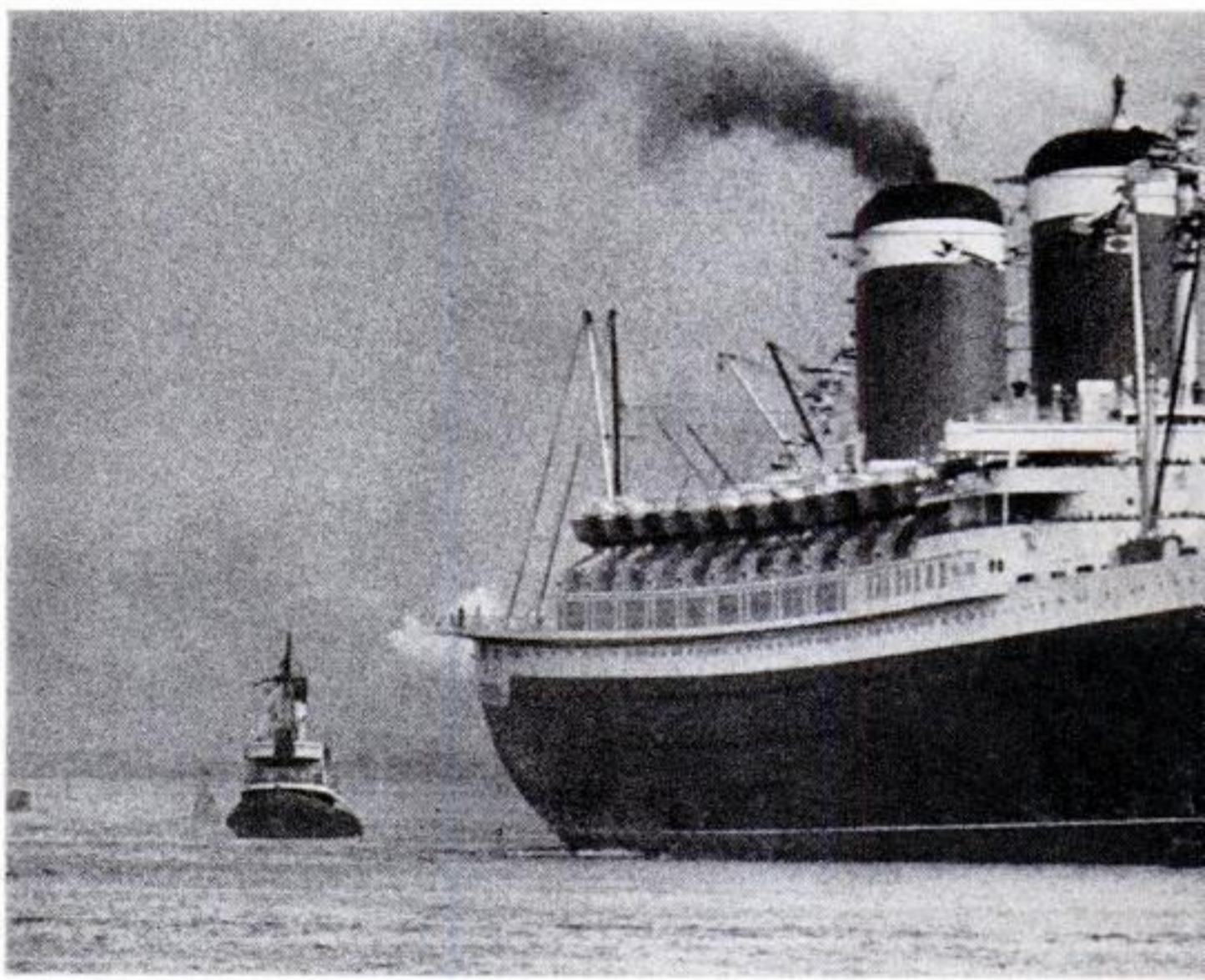
# HIRES TO YOU!

Tilt a tall Hires...  
brimful of lively,  
sparkling freshness!

Taste that tingling tang.  
It will whisk away your  
thirst—keep you cool and  
sprightly. Try the refreshing  
difference today!



OUT AT SEA passengers on open promenade at ship's stern watch the sunset. Tipoff that the liner was going to try for speed record came on the day before

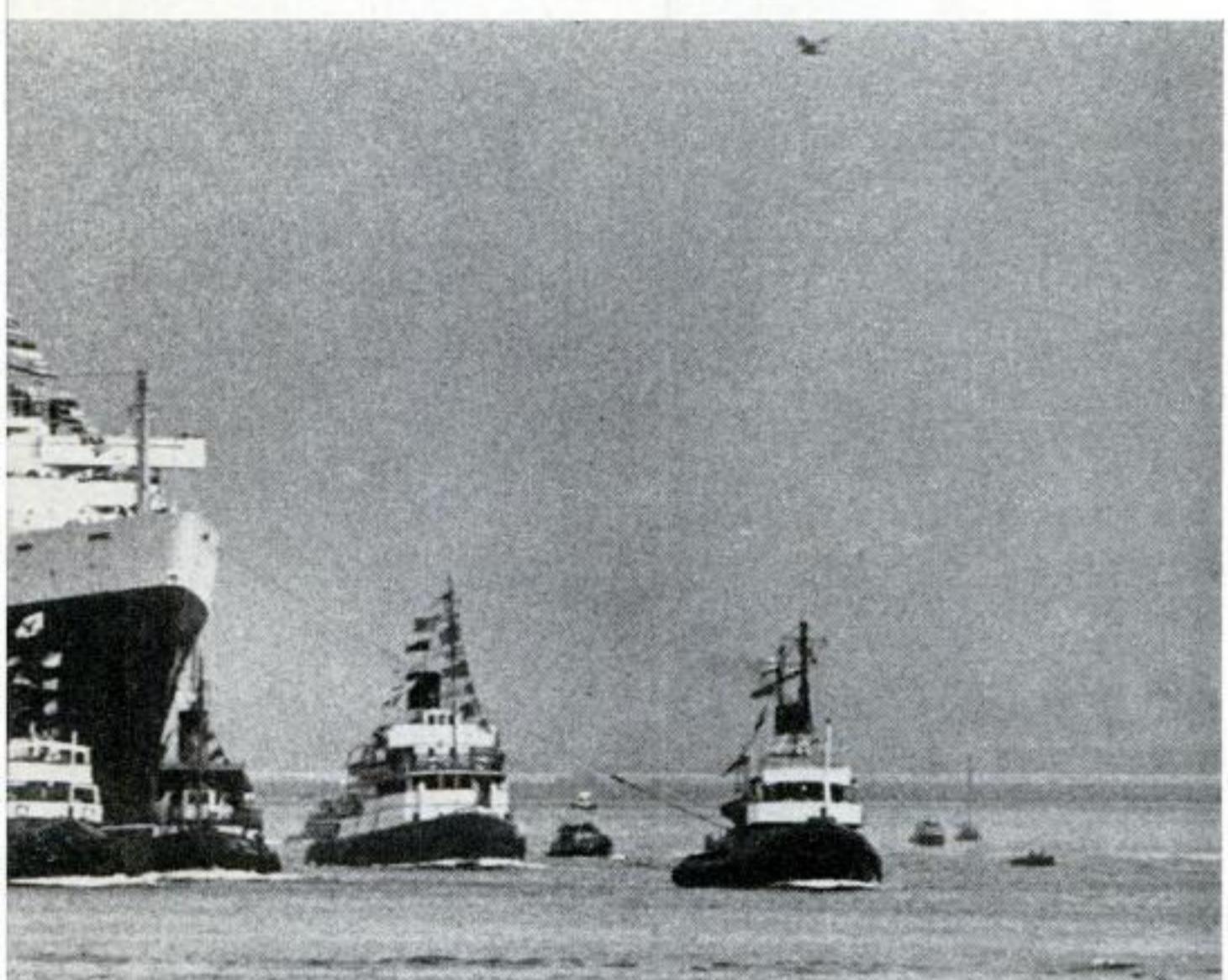


ARRIVING IN SOUTHAMPTON, home port of her rivals, *Queen Mary*, *Queen Elizabeth*, United States got vociferous welcome. Small boats crowded tugs to pay

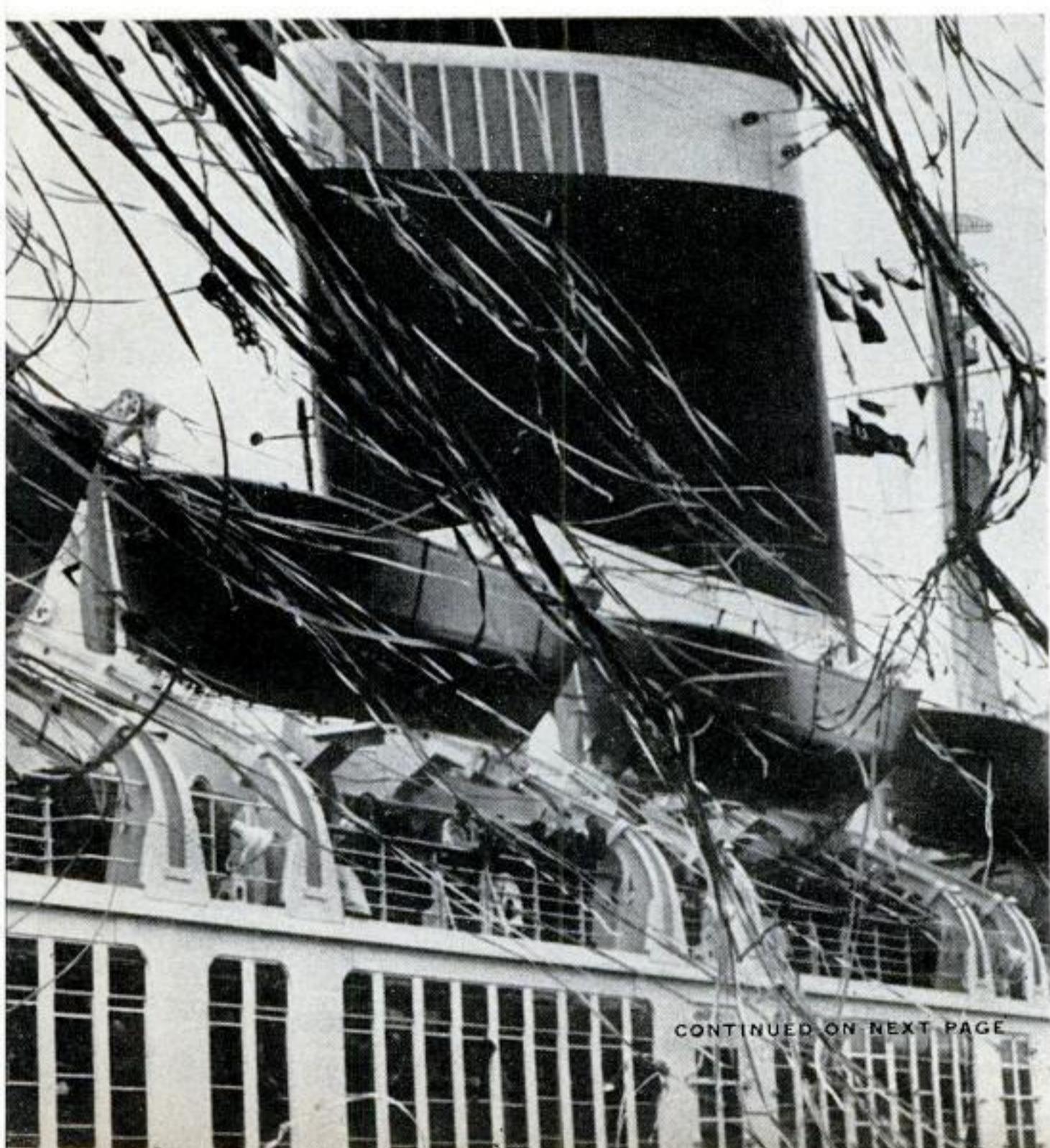




sailing when passengers who had lower cabins right above the screws were transferred to cabins where the noise of propellers would not disturb them.



respects (above). At dock (below) festoons of streamers and cheering English paid sportsmanlike tribute to the ship which had beaten Britain's pride.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



**IF SHE SAT NEXT TO HERSELF...**

**...SHE'D CHANGE TO STOPETTE**

If you sat next to yourself, would you be *too* aware of your neighbor? Remember . . . tension, excitement, the worry of being in a hurry can cause an unexpected surge of perspiration. That's why Stopette is doubly important to busy people.

Dr. Jules Montenier, the noted cosmetic chemist, has included in his Stopette formula one special ingredient that provides an *extra Margin of Safety*. No surge of perspiration need embarrass you.

One quick squeeze of Stopette's flexi-plastic bottle—and Poof! there goes perspiration, *effectively* throughout your longest day. And you never touch Stopette, hardly know it touches you. No other deodorant makes it so easy to be so sure.

Two sizes: \$1.25 plus tax and 60c plus tax  
Wherever good cosmetics are sold



**A New Development  
in Daintiness**

Stopette "Poof" Deodorant Body Powder keeps you fragrantly fresh all over—all day.

In flexi-plastic "squeeze" bottle so it sprays on without muss or waste.

**Stopette**  
THE ORIGINAL  
**SPRAY DEODORANT**

JULES MONTENIER, INC., CHICAGO

**CONSTIPATED? Enjoy Pleasant, Satisfying Relief!**

**If you are bothered** by constipation, why add to your discomfort with bad-tasting, harsh, or clogging preparations?



**Change to Ex-Lax.** Everybody likes its fine chocolate taste. No bitter, oily or chalky taste. You taste no medicine.

**TAKE AMERICA'S BEST-TASTING LAXATIVE**

**Why punish yourself** with harsh, "hurry-up" cathartics; unpleasant oils; irritating roughage; or slow-moving, bulky gels? Change to Ex-Lax for thorough, satisfying, timely relief without digestive upset, or embarrassing urgency.

**Compare!** No other laxative is easier to take or easier on you! Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate. Children take it willingly. And Ex-Lax is so mild and gentle, only the pleasant, satisfying relief it brings makes you aware you have taken a laxative!

**Safety!** Ex-Lax has a long record of safety among millions of people. The effectiveness of its laxative ingredient is scientifically tested and medically proved. Many doctors use Ex-Lax in their practice. And, over the years, more people have preferred Ex-Lax to any other lead-

ing laxative! Change to Ex-Lax! And notice the change in yourself!

**Don't let constipation ruin your vacation!** Irregular hours, changes of climate, water, food, habits can make you constipated. Take along the handy package of Ex-Lax. No spoon. No glass. Nothing to mix or measure. And what a relief!

Purse-size  
**12¢**  
Economy-size  
**30¢**



**Listen to: "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE"**  
Every day Monday thru Friday NBC

**SOUP FOR LUNCH**  
HOT AND HEARTY AND OH, SO GOOD!  
MAKE IT  
**Campbell's**  
**TOMATO SOUP**

Luscious red tomatoes,  
fine table butter—it's  
America's favorite soup!



**EASY GOING, WHEREVER YOU TRAVEL WITH NCB TRAVELERS CHECKS**



What a glorious lighter-than-air feeling of confidence and carefree protection with National City Bank Travelers Checks! Safer than cash. Spendable for everything, everywhere. If stolen, lost or destroyed—value refunded. Cost 75¢ per \$100. Convenient denominations. Good until used. Buy them at your bank.

The best thing you know wherever you go

**NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS**

Backed by The National City Bank of New York  
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

**SHIP'S FUN ON RECORD RUN**

On the crossing, the passengers on the *United States* never lacked a ready topic of conversation (the speed) or something to do in idle moments (go to the bulletin board to read the latest log). They enjoyed watching the most noted passenger (Margaret Truman), worried about their *bon voyage* presents (there were so many it took over half the trip to distribute all of them) and exchanged opinions on the air conditioning (it was fine). And they kept asking veteran crossers what they thought of the vibration (not bad, considering the speed).



ON BRIDGE with Commodore Harry V. Manning, Margaret Truman tried binoculars. She was one of those invited to bridge when *United States* crossed finish.



EXUBERANT MARGARET enjoys herself in spirited game of deck tennis.



WARY MARGARET leans toward captain as she tries her hand at wheel.



CELEBRATING THE RECORD at 6:15 a.m., passengers who had stayed up all night form a Conga line on deck after the *United States* passed Bishop's Rock.



**PLUG-IN  
for STEAM  
just as you  
do for current.  
No water tank  
to push around.**

**The LIGHTEST  
WEIGHT**

**Steam or Dry  
Iron made—only 2½ lbs.**

**34%**

**MORE STEAM  
than other irons  
in the same time**

**NOW! THE SENSATIONAL NEW**

# *Sunbeam* LIGHTWEIGHT **STEAM OR DRY IRON**



**ONLY** *Sunbeam* weighs the same, steam or dry. You get all the benefits of steam ironing without any additional bulk or weight to push around. You get steam any time you want it, because the water is fed through the steam cord directly to the soleplate where it is instantly converted into continuous, deep, penetrating steam.

**ONLY** *Sunbeam* has the Steam Plug-in that enables you to simply plug-in the water supply just as you do the electric current. You can switch from steam to dry ironing, and back again, as often as you wish.

**ONLY** *Sunbeam* ends the nuisance of filling and emptying. The water for steam is supplied from your bottle of distilled water, outside the iron. You get 34% MORE steam without waiting—EVEN steam—DEEP-STEAM penetration. See your dealer.



### **Famous *Sunbeam* Dry IRONMASTER**

The famous Sunbeam Dry Ironmaster shown at left is the fast-heating, lightweight iron that is known all over America for its outstanding efficiency and convenience. Hot in 30 seconds. Thumb-tip Heat Regulator up in the handle, right under your thumb. Heats Quicker. Stays Hotter. Irons Faster. Sunbeam Dry Ironmasters are available in two weights: the 4 lb. Ironmaster with the famous Hard Steel, Chrome-plated soleplate, and the 2½ lb. Ironmaster with the aluminum alloy soleplate for lighter weight. Sunbeam irons are on sale wherever good electric appliances are sold. See them at your dealer.



# PROVED

**25** Different Makes  
and Models of  
U. S. Stock Cars  
Averaged Over **22** Miles  
per Gallon

**in this Year's 1415-Mile  
Mobilgas Economy Run!**

Dramatic Proof of What Modern Cars, Good Car Care,  
Good Driving and America's Largest-Selling Gasoline Can Do!

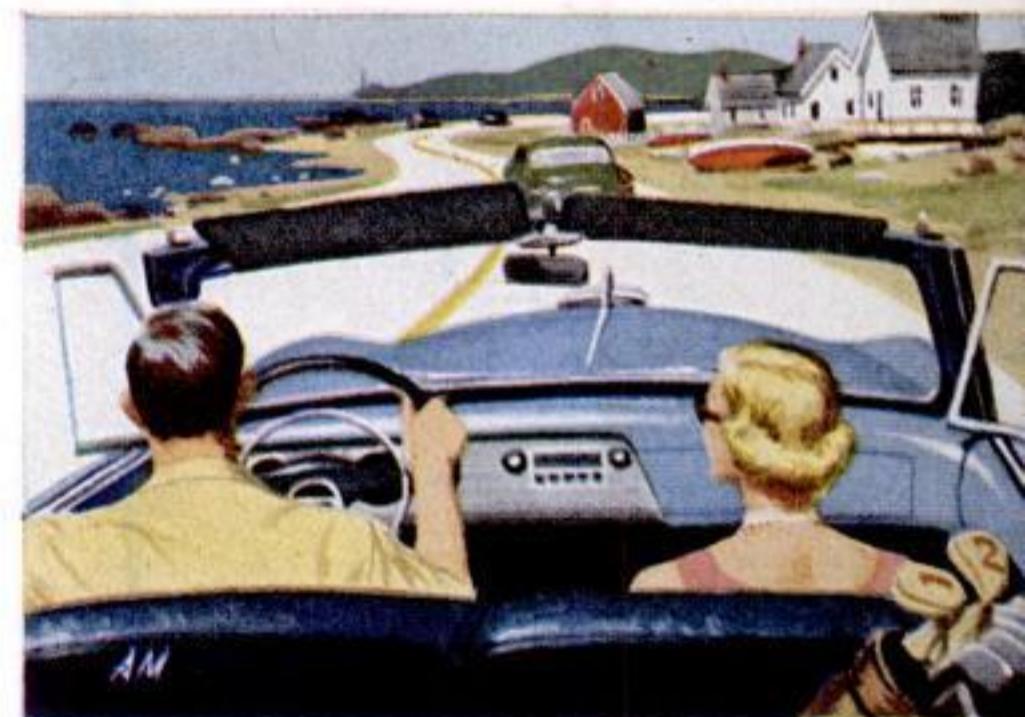


**Mobilgas**

SOCONY-VACUUM



Los Angeles, April 14, under AAA rules, cars lined up to compete for gas mileage in the most grueling Mobilgas Economy Run of all . . . 1415 miles from Los Angeles to Sun Valley!



Means this to you: you, too, can improve your car's mileage if you do what these drivers did—keep your car in tip-top shape, drive carefully, use America's largest-selling gasoline!

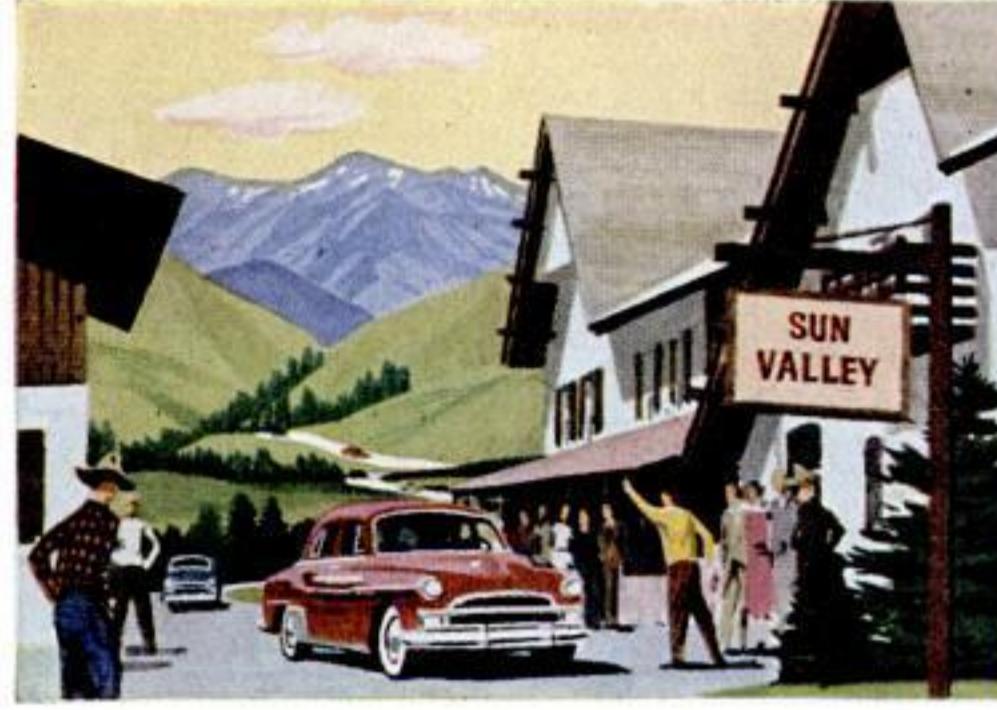
**WHY ACCEPT**

**ALL  
YOUR**

# GET MILEAGE



Through rugged country, desert heat and mountain cold, they encountered practically every condition of climate, temperature and terrain the average motorist meets in a full year.



Three days later, they rolled into Sun Valley — recorded amazing gas mileage — 22 miles-per-gallon average for all 25 cars! All cars used Mobilgas or Mobilgas Special!



Why was it done?...To demonstrate again the great mileage economy built into modern cars—the beneficial effect of regular service, careful driving and use of top-quality gasoline!



The key to mileage is in the quality! The world's foremost catalytic refining program assures the right balance and abundance of catalytic gasoline ingredients in Mobilgas and Mobilgas Special for top performance and economy!



Drive in at your Mobilgas Dealer's for his regular Mobil-Care service . . . Mobilubrication for your car's chassis, Mobiloil to protect its engine, Mobilgas or Mobilgas Special for smooth, effortless power on the road. Remember, good car care, careful driving and America's largest-selling gasoline can help you, too, get all the gas mileage your car can deliver!

**LESS THAN U.S.A.'S LARGEST SELLER—FILL UP FOR  
THE GAS MILEAGE  
CAR CAN DELIVER**

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY, GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

Carnation Milk and Cheese is all it takes for...

# Lightning Quick Cheese Sauce

RICHER, CREAMIER -  $\frac{1}{3}$  THE TIME

(Makes about 2½ cups sauce)

1½ cups (1 large can) undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk    ½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup (4 oz.) cubed or grated process-type American cheese

Combine Carnation and salt in saucepan over low heat. Heat until small bubbles appear around edges of pan (about 2 minutes). Add cheese and keep sauce over heat about 1 minute, or until the cheese melts. Stir occasionally. Pour over cooked vegetables and serve at once.



"from Contented Cows"

**SECRET** of this speedier, smoother cheese sauce is simple. Carnation is more than *double-rich*...so rich that no flour or shortening is needed. And Carnation is specially *heat-refined*. So it blends much more quickly and smoothly with the cheese.

**CARNATION** gives all your foods an extra creamy richness. And because it is specially heat-refined, it not only blends better with other recipe ingredients, but brings out their flavor and quality...like no other form of milk possibly can.

**YES**, Carnation is made for cooking.

Why not make it *your* cooking milk?

Copr., 1952, Carnation Co.



Carnation Performs  
Cooking Miracles

**Not Possible with  
Any Other Form of Milk**

**ENJOY TWO GREAT SHOWS:** On TV—*Burns & Allen*, CBS-TV,  
every other week; on radio—*Stars over Hollywood*, CBS, every Saturday



THE "HOURGLASS MAILLOT" SQUEEZES WAIST AND ACCENTS THE HIPS. IT COSTS \$25, COMES IN PINK, BLUE, GOLD, GREEN, MADE OF ACETATE SATIN LASTEX

## Hourglass on the Beach

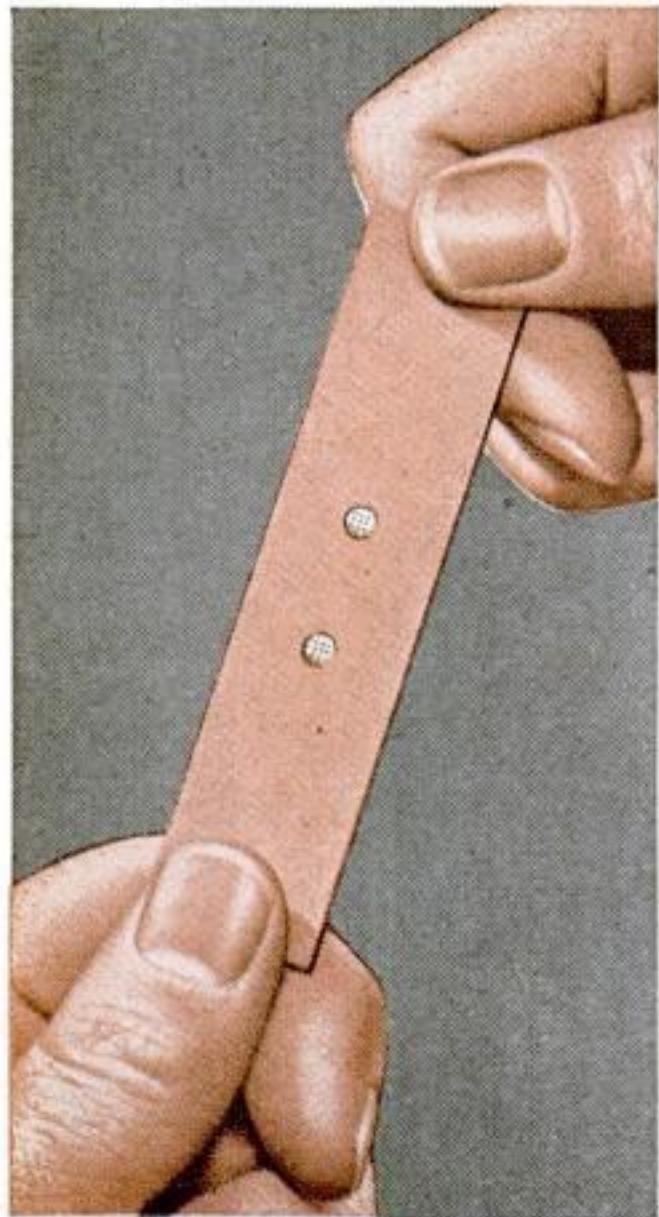
**BONED AND BLOOMERED BATHING SUIT SCORES A TARDY STYLE SPLASH**

New bathing suit creations, which usually go on display in May, are often on the marked-down racks by July. But this year a late starter, not brought out until July, provided Lord & Taylor of New York with an unexpected and sensational spurt in swim suit sales. This was the suit above designed by Rose Marie Reid

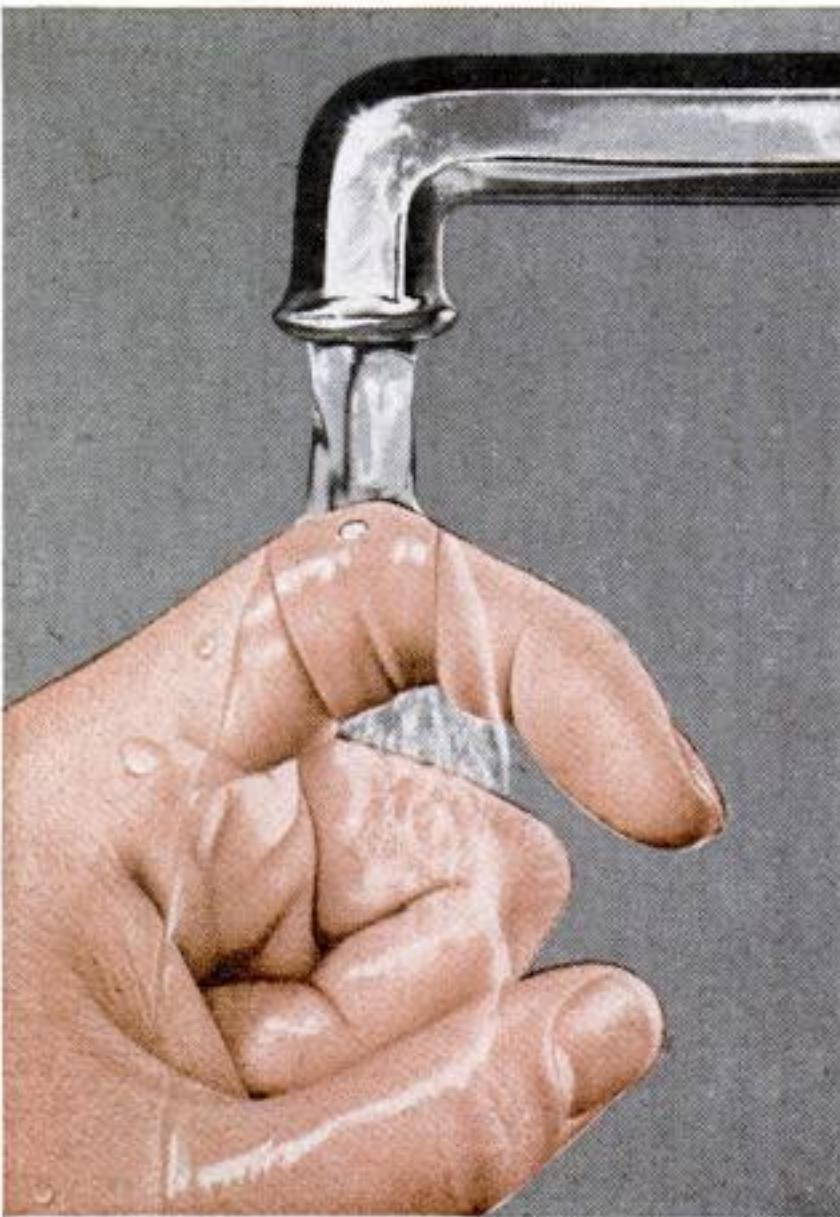
who, with waist boning and bouncy bloomers, shaped the satin lastex one-piece—an American favorite—to the extravagant curves of an Edwardian hourglass. Europe's designers this year have offered nothing so revolutionary as this, but some tricky and tempting beach gadgetry (*next page*) has appeared on the Riviera.

# Most Revolutionary First Aid Dressing

since the original **BAND-AID** Adhesive Bandage



Flesh-colored!



Completely waterproof!

## **BAND-AID** TRADE-MARK Plastic Dressings

PATCHES

SPOTS

STRIPS

**Three shapes** for all needs.  
They're flesh-colored. Won't  
loosen in water. They stay on,  
wash clean. Fit, look, and  
stretch like a second skin.  
100% sterile.

Packaged two ways



*Johnson & Johnson*

Assortment of Strips, Patches, Spots

BEACH CONTINUED

## NEWEST FRENCH NOTIONS



PLAY SKIRT of calico is to be worn over bathing suit, has five layers of Grecian-looking pleats. It was designed by Jacques Fath.



SUN MONOCLE has a fancy frame, yellow-tinted plastic lens to protect the eyes. Schiaparelli sells it for 9,000 francs (\$25).



BEACH COAT, in wool or terry cloth, is Fath's version of an Austrian peasant's costume. He sells it for 45,000 francs (\$128).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71



## Dr. Charles Sauria knew a good thing

His Phosphorous Matches Climaxed Thousands of Years of History

Man first discovered fire thousands of years ago—but as late as 1830 he had not yet discovered how to *start* a fire quickly and effortlessly. The best answer was still the clumsy, cumbersome flint-and-steel “tinder lighter” adapted from the flintlock pistol.

Then Dr. Sauria, experimenting with *phosphorus*, recognized a good thing. He created the

original phosphorous “match”—the first efficient, quick-firing, reliable method of creating a flame by friction.

He gave his invention to the world, and reaped universal acclaim. In a few years, the manufacture of matches exceeded that of any other man-made product. Today, Americans alone consume over 57 million *per hour!*



## If you know a good thing in whiskey...

you'll instantly recognize the superiority of **HUNTER**, long famous as America's luxury blend. Its flavor is so distinctive that no one has been able to copy it in over 92 years.

Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended Whiskey 86.8 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits.





*There are only five words in the language that  
will tell you how good ice cream can really be.*

*They are—"Meadow Gold Ice Cream, please."*

*Say them at your favorite fountain or food store  
and you'll discover the most refreshing,  
most satisfying ice cream you've ever tasted.*

*Wouldn't you like some now?*



# Meadow Gold Ice Cream



SCHIAPARELLI ONE-PIECE in embroidered white eyelet piqué has double dip neckline, diagonal tucks around legs. It sells for 28,000 francs (\$80).



JACQUES HEIM BIKINI has skirt and bra tailored of wide, white piqué pleats. The bikini, a style rejected in America, is enjoying revival in France.



**Blame your hot, stuffy pillow  
for sleepless summer nights!**



### Only Playtex® has a pillow for every type of sleeper— 3 heights, each in soft, medium and firm

You can't buy better pillows at any price. For quality, long wear, and cool sleeping comfort, choose Playtex—America's greatest pillow value. Every

"Rest-Tested" Playtex Pillow is quality-made of fine whipped-foam latex, allergy-and-dust-free; every one has the Gold Seal Guarantee of quality.



Right in the store, the scientific Playtex Rest-Tester proves in less than a minute which pillow will give you the ultimate in sleeping luxury!



#### 3 Heights—Each in Soft, Medium, Firm!

"Regular" height  
SOFT, MEDIUM,  
or FIRM  
\$7.95 up

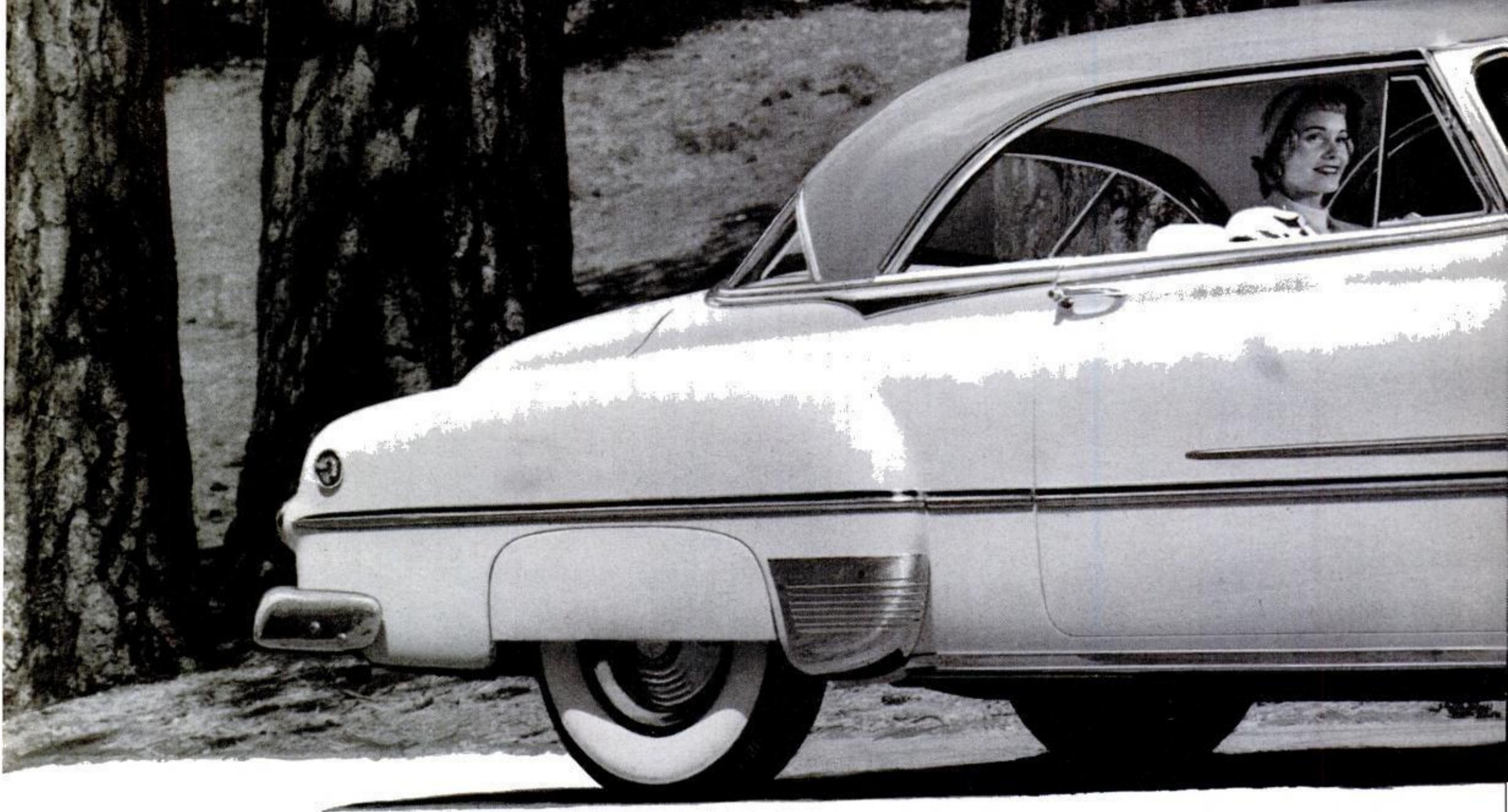
"Extra-Plump"  
SOFT, MEDIUM,  
or FIRM  
\$8.95 up

"King-Size"  
SOFT, MEDIUM,  
or FIRM  
\$11.95 up

Choice of colors in long-wearing Sanforized cotton. Also two-tone, rayon-satin and zippered covers. Prices are slightly higher outside U.S.A.

©1952 International Latex Corp'n... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover, Del. Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada  
Makers of famous Playtex Girdles and Playtex Baby Needs

# Wonderful Way



## **Shortens Your Miles! Stretches**

*Drive it Yourself!*



PONTIAC IS THE PERFECT CAR for people who are going places!

This big, beautiful, spectacular performer is designed and built to give you all the comfort, all the luxury, all the distinction of a truly fine car—at a price just above the very lowest!

Pontiac's new Dual-Range\* performance shortens the miles because it delivers exactly the power you want, when you want it, in traffic or on the open road—and does it automatically.

This great new Pontiac stretches the mileage

because its new high-performance, economy axle reduces engine revolutions as much as 30% without losing a mile in speed!

When you can get all this magnificent performance in a car as beautiful, as reliable and as low-priced as a Pontiac, why should you take less?

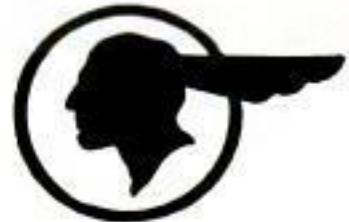
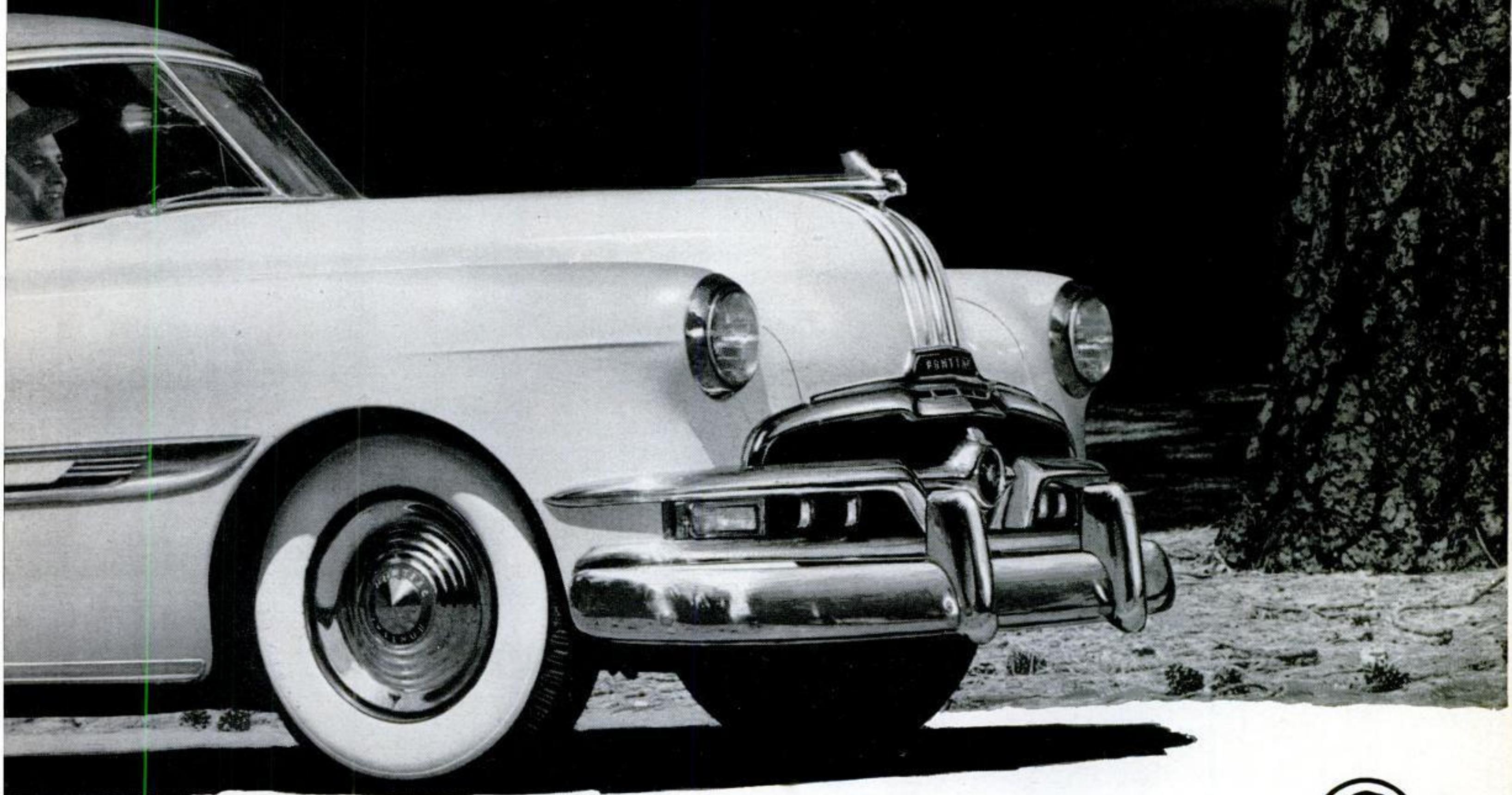
There's only one way you can truly know the exciting performance of the 1952 Pontiac—get behind the wheel and put it through its paces yourself.

Come on in and see how easy it is to buy a new Pontiac—it's the grandest way to go places!

\* Optional at extra cost.

**SEE YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER TODAY**

*to* Go Places!



*Your Mileage!*

More Powerful High-Compression Engine  
New Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive\*  
New High-Performance Economy Axle  
Beautiful Silver Streak Body by Fisher  
Three De Luxe Upholstery Ensembles  
Choice of Six or Eight-Cylinder Engine

Dollar for Dollar  
you can't beat a

*Pontiac*

Equipment, accessories and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice.

DRIVE A GREAT NEW DUAL-RANGE PONTIAC!

**THE ARTIST** puts finishing touches on a painting in her lap as she sits beside an album of old family photos from Kentucky on which she leans for her inspiration.



**YOUNG MARY BRUCE**, aged 5, posed in 1882 with doll and washtub seen in painting (*opposite*).

## 'Grandma' Sharon OLD LADY RECALLS OLD KENTUCKY HOME

A couple of years ago Mary Bruce Sharon, a comfortable widow who lives in New Haven, started to jot down recollections of her childhood in Kentucky, along with recipes of the dishes that used to make her childish mouth water. From there, as she reports it, it was only a step to making drawings, and then gouaches in which she relived her childhood memories. Her son-in-law, a painter of the modern school, encouraged her to keep on, arranged shows for her in Cannes, France and in New York. Now, at 74, Mrs. Sharon, whose work critics have called "fresh and enchanting," has staked out a place for herself in the field previously

monopolized by 91-year-old Mrs. Anna Mary Robertson ("Grandma") Moses. As a result Mrs. Sharon, who has no grandchildren, must resign herself to being called Grandma Sharon.

Like Grandma Moses, Mrs. Sharon bathes her work in the bright, naive nostalgia of a world long dead and gone. It is orderly, with lively patterns reminiscent of old samplers. It is a more stately world than the one Moses shows. The children are starched, legions of servants wait on elaborate feasts, characters like Grandpa and Rebel Cousin Tom move stiffly in comfortable pride through a little girl's paradise, a Kentucky plantation of the 1880s.



**MAY-DAY PARTY** was held for Mary Bruce when, at age of 9, she visited her great aunt in Flemingsberg, Ky. The celebration was attended by cousins who

came from nearby towns and plantations to frolic around Maypole. Here Mary Bruce (in blue dress) and grandfather invite guests to go indoors for ice cream.



**PLAYROOM**, decorated with nursery rhyme pictures, was set up for Mary Bruce in her grandmother's house in Washington, Ky. Here, surrounded by miniature

household goods, she kept busy washing, ironing and cooking for doll, Angelina, and dog, Tilly. As a child, Mary Bruce preferred domestic chores to painting.

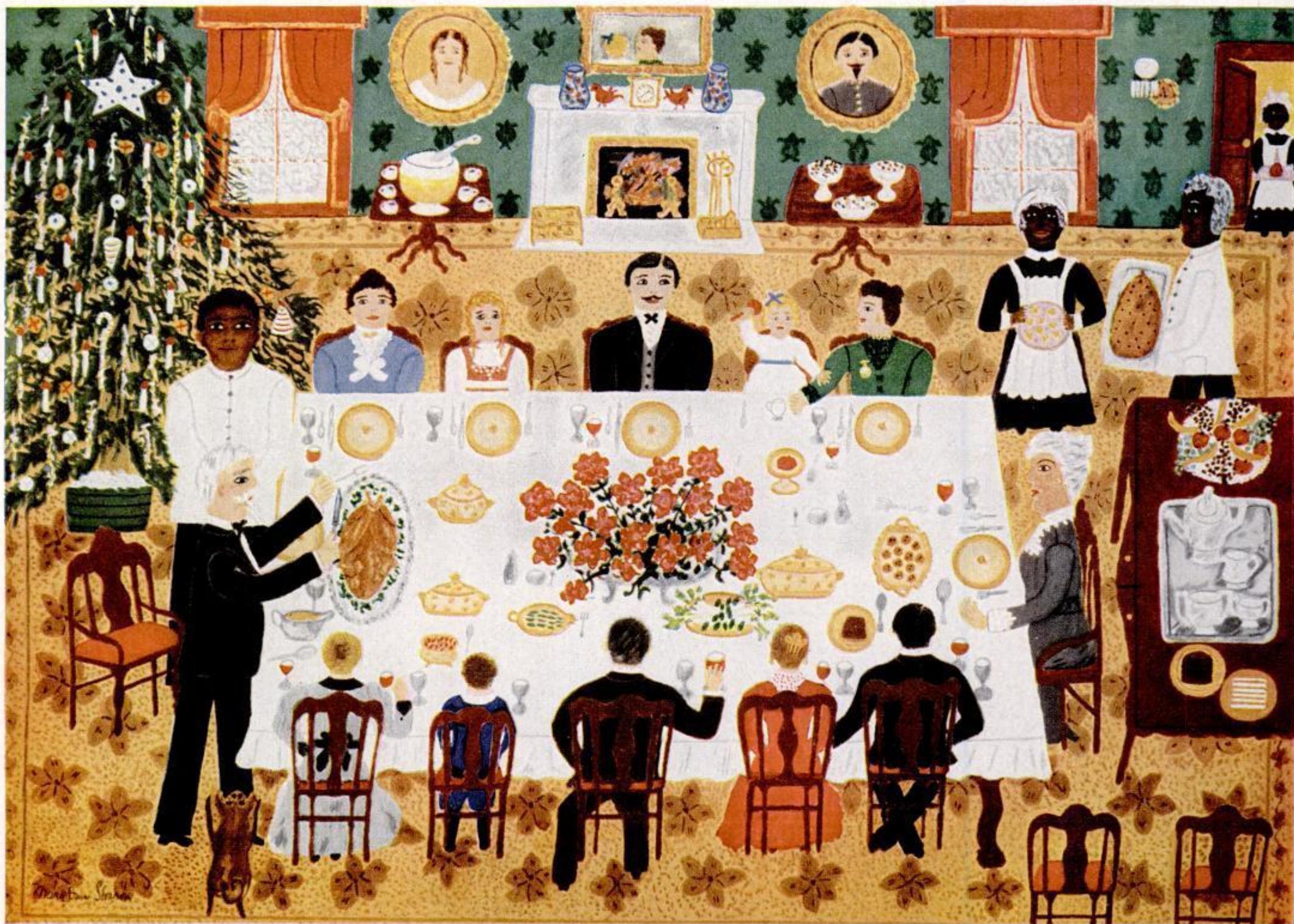
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GRANDMA SHARON CONTINUED



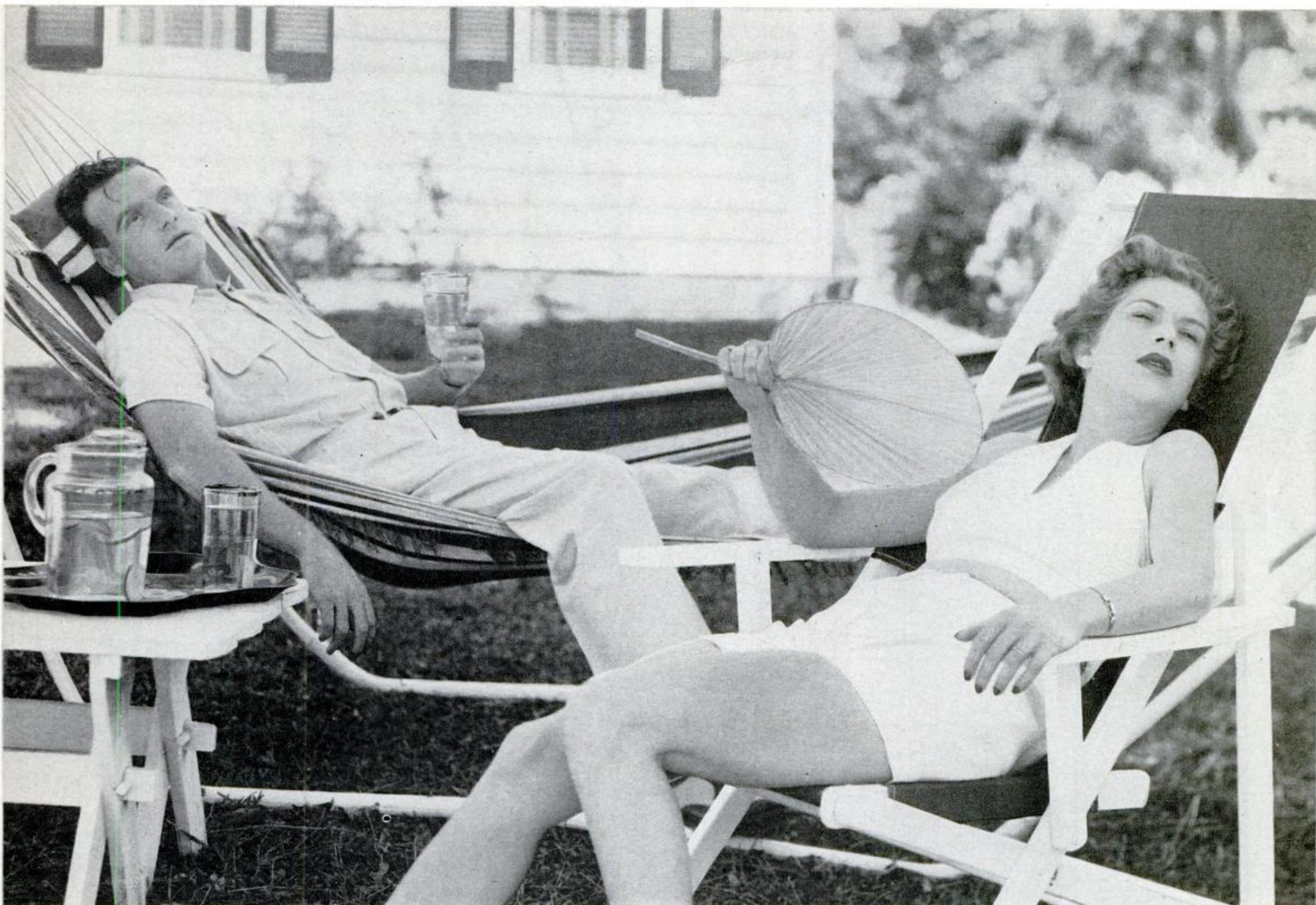
**AFTERNOON REFRESHMENT** was enjoyed by Grandfather Bruce, a Kentucky colonel who liked his daily mint julep. When Mary

Bruce was 8 he taught her julep recipe. From then on she always made them for him, afterward sat down while he reminisced and told stories.



**FAMILY REUNION** took place every Christmas at grandfather's home in Covington. Though over 80, grandfather presided at festivities, carving turkey and

ham, leading toasts, ordering more beaten biscuits from kitchen. For the occasion Mary Bruce (beside her mother at upper left) wore new pinafore and braids.



## This is the couple that wanted more heat last winter!

**Look at them.** Practically panting. And utterly "beat" as they wait for a cool breeze.

Too bad they can't switch seasons! Or at least save a little of summer's heat for the cold, wintry days ahead.

**Unfortunately, come next winter,** the flaws in their heating system will be as sharp a source of discomfort as today's broiling summer sun.

**So, take a tip.** Call your heating dealer now! Let him inspect your heating plant while he has plenty of

time and can give you fast, efficient service on any work to be done.

He may discover that a thorough cleaning will rid you of all your heating problems. Or a simple adjustment of controls. Or a modern thermostat that gives a more even flow of heat may do the trick.

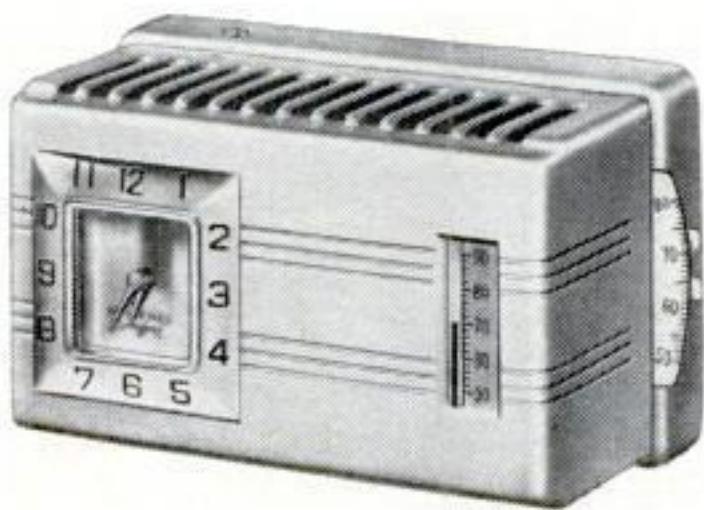
**If the thermostat's the thing—ask about Honeywell's** wonderful Electric Clock Thermostat. It automatically turns heat down at night. Automatically turns it up

in the morning. Automatically gives you constant, even, luxurious, winter comfort. And how it saves on fuel bills!

**Yes, phone your heating dealer now!** He'll appreciate an early call. And you'll appreciate the service.

M I N N E A P O L I S  
**Honeywell**

*First in Controls*



Turns heat down at night,  
up in the morning—automatically!

This Honeywell Electric Clock Thermostat makes your heating completely automatic. And it's the most sensitive thermostat of its type—keeps room temperatures uniform—no matter how the weather changes.



Provides automatic  
morning pick-up

Set the Honeywell Time-O-Stat for the morning pick-up time and temperature you want—sleep in cool, healthful rooms; wake up in a warm home.

Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.,  
2852 Fourth Ave. South, Minneapolis 8, Minnesota

Please send me a free copy of "HOW TO MODERNIZE FOR COMFORT," including information on the Electric Clock Thermostat, Time-O-Stat and items below.

**ELECTRONIC MODUFLOW.** The magic sensitivity of electronics matches heat requirements to the weather changes, and keeps your home comfortable at all times.

**ZONE CONTROL.** The wonderful new way to provide comfort in the various heating areas of ranch-type and larger homes.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

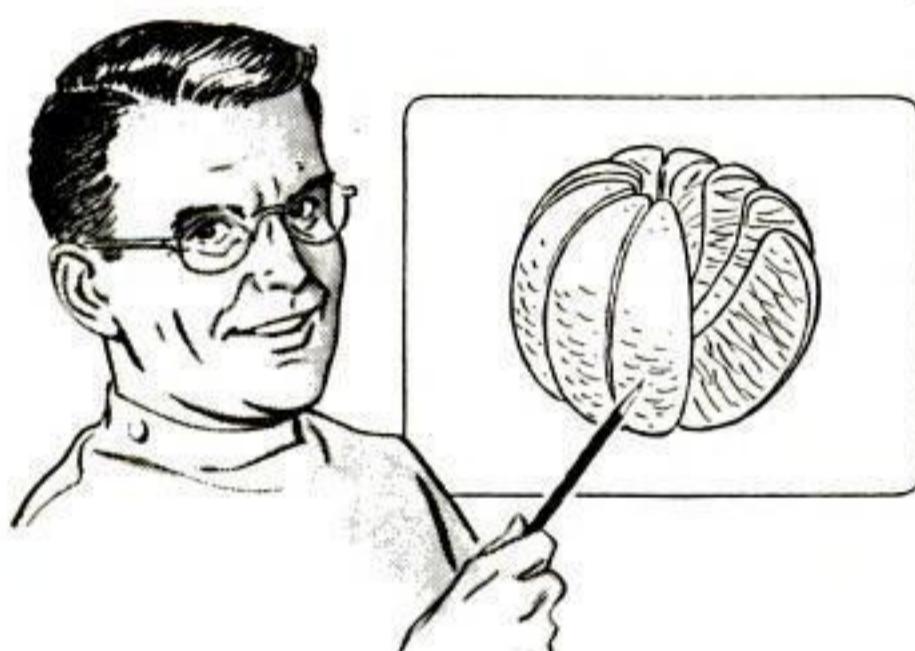
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

*Found...in fresh oranges...*  
*a new wholly different health factor...*

# The Protopectins

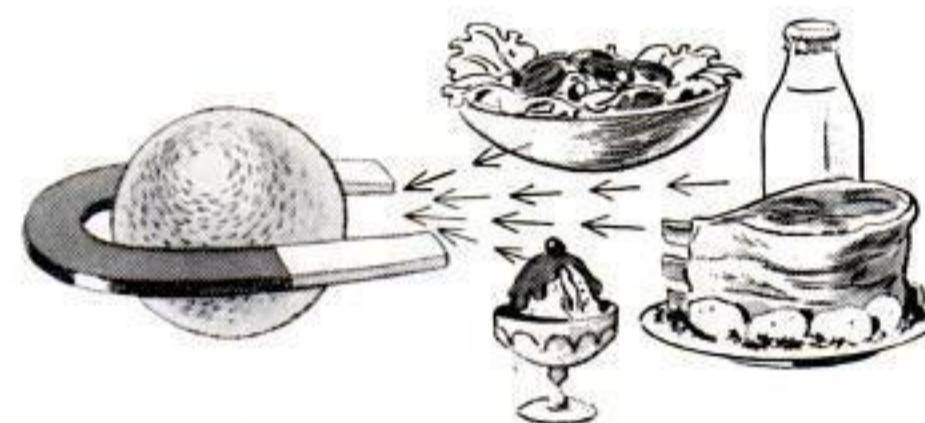
By improving your "digestive climate," the protopectins help you get *more good—more of the essentials such as vitamins and minerals*—from all the food you eat!



The protopectins are found mainly in the *meaty solids* of the orange—the walls of the segments and juice sacs. These remarkable substances are now being given new importance by nutritionists everywhere. This is why:—



We all plan our family meals to include the food elements we need for energy and good health—particularly the vitamins and minerals. But in these times of high speed and high pressure, too many of us fail to give our digestive systems a fair chance. *We eat well, but often could be better nourished!*



The protopectins work to correct this. By improving your "digestive climate," by "normalizing" the digestive tract and making it more efficient, the protopectins help you absorb more of the non-caloric food essentials such as *vitamins and minerals*. You get more good from the same meals! ... Yet the protopectins do *not* lead to weight gain!



This remarkable, newly recognized nutrition factor, the protopectins, can mean better nourishment for *your* family, too. Better nourishment is a key to greater well-being...to greater work-output, a keener mind, improved complexion, increased resistance...and to sound, sturdy growth for children. Let *whole fresh oranges* be the "boosters" that help make your carefully planned meals do your family the greatest possible good!



#### *What to do: Eat an orange a day*

Serve each member of the family Sunkist Oranges every day in some favorite way. This gives them their needed vitamin C. But remember that the protopectins are found mostly in the *meaty solids*...so be sure they *peel and eat* at least one orange a day. When you eat oranges you get *all* the health nature put there.

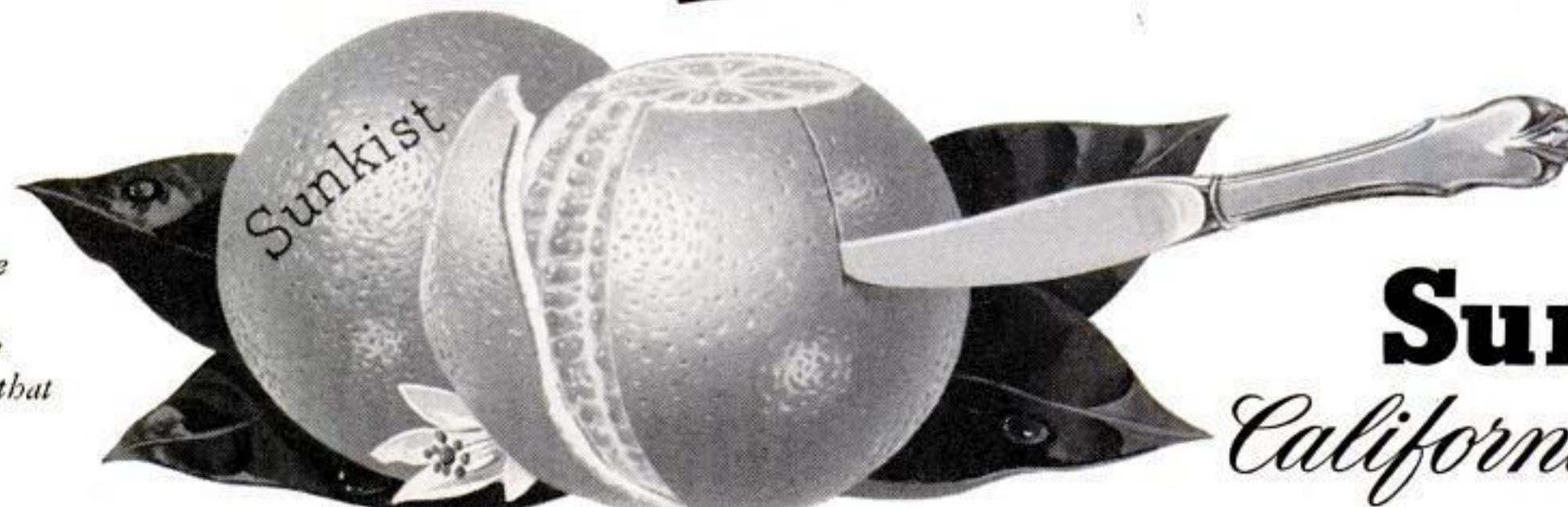
Set a regular time to eat oranges...with meals, between meals or at bedtime. Include a Sunkist Orange in the lunch box.

California oranges provide a maximum amount of protopectins. Sunkist Oranges, carefully chosen for quality, are the finest of the California crop.



*Sunkist brings you all three*  
 Sunkist is the only national brand that brings you all three...fresh oranges, canned orange juice and frozen orange juice...each the finest of its kind.

Get your protopectins — Eat Sunkist Oranges every day

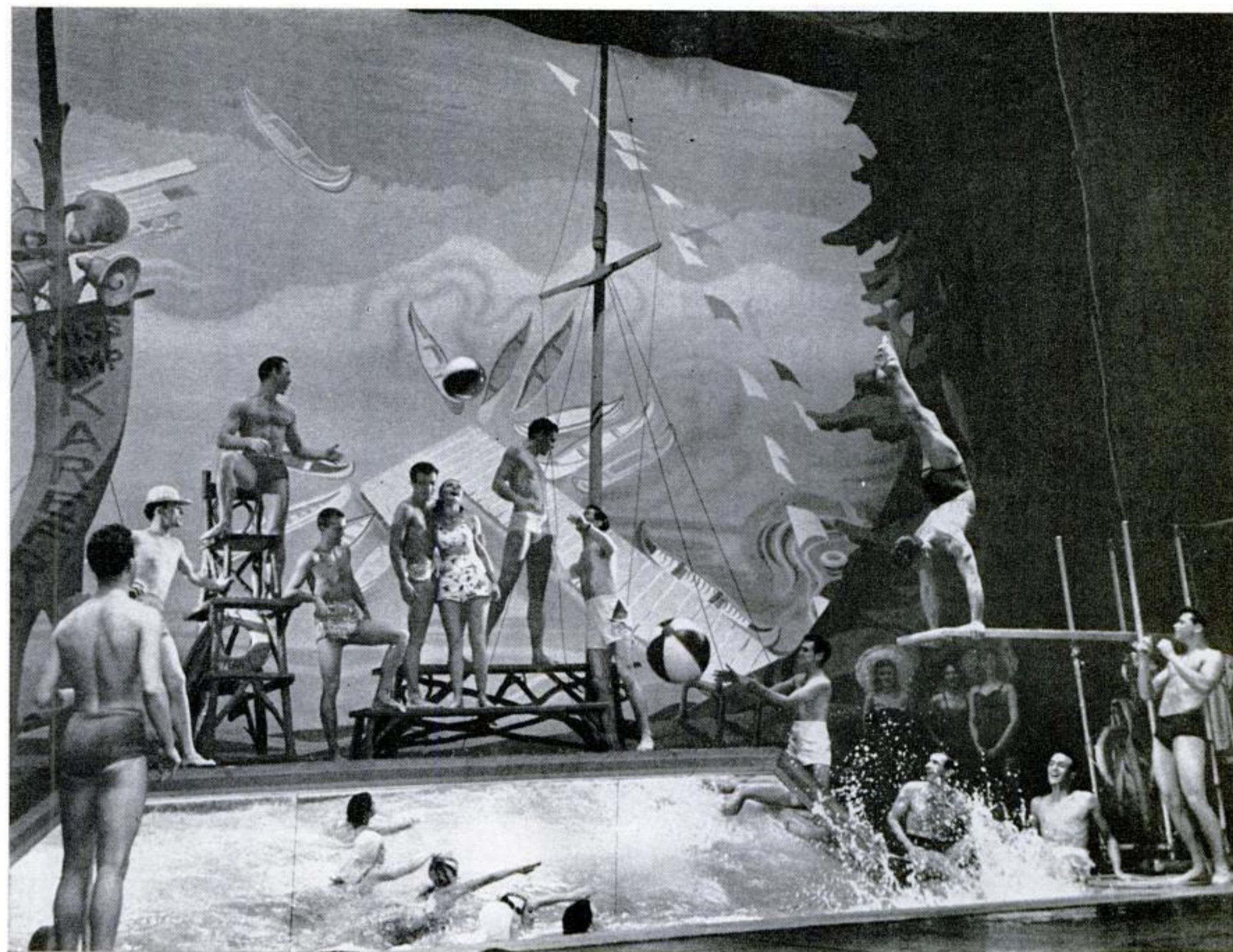


*To peel an orange quickly: cut off top, score skin in sixths and strip off as shown, leaving the valuable white material that clings naturally.*

**Sunkist**  
 California Oranges

**THIS WAS  
IN FINE SHAPE**

When *Wish You Were Here* opened everybody was delighted by a spectacular scene that had a \$28,000 pool sunk in the stage and made visible by a cleverly constructed mirror (right). But critics were disappointed in most of the new musical—doubly so because so much had been expected: it was adapted from Arthur Kober's affectionately remembered comedy, *Having Wonderful Time*; it was co-authored and directed by Joshua Logan who was similarly involved in *South Pacific*. Faced with a gloomy Broadway prognosis, Logan and Kober set out to make their ailing show a healthy hit. In a major job of play-doctoring, they rewrote six scenes, had them in the show in five days.



R

## FOR AN AILING SHOW

Speedy play doctors bring new life to spectacular musical, 'Wish You Were Here'

**BUT THIS HAD  
TO BE REMEDIED**

The chief ailment in *Wish You Were Here* was the love story, a romance involving Teddy Stern, a guest at Camp Karefree in the Catskills, and Chick, a college boy waiter (Patricia Marand and Jack Cassidy, right). In the original version Teddy heartlessly broke off her engagement with a middle-aged suitor and took up with Chick. The play doctors changed this. Now Teddy, trying to remain true to her fiance, falls helplessly in love despite herself. She emerges as a more sympathetic heroine, and the story takes on an honest tenderness. Audiences now pronounce the show an entertaining summer musical, the box office is doing better, and the patient has a brighter chance of survival.



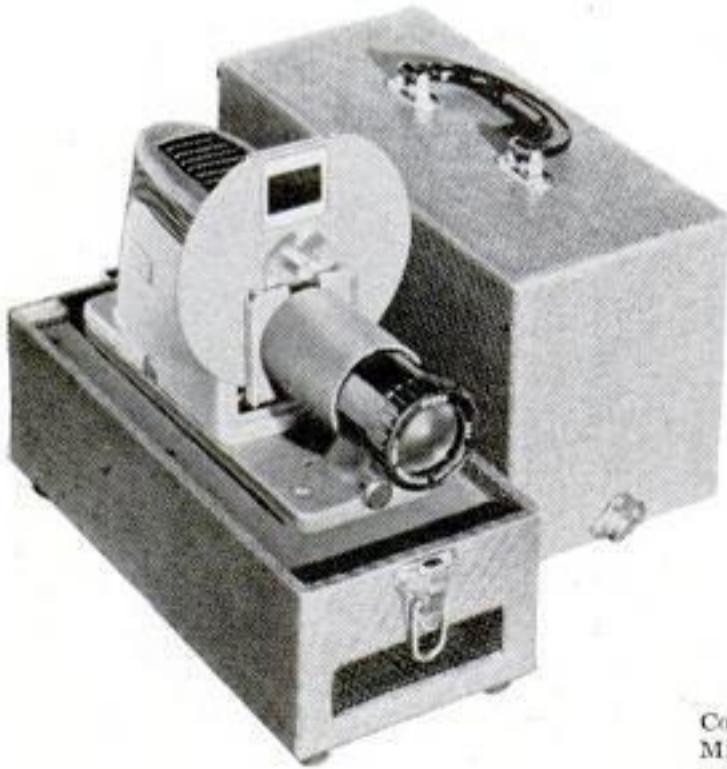
Here's the one for the money!



**argus C3 \$69<sup>50</sup>**  
*including case and flash*

More people buy the Argus C3 than any other 35 mm camera! These features tell you why: A Cintar f:3.5 coated lens, *finest of its kind ground in America*; a precision, gear-controlled shutter with speeds up to 1/300 second; a lens-coupled rangefinder; built-in flash synchronizer—you simply plug in the flash gun (no dangling wires—nothing to adjust). Ideal for action, flash and color—indoors and out.

Here's the one for the show!



This Argus 200 Watt blower-cooled projector lets you see your highly-prized color slides in true, brilliant color. "Right-side-up" rotary slide carrier prevents upside-down pictures. Silent power blower and special heat-absorbing lens protect your valuable color slides—always. It's the perfect companion for any 35 mm camera! The finest projector in its price class—yours for only

**\$49<sup>50</sup>**

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*-The world's largest manufacturer of 35 mm. cameras*



## WHAT ANY DOCTOR WOULD ORDER

One part of *Wish You Were Here* that needed no doctoring is sexy, sassy Sheila Bond, a shot in the arm for any show. As the heroine's comic girl friend, Sheila does a hot dance (*above*), sings Harold Rome's breezy songs, learns from a coach how to swing a baseball bat (*below*). Until now, kewpie-faced, throaty-voiced Sheila, who is 24, has been seen only in a few short-lived shows (e.g., *Street Scene*, *Make Mine Manhattan*), but hereafter her employment is likely to be continuous.





**Your engine makes  
this much Acid every day**  
*... And it's Acid Action—not friction—  
that causes 90% of engine wear*

ARTZYBASHEFF

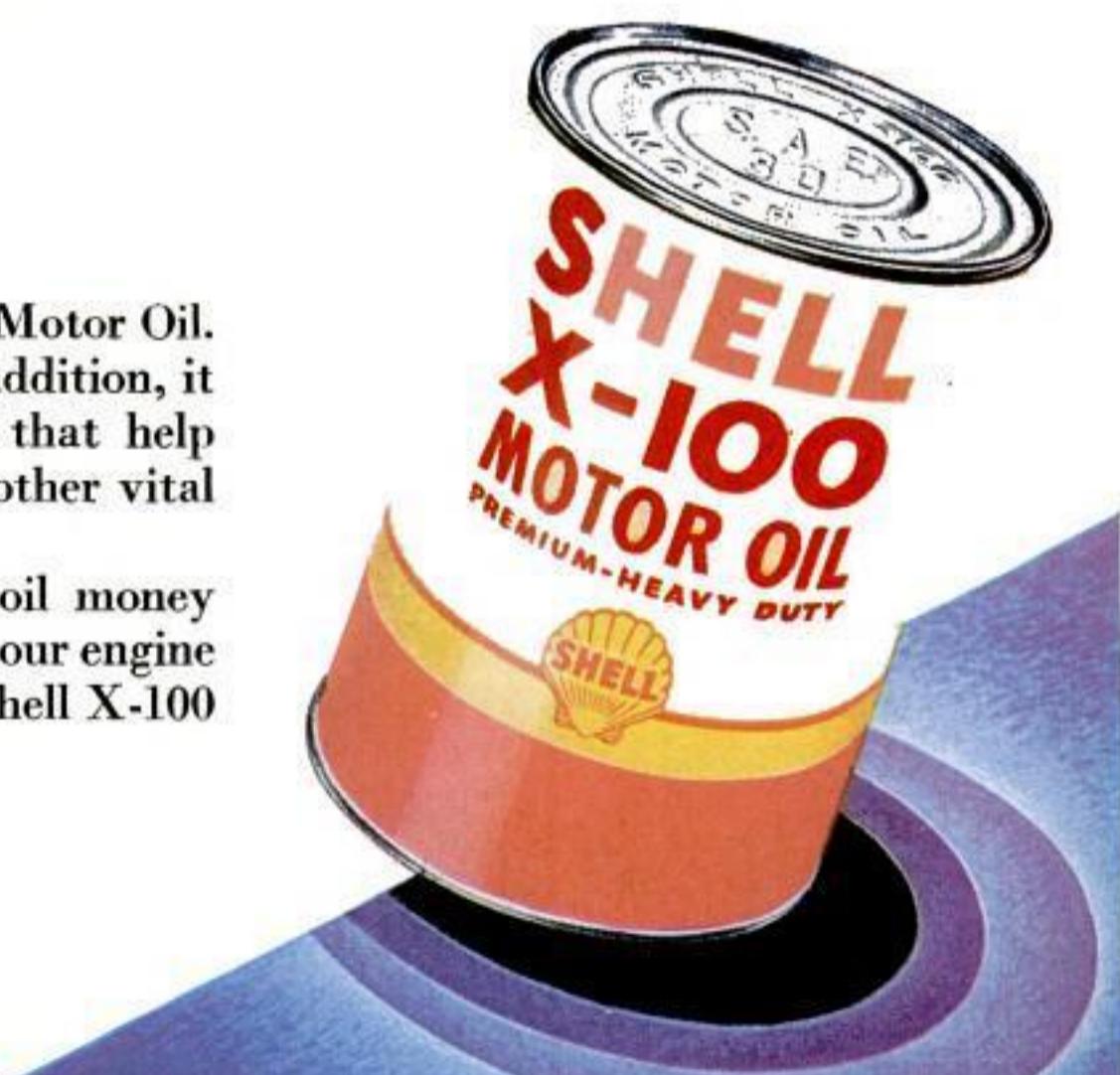
## New Alkaline Shell X-100 Motor Oil counteracts Acid Action

If you are a typical motorist, in a normal day's driving:—a pint or more of acid is formed and passes through your car's engine, and it's acid action, not friction, that causes 90% of your engine wear. To neutralize the harmful effect of this acid, Shell Research has produced an alkaline motor oil—Shell X-100. Fortified with alkaline "X" safety factors, it neutralizes the acid action, prolonging the life of your engine.

The new Shell X-100 is a Premium Motor Oil. It is a Heavy Duty Motor Oil. In addition, it contains positive cleansing factors that help protect hydraulic valve lifters and other vital parts from fouling deposits.

Shell X-100 is the finest motor oil money can buy. Let your Shell dealer give your engine the protection of this new alkaline Shell X-100 Motor Oil today.

**It's Incomparable!**



# "fresh up" with Seven-Up!

## THE ALL-FAMILY DRINK!

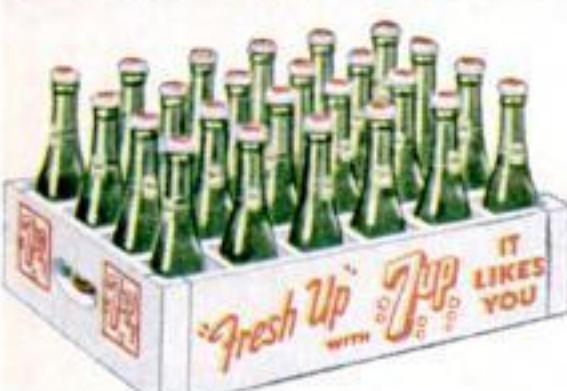
Berry time, merry time! Thirst time, too! What a time for 7-Up! When you are *really* thirsty, sip a chilled bottle of 7-Up and you'll know what "fresh up" means. Seven-Up is so pure, so good, so wholesome that folks of *all* ages can enjoy it. "Fresh Up" with 7-Up often!

Copyright 1952 by The Seven-Up Company



You like it... it likes you!

BUY 7-UP BY THE CASE FOR FAMILY AND GUESTS!





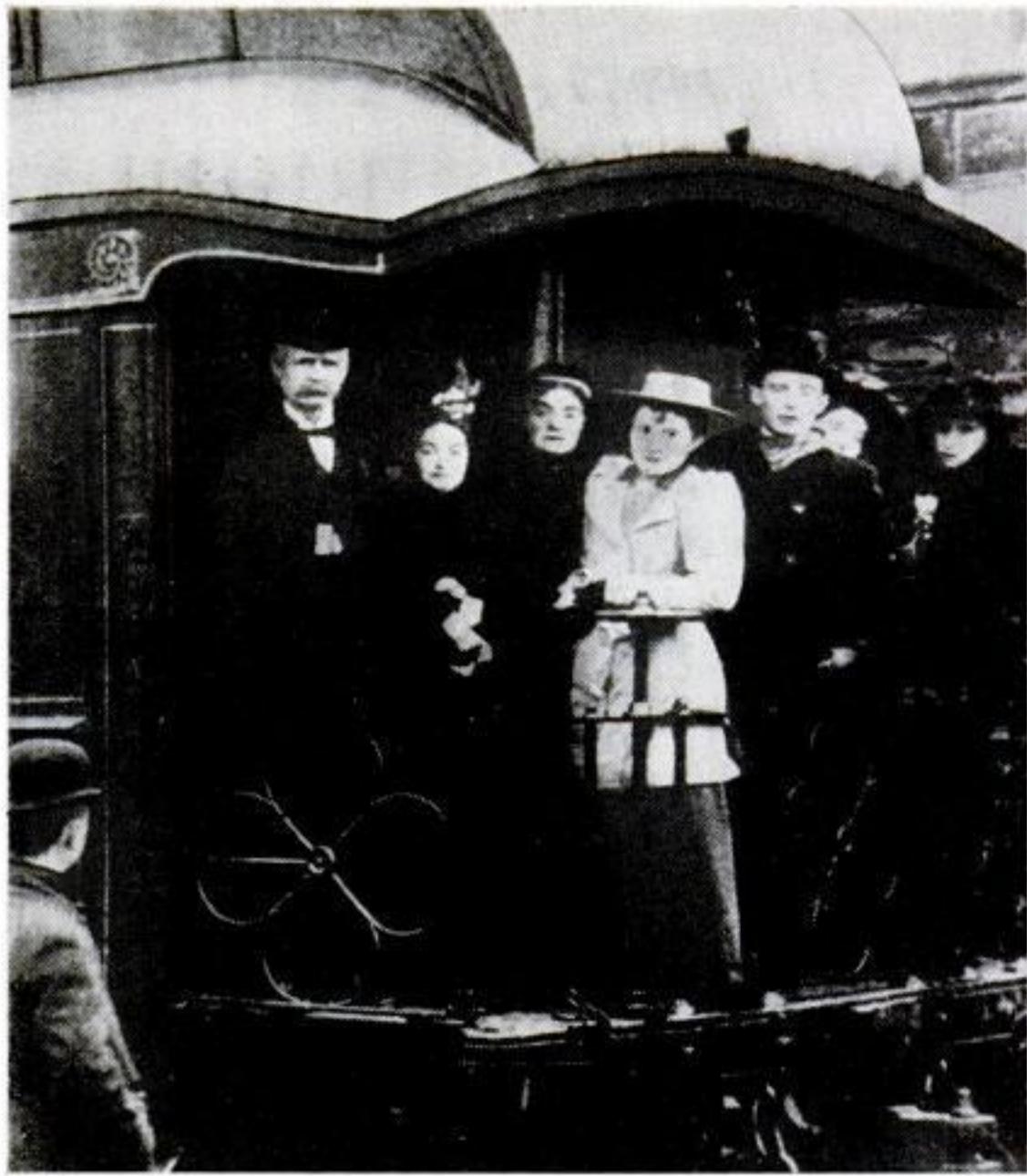
THE RELUCTANT CANDIDATE, apparently unruffled by the hectic events which have been swirling around his head, sits it out under an oak tree at his farm.

# ADLAI STEVENSON

## Democrats' best foot is reluctant to put himself forward

While the Republicans were making all the noise at their convention last week, an event of possibly equal political importance was going on without a sound inside the mind of the quiet, dignified, patrician man shown here lolling under a tree. Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois was thinking about becoming a candidate for the presidency of the United States and the nation was being treated to the rare sight of a rare man who seemed honestly not to want the job. Although many high-placed Democrats still considered him the indispensable man and are still working hard to keep the machinery set for a Stevenson draft, the governor himself continued to act as if he wouldn't care much if the draft blew itself out.

Stevenson could solve a lot of problems for the Democrats. The party regulars do not like Senator Kefauver, for all his record at garnering delegates. Senators Russell of Georgia and Kerr of Oklahoma are regional candidates without a real prayer of victory. Averell Harriman is considered by most Democrat professionals to be far too withdrawn and inarticulate for a hurly-burly campaign. But Stevenson, although a newcomer to politics, is an acknowledged expert at it—and a gentleman and scholar to boot. He would be an impressive candidate for any party in any year, and this is one time the Democrats feel they must put their best foot forward. As for why the best foot hesitates, see the following eight pages.



**GRANDFATHER**, also named Adlai Stevenson, leaves Illinois in 1893 to serve as vice president. Governor's father is at right.



**FATHER**, a world traveler before settling down, wears nobleman's costume in Japan.



**FOUR GENERATIONS** of governor's family sat together around 1897 for this magnificent



**GREAT-GRANDFATHER** on mother's side was Jesse Fell, one of the first and greatest citizens of Bloomington, Ill. A lawyer, realtor and horticulturist, he helped lay out the city and planted many of the beautiful trees which still shade its streets. He founded nearby Illinois State Normal University and the city's first newspaper—which has become famed and prosperous *Pantagraph*. The paper is still stanchly Republican, as was Fell, even though Democratic Governor Stevenson has inherited a one-fourth interest and derives much of his income from it.

## HIS MIDWEST PAST:

To many American politicians, politics is a livelihood and a way of ascending the social ladder; it is one way that a boy from a poor family can become famous and sometimes even rich. To Adlai Stevenson it is no such thing. His family has been rich and famous as far back as he or anyone else can remember; he has an independent income of around \$40,000 a year and would never have had to work at all, much less enter the often sweaty shops of politics.

For four generations back the governor's forebears have been aristocrats in the best Midwestern tradition. The family album is full of photographs like these—distinguished men in black broadcloth and stiff collars, women with the fine, gentle features of Midwest quality folks, magnificent old homesteads. The governor's ancestors helped found Bloomington, Ill.; they planted its trees and built its schools; they carried on its law practice and its politics and published its newspapers. They sent their children off to college, and then the children returned to carry on the family traditions—to serve, generation after generation, as Bloomington's first citizens and the custodians of its culture.

Adlai Stevenson is named after a grandfather (*right*) who was a prominent Democratic politician of the 19th Century and who



**FELL HOUSE** is one of the dignified old homes which were a background for Adlai's youth. It stands intact except that the cupola has given way to TV aerial.



**DAVIS HOUSE** was owned by Jesse Fell's son-in-law, W. O. Davis, who made the *Pantagraph* rich and famous. It was here that the governor's mother grew up.



old portrait. From left: grandmother Davis, sister Elizabeth, mother, great-grandmother Fell.



**ADLAI IN BONNET** was slight but no sis-  
sy. Nose was broken several times in fights.



**ADLAI WITH KITE** was 4 when the family vacationed in fash-  
ionable Charlevoix, Mich. The girl at right is his sister Elizabeth.

## WEALTH, CULTURE

finally achieved the vice presidency under President Cleveland. On his mother's side the family history goes back to the eminent Jesse Fell (*left*). Adlai grew up among the fine houses shown below, spent his summers among the wealthy old Midwestern families who vacationed in Charlevoix, Mich.

Then he went off, as seemed quite fitting, to Princeton. He was bright but not especially interested in his books; he became managing editor of the *Daily Princetonian* and planned to continue as a journalist after graduation. Instead his father persuaded him to go on to law school at Harvard and Northwestern. Until 1933 he was a young socialite lawyer moving in Chicago's best North Shore circles. Then he got interested in public affairs, began commuting to Washington for assignments in the Roosevelt administration. He was in the old Agricultural Adjustment Administration, served as special assistant to Secretary of the Navy Knox, as assistant to Secretaries of State Stettinius and Byrnes. He helped organize the United Nations, worked with the U.S. delegation in London. But he was never an office seeker until 1948 when his party drafted him to run for governor. At that point it developed, to everyone's surprise, that aristocratic Mr. Stevenson had the common touch as well.



**ADLAI THE FIRST**, besides be-  
ing vice president, also served as  
congressman and assistant post-  
master general. Like great-grandfa-  
ther Fell, he was an early Bloom-  
ington settler and lawyer. But he  
was a stanch Democrat, and his  
son Lewis, the present Adlai's fa-  
ther, was a Democratic politician  
after him. When Lewis married  
into the Republican Fell family,  
newspapers all over the country  
called it a "triumph of love over  
politics." The present Adlai fur-  
thered the compromise by follow-  
ing father's politics and joining  
his mother's Unitarian Church.



**STEVENSON HOUSE** in Bloomington, owned by Vice President Adlai Ste-  
venson, is replete with Victorian gismcrackery. Here governor's father grew up.



**GREEN HOUSE**, in Danville, Ky., is another old family landmark. It was the  
birthplace of Dr. Lewis Green, whose daughter married Adlai Stevenson the First.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



THE GOVERNOR'S AUNTS, Miss Letitia and Mrs. Julia Hardin, who are shown in youth on page 84 in top left photo (*second and fourth from left*) are now 72

and 78. On wall is family's most prized possession—a handwritten autobiography of Abe Lincoln prepared for his political backer, great-grandfather Jesse Fell.



STEVENSON'S BLOCK WAS BUILT BY GREAT UNCLE

## THE FAMILY HOME TOWN

All over the city of Bloomington, with its 34,000 population and nearby university of 2,000 students, the signs of the family history persist. An early business landmark (*above*) was put up by a Stevenson and bore the name on its ancient facade. A tree stands marked with a plaque dedicated to one of the governor's forebears; a street and a bus line are named after them. And in Bloomington lives the oldest surviving member of the governor's line (*opposite page*) with more of the proud mementos of the family's distinguished past.

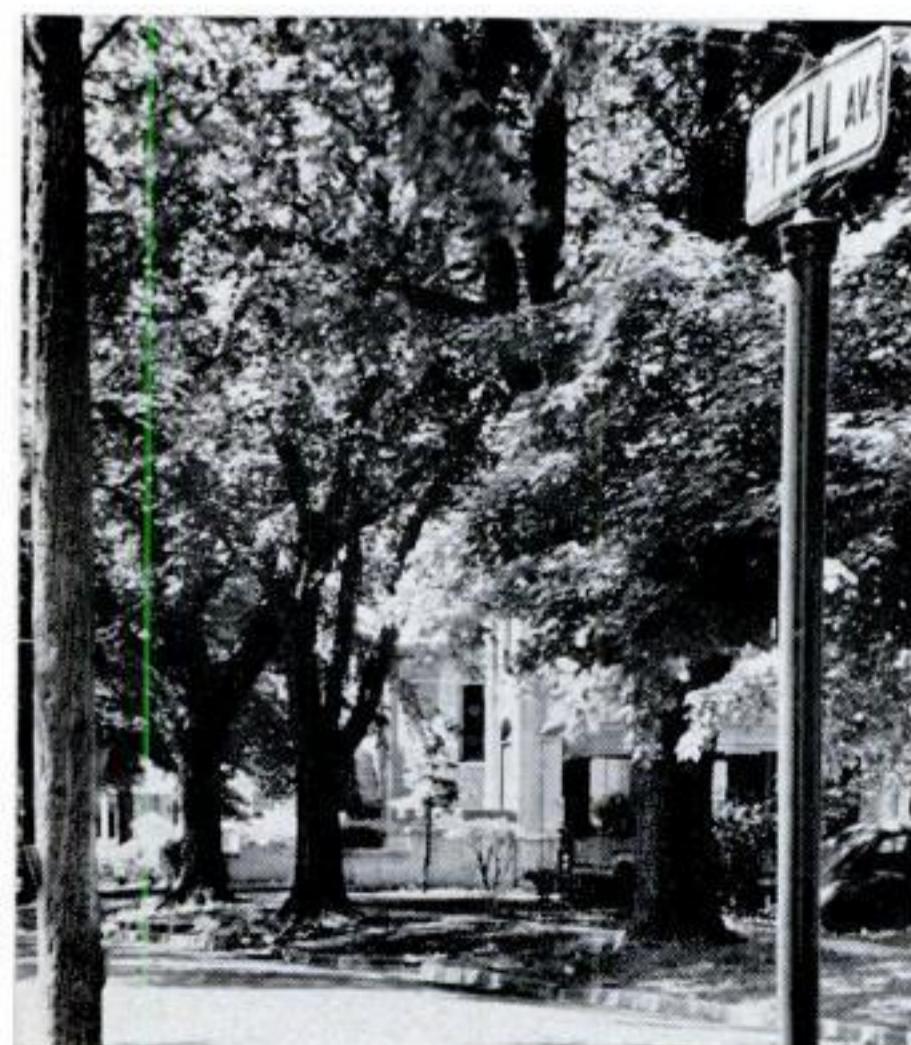
Stevenson spent his youth in Bloomington and worked on the *Pantagraph*; now, as governor, he dwells 60 miles away in the capital at Springfield, a town so much like Bloomington that he feels very much at home there. The government of Illinois has become the great passion of his life. Before his administration the state was run about as badly as possible. Eight years of Republican Governor Dwight Green had been as much as any state could stand—and the Democrats who put up Stevenson, strictly from hunger for victory, were a motley crew who threatened to give him even more trouble than his enemies. The governor has been busy ever since cleaning up gambling, stopping the pay-offs and rooting out the spoils system. In Illinois he knows what he is doing—and he has done it. Even the machine Democrats, who expected to hate him, like him now.



HISTORIC OAK in Bloomington marks some memorable local events. Beneath it grandfather Adlai

the First watched both Abe Lincoln and Stephen Douglas make speeches during their famous rivalry.

EVEN A BUS BEARS FAMILY NAME. SIGN IS SHORT FOR STEVENSONVILLE, A PART OF BLOOMINGTON



FELL AVENUE, named for great-grandfather Jesse, runs from Bloomington to university he founded.



HIS DIVORCED WIFE, WITH FIRST SON IN 1930

## A DIVORCE, A DILEMMA

One thing is strangely missing in the governor's life—he has no first lady. He lives a bachelor's lonely existence in the vast spaces of the executive mansion, except in the summertime when his three sons come home from school to visit him. On occasions when he requires an official hostess at the mansion, the job falls by default to his married sister.

It was presumably the governorship that cost him his wife. She was Ellen Borden of a wealthy Chicago family, and they had been married for almost 20 years when he was elected. Devotion to public office does not always mix with devotion to private life. Friends say Mrs. Stevenson tired of his increasingly long hours and his growing preoccupation and solitude. In 1949 she divorced him.

This is a common American tragedy; it has happened in nearly 7.5 million U.S. families in the last 25 years. But a divorce is still a political liability, and no divorced man has ever gone to the White House. It may be—the governor himself is not the kind of man to say—that this is one reason he prefers not to run.



FIRST LADY BY PROXY of governor's administration is sister Elizabeth (*back to camera*), whose

married name is Mrs. Ernest Ives but who is better known as "Buffie." Here she presides over luncheon

← SISTER BUFFIE, IN HER LIBRARY, READS BOOK WRITTEN BY ADLAI THE FIRST





of prominent Democratic women. She and her husband, a retired diplomat, live part time at mansion.

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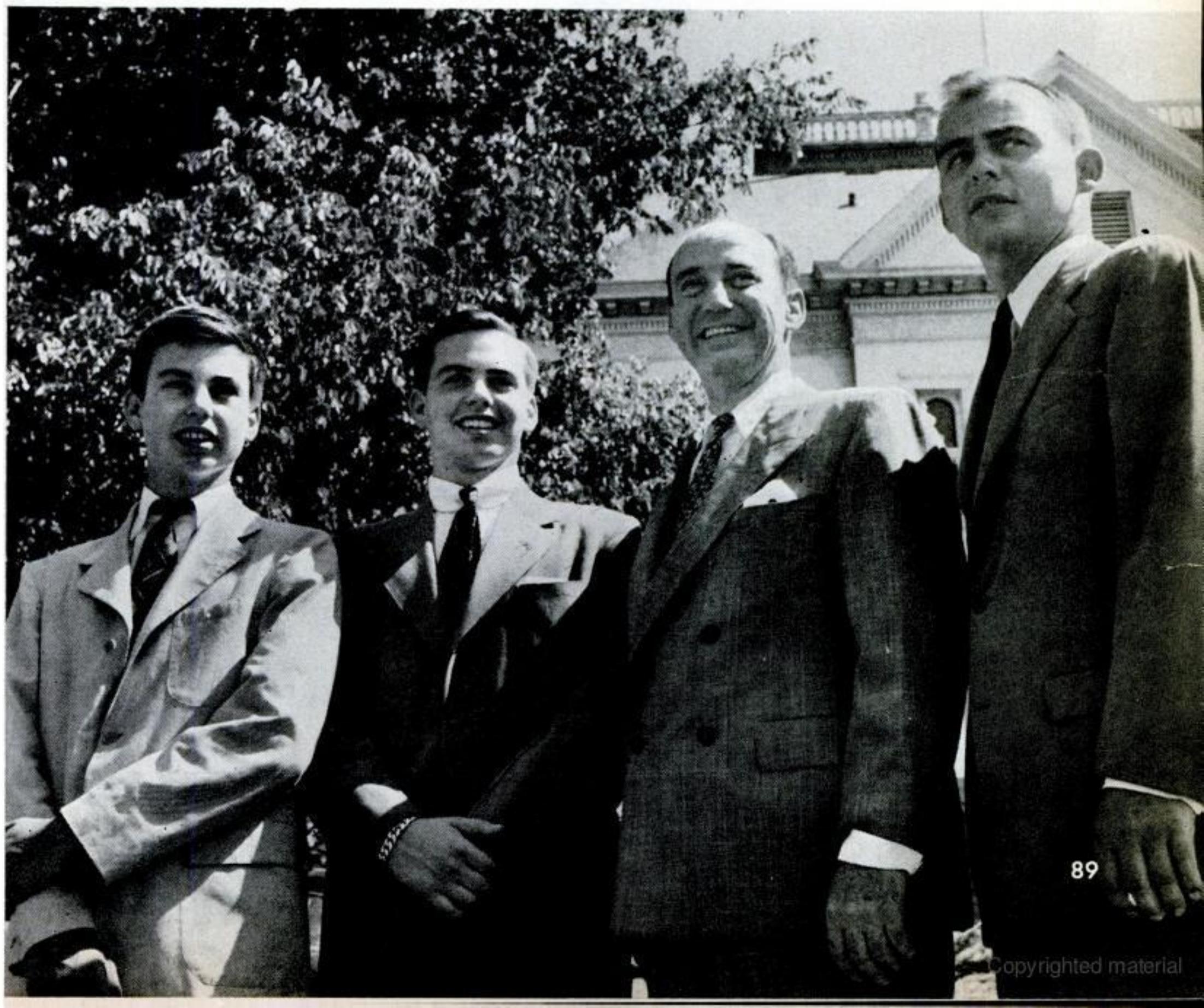


**ON A WEEKEND** Stevenson relaxes by boating with two of his sons on Des Plaines River, which runs past a 70-acre farm he owns at Libertyville, Ill.

**ON THE TENNIS COURT** Stevenson, at 52, no longer covers so much ground as when slimmer. But he still plays better than average.



**WITH HIS THREE SONS** he stands on the lawn of the governor's mansion. From the left are John Fell, 16, Borden, 19, the governor, son Adlai III, 22.





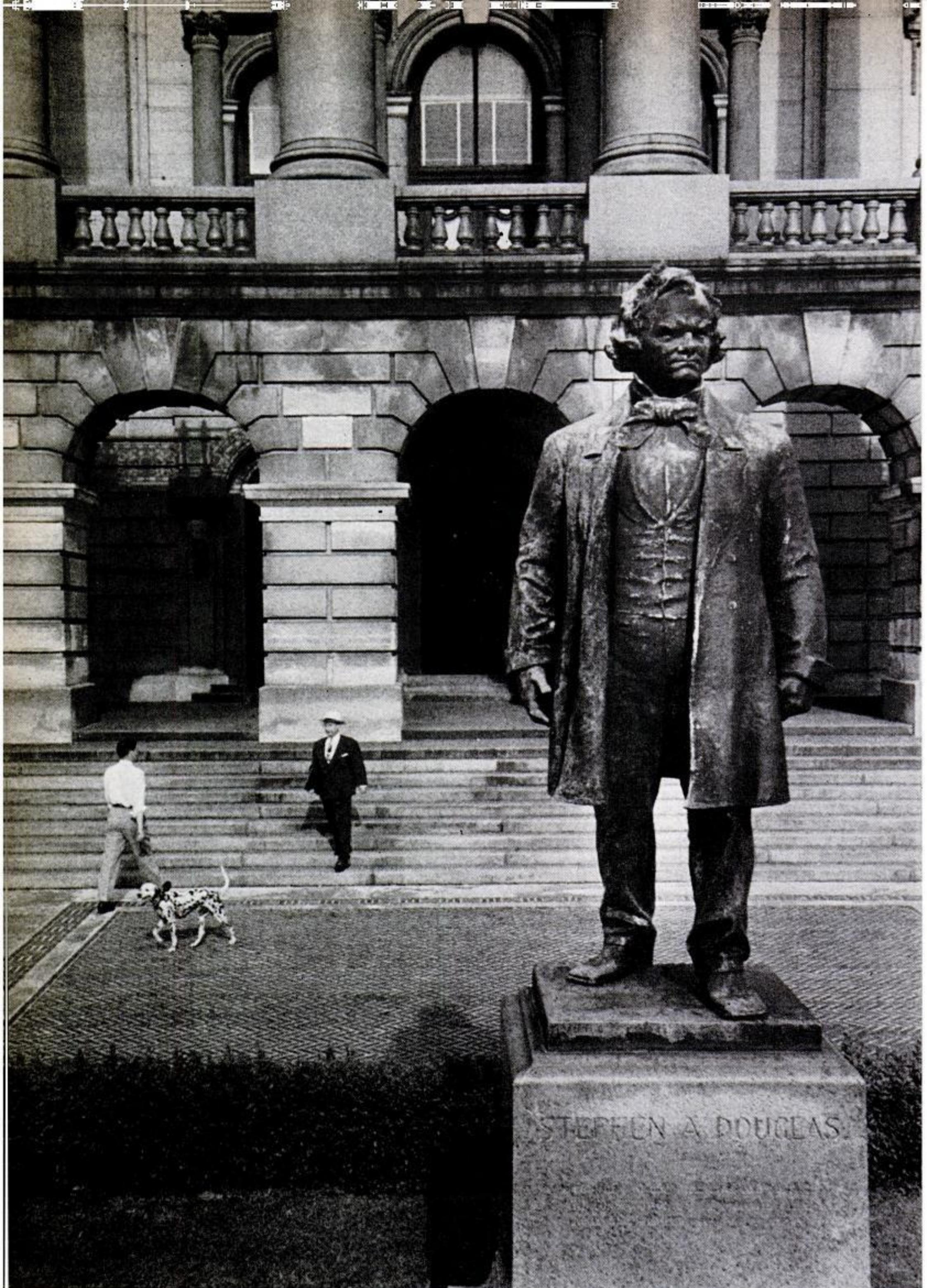
"SKULL PRACTICE" is governor's term for his weekly conference with bright young assistants.

## LONELY LIFE AS GOVERNOR

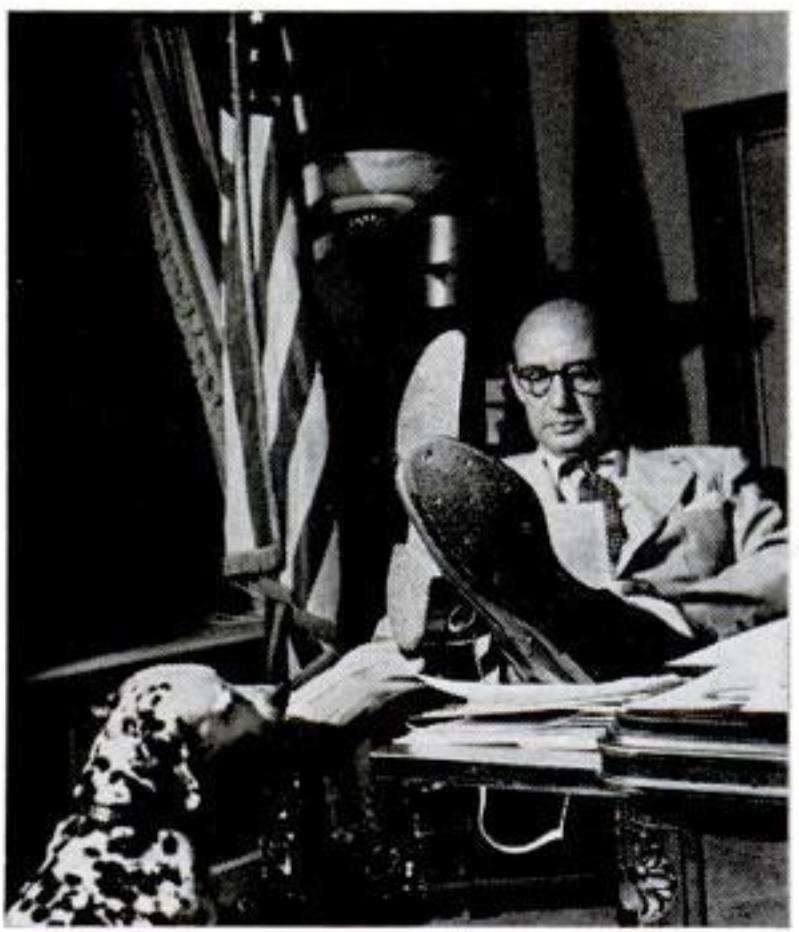
Governor Stevenson, though wealthy, is a frugal man; he has bought only one suit in four years and saves money by wearing converted golf shoes (*below, left*). He is abstemious about liquor (one drink a day) and frivolous conversation. He works from 9 a.m. until dinner, then from dinnertime until he goes to sleep. He has gathered about him a remarkably bright and youthful staff (*above*), but on the decisions that only he can make he prefers to work out his own answers and keep his own counsel.

Thus no one really knew, as late as last week, what he would do about the nomination that could so easily fall into his lap. His acquaintances knew he was agonized over the decision, that he hated the prospects yet also hated the thought of being derelict in duty. In all probability he was turning the problem over and over in his mind, slowly and painfully.

One hint of his possible decision came a few minutes after the photo on the opposite page was made. A call came through from Jake Arvey, Democrat boss of Chicago and Stevenson's chief rooter for the presidency. They talked on the phone for nearly two hours. And then the next time Stevenson made a public utterance, at the recent governors' conference in Houston, he made a significant statement. If a draft developed, he said, "I will decide what to do at that time in the light of the conditions then existing." It wasn't a yes—but it wasn't a no, and it was as far as Adlai Stevenson has ever gone toward being receptive.



DOWN THE STATE CAPITOL STEPS, BEHIND A STATUE OF DOUGLAS, STEVENSON STRIDES WITH HIS DOG



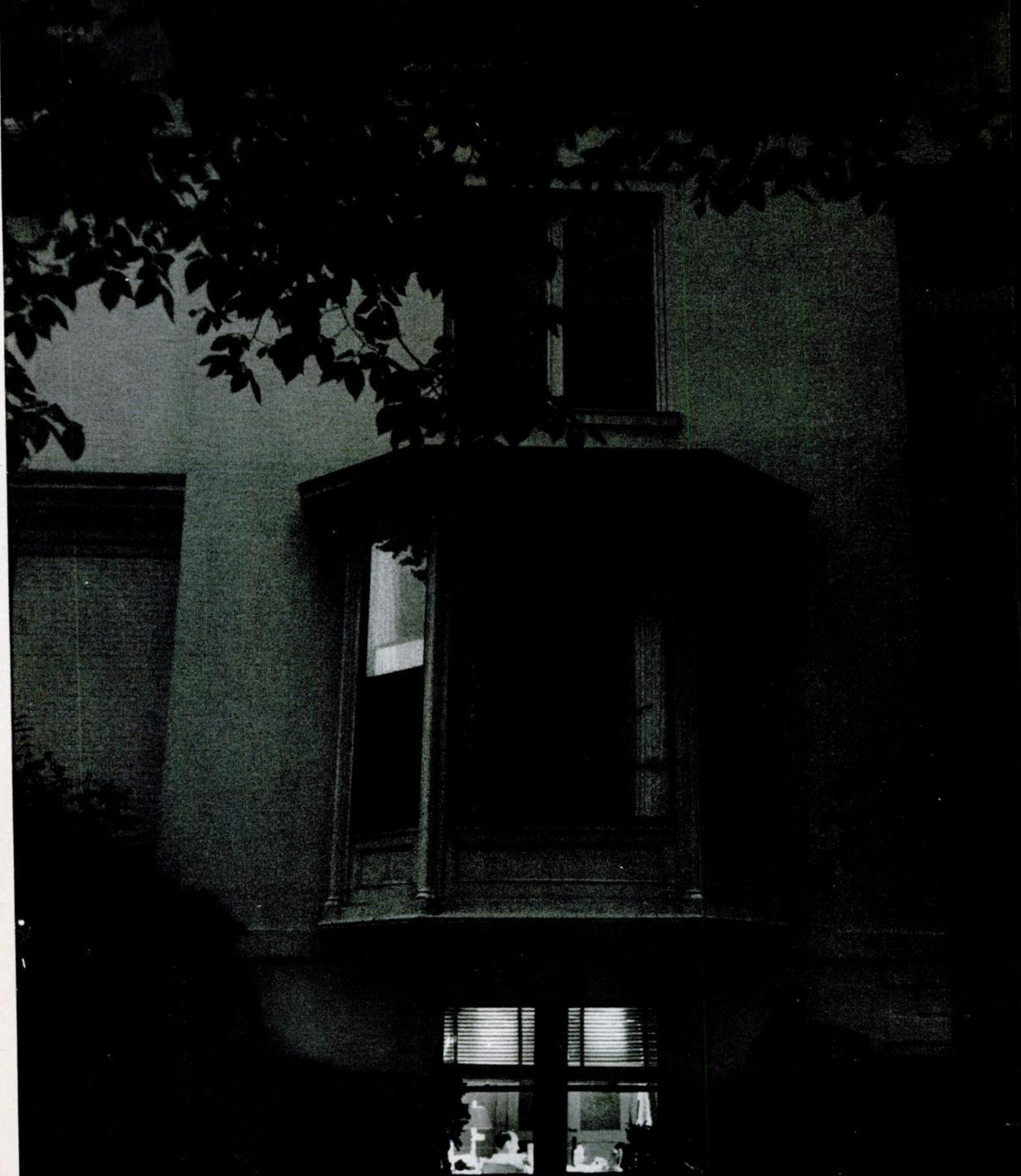
AT DESK governor, too busy to play golf, wears old golf shoes with the spikes removed.



AT DINNER Stevenson has a quiet meal with sister, brother-in-law and his friend and executive assistant, Bill Blair (right).



UP TO BED the governor trudges, with dog and work file as company till sleep comes.



It took 4 years to perfect this deodorant

# NOW PROVE NEW DRYAD YOURSELF IN 48 HOURS...FREE\*



Get This Special Dryad combination at your favorite cosmetic counter—a generous 29¢ jar free when you buy the big 49¢ size—both for only 49¢, plus tax.



Apply it and see how fluffy-light, fragrant new Dryad vanishes instantly—leaves skin smooth and soft—is harmless to even the most delicate fabrics.



Test it at work and play. New double-duty Dryad kills underarm odor before it starts—checks perspiration instantly, gently and safely, too.



Proof—48 hours later you're still dainty and appealing! New Dryad gives matchless protection—down to the last creamy bit in each jar.

## \*Special Money Back Guarantee

To introduce this new product—designed to correct all the faults you have found in old-type deodorants—Jergens offers you a 29¢ jar of new Dryad *free* with the purchase of the big 49¢ size—*both for only 49¢*. Try the smaller jar. If you don't find new Dryad in every respect the finest deodorant you've ever used, simply return the large jar and get back the full purchase price.

(All prices plus tax)

Try New Double-Duty  
**DRYAD DEODORANT**  
at our expense

KILLS UNDERARM ODOR BEFORE IT STARTS!

This 29¢ size  
**FREE**

When you  
buy this 49¢ size

JERGENS DRYAD DEODORANT

78¢ Value  
only 49¢

JERGENS DRYAD DEODORANT



**EIGHT HUNGRY LIONS** stalk after carcass dragged by truck across an East African plain. Author Hunter makes lions do tricks like this for his camera

safaris. His favorite client: New Jerseyite Walter Sykes, who photographed this scene and the charging rhino (p. 94) in 1937, when he was only 16 years old.

## THE GREAT LION KILLER

**He went into the bush with untrained mongrels to end a terror created by the marauding cats**

by JOHN A. HUNTER

WHEN I first came to Kenya, the game covered the plains as far as a man could see. I hunted lions where towns now stand, and shot elephants from the engine of the first railroad to cross the country. In the span of my 65 years the jungles have turned into farmland and savage tribes have become factory workers. I have had a little to do with this change myself, for the government employed me to clear dangerous beasts out of areas that were opened to cultivation. This was in the day's work for me; yet I have always been a sportsman. I would rather hear the crack of a rifle or the bang of a shotgun than listen to the finest orchestra. I cannot say that I did not enjoy hunting; and looking back, I truly believe that in most cases the big game had as much chance to kill me as I had to kill them.

I am one of the last of the oldtime "white hunters" (a term used in Africa to distinguish white professionals from sportsmen and native hunters). The events I saw can never be relived. No one will ever see again the great elephant herds, and old bulls carrying 150 pounds of ivory in each tusk. No one will ever again hear the shrill hunting cries of the Masai as their spearmen swept the bush after cattle-killing lions. Few indeed will be able to say they have broken into country never before seen by a white man. The old Africa has passed and I saw it go.

I began my career as a professional hunter by shooting lions for their hides. Lion hides sold for about \$5 each in Mombasa and leopard skins for nearly as much. At that time there were plenty of lions around the Tsavo area, some 200 miles southeast of Nairobi. Lions were regarded as vermin, for they killed cattle and some were not averse to picking up stray natives.

I knew next to nothing about these great cats when I set out with an old Mauser and a single native boy to make my mark as a famous lion hunter. But I quickly learned that to hunt lions you must understand how they think and behave. A lion is a cat and cats are curious beasts. They are temperamental creatures and highly subject to moods. Weather has a profound effect on them. Rainy weather makes them nervous, energetic and keen. Very dry weather tends to make them lazy and indifferent. Lions hunt mainly at night. Darkness seems to act on them as a stimulant. The darker the night, the more likely lions are to be about; I never heard of a lion making a kill during the full moon. There are many cases of men meeting lions in the bush and scaring the animals off by shouting at them; yet I have also seen a lion charge a truck and nearly knock it over in his attempts to get at the men inside.

Lions are fairly sociable animals and like



**DEAD LION** was shot by Sykes's brother Howard, at 14. Though complete records are not kept on lions, Hunter (left) believes it set record (11' 7½").

# Some vacation problems

peculiar to women

Whether you are a "solid" vacationer or whether you take it in scraps and pieces and long week-ends, there are certain problems you must face if you are a woman. You know what these problems are! You know what we are talking about! . . . But do you know about a little product called Tampax (doctor-invented and very absorbent), which is used internally? By wearing this kind of monthly protection instead of the external type, a lot of your problems will vanish into thin air.

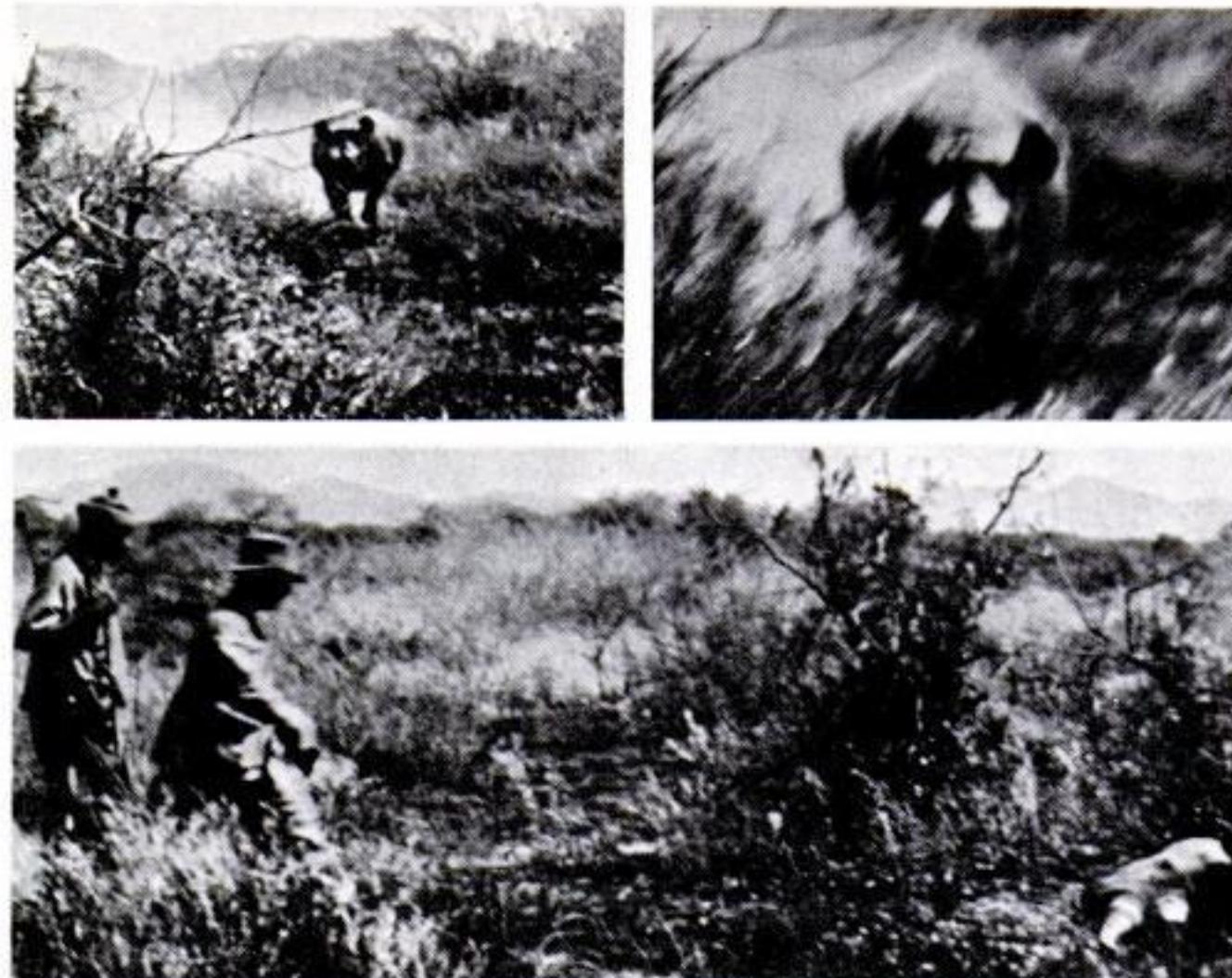
**You can accept invitations** with a light heart and without too much "calculating"—if you use Tampax. It will let you enjoy a freedom you haven't had since your girlhood days, because Tampax needs none of those belts and pins that constantly remind you of something unpleasant.

**You can reduce your luggage** if you travel by plane or close-packed convertible. You can even go on a bicycling tour, for Tampax is many, many times smaller than the external kind. A full month's supply may be carried in your purse, so you can be *always prepared*.

**You can face your hostess** with a calm conscience at such times, for Tampax presents no disposal difficulties, even with the unruly plumbing found in many summer cottages. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax comes to you in slender applicators—very neat, dainty and efficient.

**You can appear on the beach** in a close-fitting swim suit (wet or dry) with not a bulge or a wrinkle to betray your Tampax. Ditto in the scantiest play suit. Naturally! because it's worn internally! For the same reason, no odor or chafing is possible.

**You can buy this Tampax** at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. Make a note of the name—*Tampax*. Millions of women use it monthly. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



**CHARGING RHINO** had to be killed to save Walter Sykes, who kept photographing. Hunter dropped it with one shot, then paced distance (bottom) to find it fell only nine feet away. Experiences he relates in this article, prepared with the help of Daniel Mannix, American author and big-game hunter, will be part of a book, *Hunter*, to be published by Harper & Brothers in October.

## LION HUNTER CONTINUED

to collect in groups. A group of lions is called a pride, an archaic term that was forgotten for centuries but has been revived in Africa. I have seen as many as 20 lions in a pride, ranging from old males down to newborn cubs playing with their mothers' tails. Lions are polygamous, and as each lioness comes into season the lion will retire with her for a few days and then rejoin the pride. There may be several males in a pride, each with his own harem, but there is generally one head male and the others defer to him.

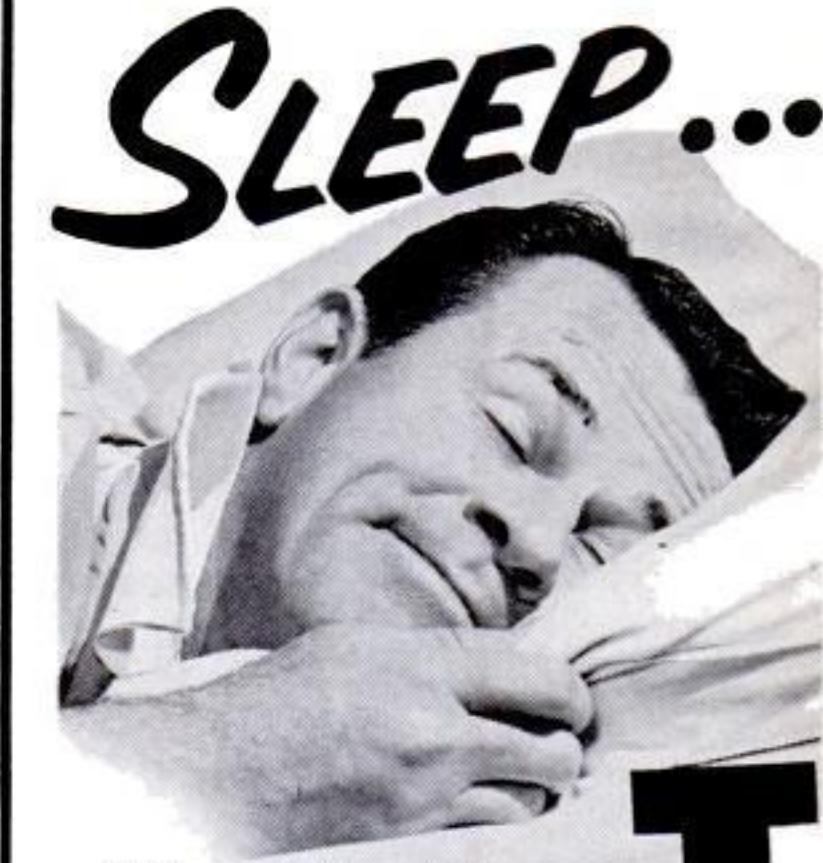
Although it would not be true to say that they hunt in packs, there is a certain organization about their work. The actual killing is frequently done by the lionesses or by young males. The patriarch often holds back, directing the business and only throwing in his own weight and strength when necessary. A pride of lions on the hunt communicates with its members by deep grunts that have a strangely ventriloquial quality. It is almost impossible to tell where the noise comes from. Lions very seldom roar; I have heard the true roar only a few times in my life. They must have an amazing ability to see during the darkest night, and I am convinced that they hunt by sight rather than smell. They count on stampeding the game by their hunting grunts and sending it toward a spot where the other lions are waiting. Of course, if they see their quarry they will stalk and leap upon it much as any cat does. Although a lion is absolutely noiseless when stalking, he makes a surprising amount of noise when he runs, his big pads thumping distinctly as he leaps along the ground.

There are few sights in nature more terrible than that of a charging lion. He comes at a speed close to 40 miles per hour, hitting top pace the instant he takes off. If a stalking lion can get to within 50 yards of the swiftest antelope, the antelope is doomed. A man standing only 30 yards or so from a charging lion cannot afford to miss. A full-grown lion weighs some 450 pounds, and in a few bounds he is on you, with fangs slashing and hind claws ripping you open.

I became a lion exterminator one spring in the middle '20s. Captain A. T. A. Ritchie, head of the Kenya Game Department, called me into his office and laid before me one of the most remarkable offers ever made to a professional hunter.

In the center of Kenya lies a great tableland which is the home of a warlike tribe of herdsmen named the Masai. The Masai are a nation of spearmen. They scorn the bow and arrow as the tool of cowards who are afraid to close with their enemies. The young warriors of the tribe, called the moran, subsist mainly on a diet of fresh animal blood and milk. This they consider the only proper food for their fighting men.

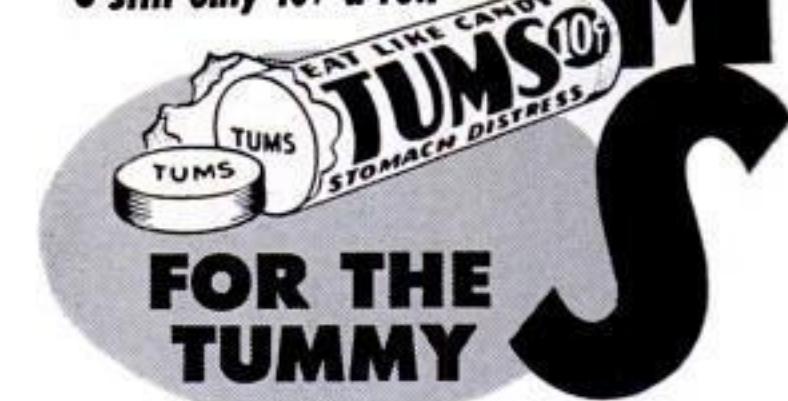
The neighboring tribes lived in terror of the Masai. None of them could stand against a Masai war party. They kill lions not with guns but with spears—a feat I had not thought possible. In the old days the Masai had lived almost completely on other tribes. But the British government finally stopped this raiding, whereupon the Masai were forced to raise more cattle as a means of livelihood. Then a terrible epidemic of rinderpest swept the district.



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without Heartburn,  
Acid Indigestion

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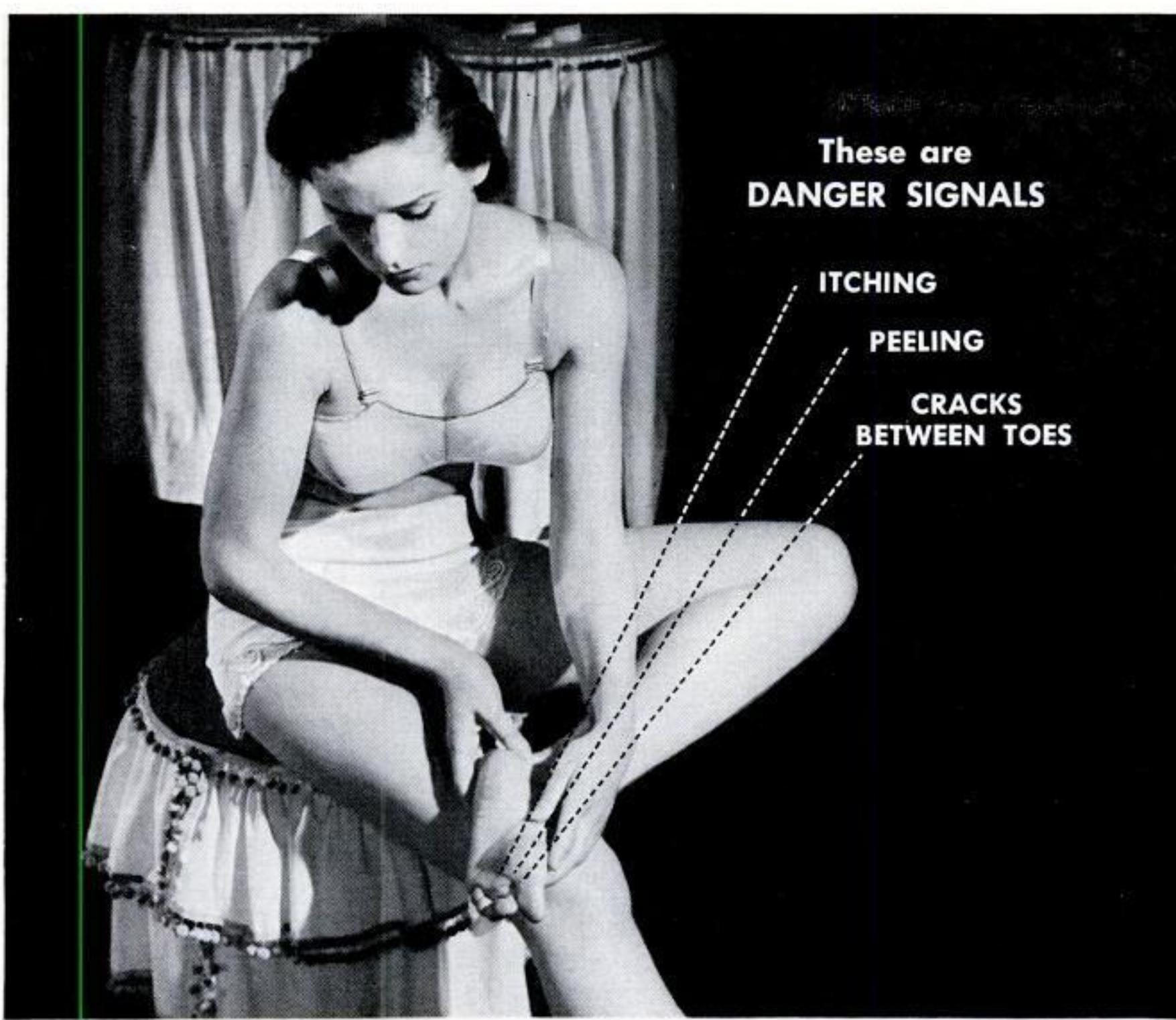


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**Protect  
Yourself  
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Insect Bites**



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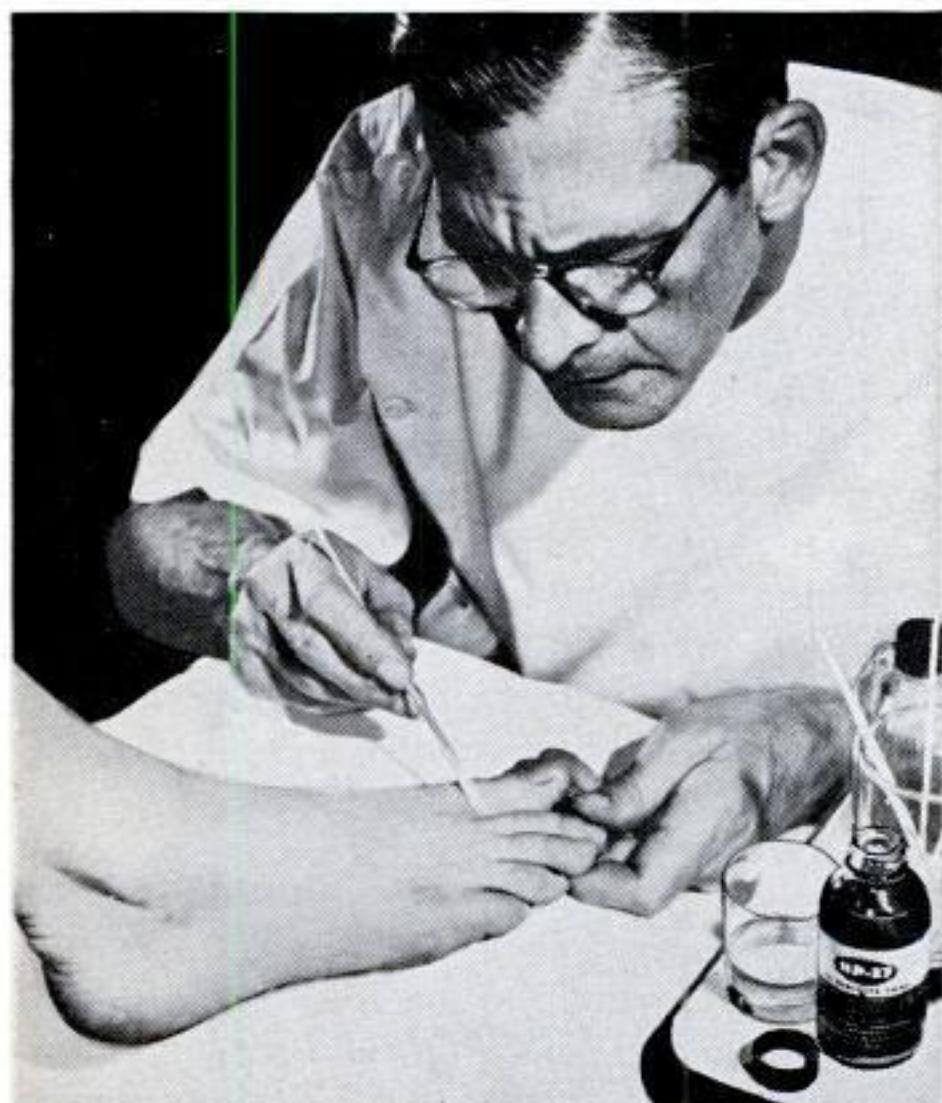


7 OUT OF 10 SUFFER FROM ATHLETE'S FOOT YEARLY. FOR TRIPLE-ACTION RELIEF, READ BELOW.

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Here's great news for you. Advertised nationally first in 1951 (after 5 years of testing), NP-27 has been making medical history ever since. Its *triple-action* gives America a new defense against the No. 1 skin disease, Athlete's Foot. Surveys show that the disease infects 7 out of 10 Americans each year. It causes great distress and discomfort. Now NP-27 offers a new means for combating

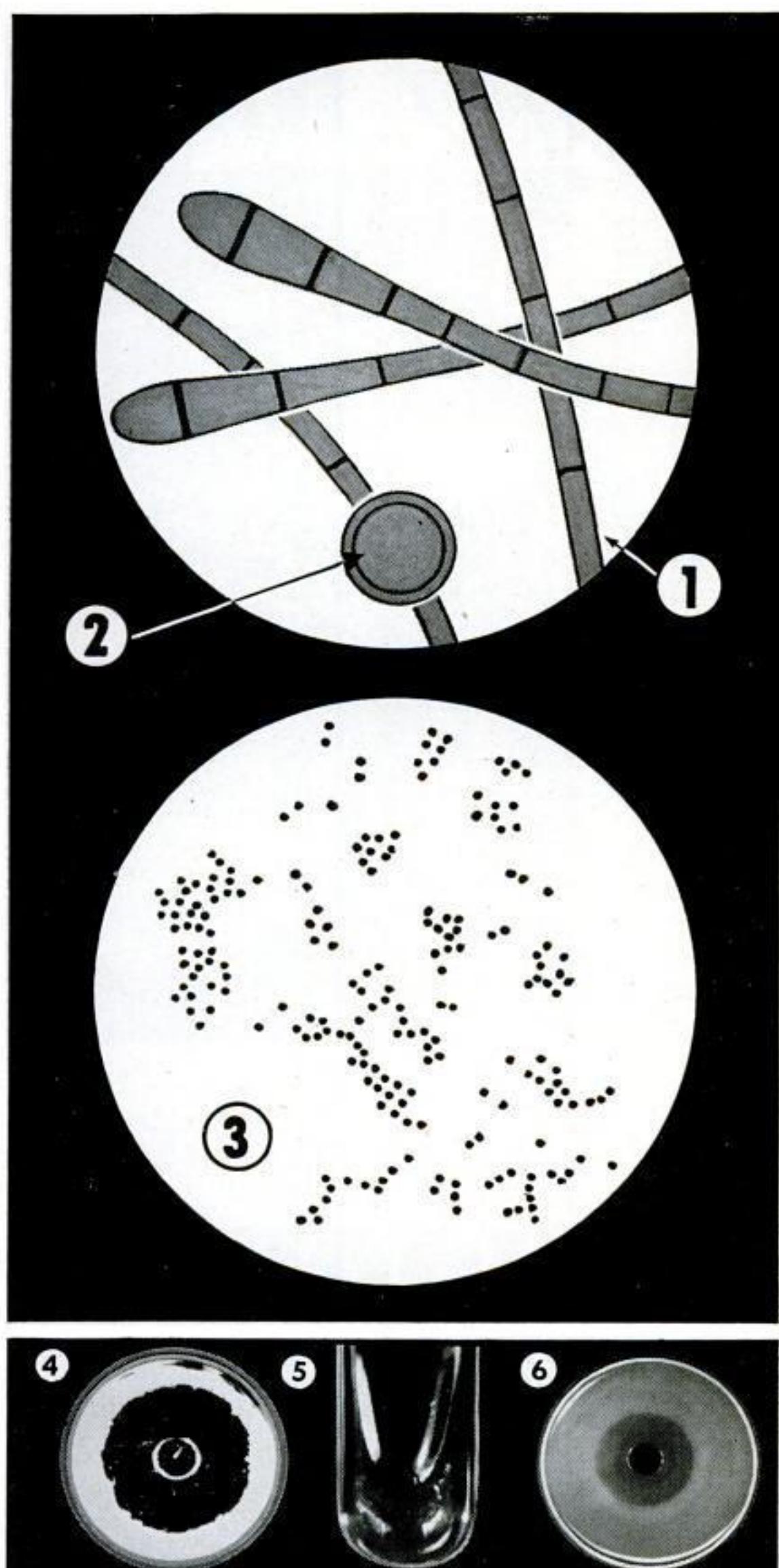
this widespread infection. It is the recommended Athlete's Foot remedy of many chiropodists, who see more foot troubles than any other group of specialists. NP-27 is praised by many leading athletic coaches and trainers, who must keep the feet of their players in best condition. Get remarkable new *triple-action* NP-27 for yourself and for your family's protection.



**CHIROPODISTS WARN** you of "danger signals" that may show you have Athlete's Foot *without knowing it!* Check your feet for peeling, itching, cracks between toes and *under* toes, and for itching callouses on soles. These are *NOT* normal. Act *before* your condition becomes serious; use NP-27 at once, and regularly.



**LEADING UNIVERSITY COACHES**, as well as many chiropodists, endorse NP-27. For instance, Cornell's great coach, "Lefty" James, says: "I use NP-27 because I find it is most successful in preventing or relieving Athlete's Foot." Foot health is important to the experts; their recommendation of NP-27 is important to you.



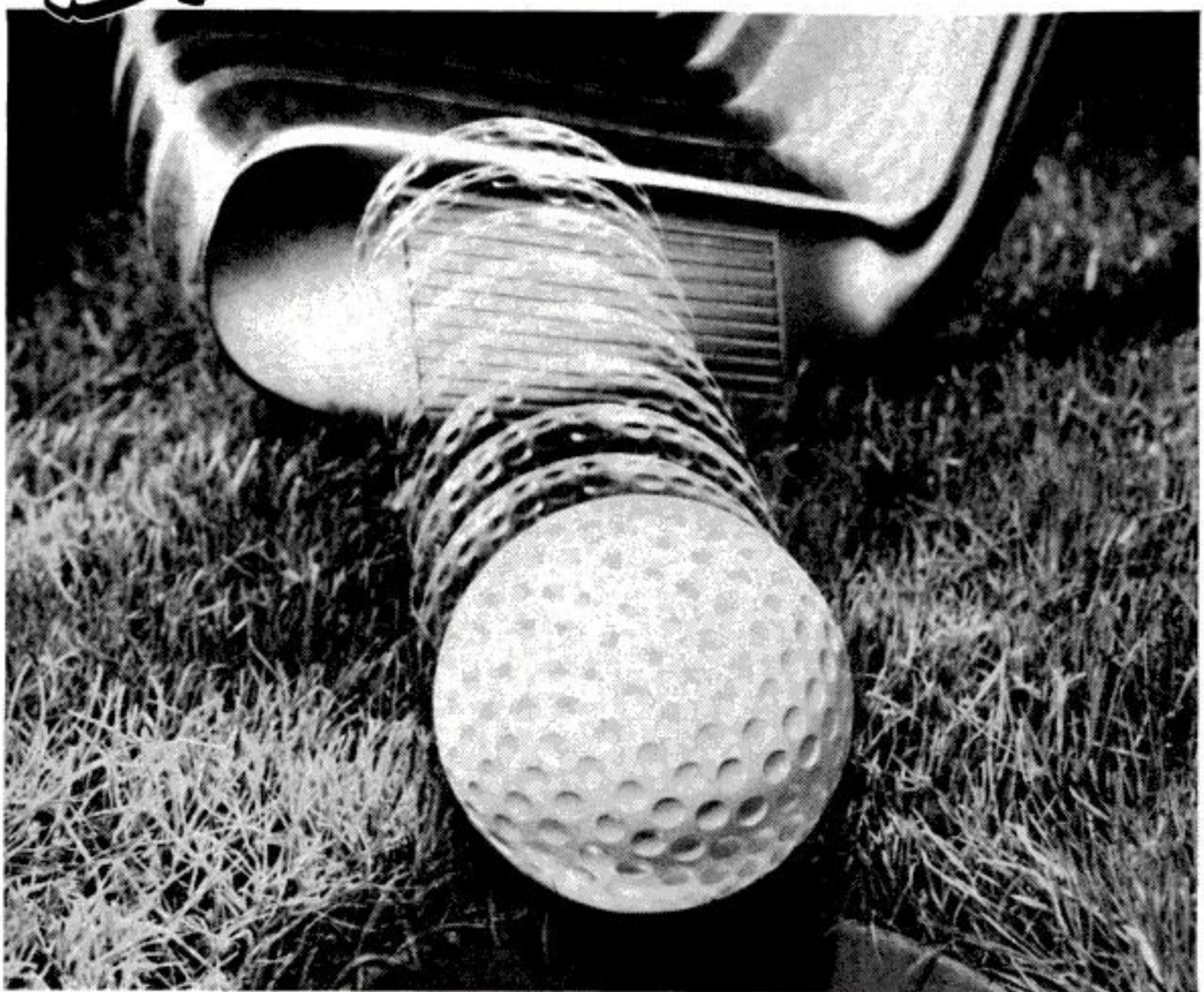
**THIS TRIPLE ACTION IS VITAL.** NP-27 kills the plant-like fungus (1) which is the usual cause of Athlete's Foot. It also destroys the hard-to-kill spores, or "seeds" (2) from which the infecting "plants" may grow back. And it kills bacteria (3) which sometimes cause or complicate the infection. Illustrations (4), (5), and (6) are of tests which prove that NP-27 is effective against fungi, spores and bacteria. What other remedy but NP-27 does all this!



**TREATMENT IS EASY NOW.** Quick-acting NP-27 is pleasant to use; is non-irritating; dries rapidly; does not stain skin or clothing. Be sure to get NP-27. It is not expensive and your druggist will refund entire purchase price if you're not completely satisfied. **The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y.**

(NP-27 is available also in Canada.)

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## LION HUNTER CONTINUED

The lions in the area readily became scavengers. With the plains littered by the carcasses of cattle, these big cats increased greatly in numbers. Soon the Masai country was overrun with lions. When the epidemic had run its course and there were no more dead cows lying about, the lions turned on the live ones. The Masai sallied out with spear and shield to defend the precious remnants of their breeding stock, but for every lion killed, one or two of the young moran were mauled. A wound made by a lion almost invariably causes infection, for the claws of the animals are coated with a rotting film from their prey. So the Masai, under present conditions, had no solution except to appeal to the government for help.

"This is a task for an experienced hunter," Captain Ritchie told me. "We want the trouble-giving lions killed in the next three months to bring the lion population within control. You will be allowed to keep the hides as your pay."

At that time the skins of first-class, black-maned lions were bringing \$100, lioness hides were worth \$15, and the number you could shoot was restricted by law. Although the risks were great, it was an opportunity to make a large sum of money. My wife Hilda and I had four children by this time, and it is surprising how much children cost to raise, even in Kenya.

So a week later, accompanied by a few native porters, six oxen for dragging bait and a motley pack of mongrels I had bought from a pound, I set out for Masai land.

We followed the main highway to Konza about 80 miles southeast of Nairobi, and then turned almost due west. After a day's trek we began to leave the forested country and come into the open plains.

Here was perfect grazing country. The air was clear and cool, a pleasant thing to breathe, and not a house or a road to mar the sweep of the great rolling country. Except for Hilda and the children, I would have little cared if I never returned to Nairobi, for here was Africa as God made it before the white man arrived and began to deface the country with villages and farms.

It was not long before I met my first Masai, two self-assured young moran who were out lion hunting and had seen my camp. When I told them that I had come to kill lions, they seemed rather amused at this idea and said I would have trouble killing lions with nothing but a gun. A spear was the proper weapon to use on a lion. (The Masai have a great contempt for firearms, dating back to the old days when a Masai war party had little trouble defeating Arab slave traders armed only with muzzle-loading muskets.)

Apparently to call my bluff, one of the young men told me that he knew of two lions not far from camp. His friend chimed in, saying these animals were particularly fine specimens and he would be delighted to see me have a go at them. I had not intended making my first hunt before such a critical audience. But confronted with the moran's amused contempt, I felt duty bound to do my best. I told them to lead on, and called to one of my porters to uncouple the dogs.

### Low growl of warning

THE Masai led me to a drift, the dry bottom of a ravine that in the rainy season turns into a roaring torrent. The floor of the drift was covered with sand and the Masai easily picked up the lions' spoor and began tracking. The dogs trotted along, examining the strange scent doubtfully. We rounded a bend in the winding course of the drift and saw before us two lions lying stretched out on the sand like big cats. They both rose and stood glowering at us. When the dogs saw what they had been trailing, most of the pack took one horrified look and fled, yelping in panic. But four dogs of Airedale strain bravely stood their ground.

Neither the Masai nor I could spare any thought for the dogs. The two moran stood with their spears upraised waiting for the charge. A noble sight. I took quick aim for the chest of the larger cat and fired. He reared at the impact of the bullet, grunted and fell heavily on his side. His companion promptly bolted into some heavy bush on the left bank of the drift. Instantly my four Airedales charged in and began to worry the dead lion. I let them pull at the mane to their hearts' content, and when the rest of the pack gingerly returned, I encouraged them to do the same.

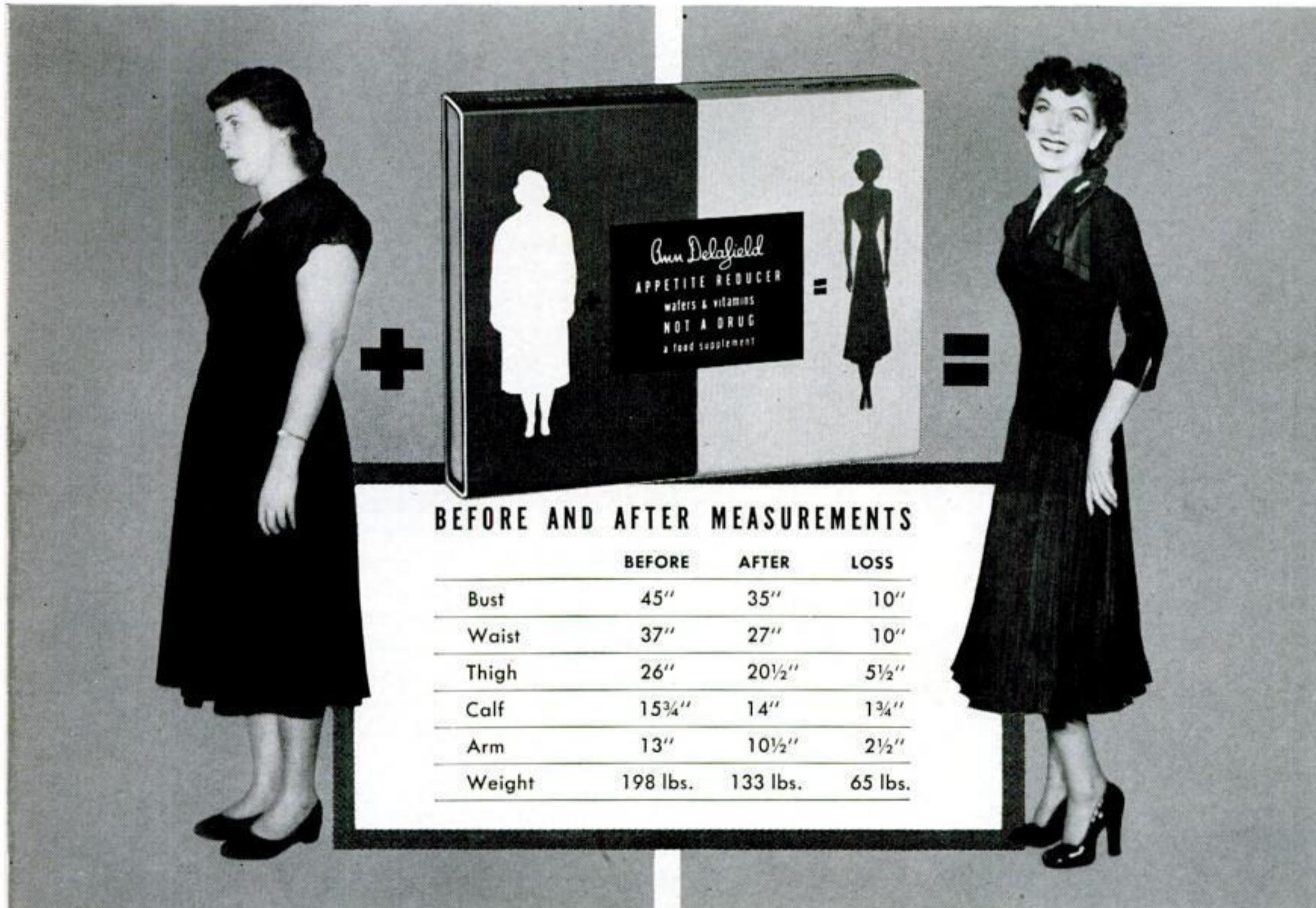
As we approached the bush, I heard the second lion give a low, harsh growl of warning. One of the Masai tossed a stone into the cover. The lion charged out a few feet, making a feint at one of the Airedales, and then dodged back before I could get in a shot. But I knew it would not be long now before the lion charged, so I steadied myself to meet the attack.

Suddenly the bushes swayed violently as the lion burst out and came for me. He was bunched up almost in a ball, his ears flat and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

# HOW NORA LACEY LOST 65 LBS. WITH THE ANN DELAFIELD REDUCING PLAN

## A New, Easy, Natural Way to Lose Weight and Gain a Richer, Fuller Life



Nora Lacey's doctor examined her after her loss of 65 pounds and found her to be in excellent physical condition. Her letter to Ann Delafield tells a typical story of the great happiness achieved by those who have followed the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan . . .

"Dear Miss Delafield: Now at last I am able to do the things that I have wanted to do for years. After losing 65 pounds, I am not ashamed to go skating, dancing and to have all the fun that I missed before. It's like being born all over again at the age of twenty-five!"

Sincerely, *Nora Lacey, Brooklyn, New York\**  
\*Address on request from Rexall, Los Angeles



### What you get with the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan:

1. A 116-page book giving you Ann Delafield's new, easy Appetite Reducing Plan, including suggested menus and vital beauty tips.
2. A 30-day supply of Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer . . . *not a drug*, but a delicious, non-fattening, scientifically-produced supplementary food that includes low calorie Skim Milk Powder and Soy Bean Flour.
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"It's like being born all over again at the age of twenty-five!" Nora Lacey wrote the famous beauty consultant through whose help she lost 65 pounds. "My life is fuller and richer since I took the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan!"

Nora Lacey is one of thousands . . . virtually *hundreds of thousands* . . . who have achieved amazing success with Ann Delafield's help. During the last forty years this famous dietitian, teacher and beautician has received acclaim from all over the world for her easy, natural principles of weight reduction. And now her method is offered to you in the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan . . . a plan that is bringing happy results to women (and men) who have never before been able to successfully lose weight!

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No wonder the Ann Delafield Plan is so popular! You don't count calories. You don't feel starved. You even have a piece of cake for dessert! Yes, you can "eat your cake and have IT, too." Miss Delafield has prepared generous, appetizing, yet low-calorie menus for you and gives you a choice—depending on how fast you want to lose weight. Pupils find it *an easy way to reduce that doesn't take the fun out of life*.

### HERE'S WHY YOU DON'T FEEL STARVED

The secret of the amazing success of Miss Delafield's plan is a scientifically produced . . . and *delicious* . . . wafer called the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer. Miss Delafield's pupils have called it "the greatest blessing a hungry person ever had." This wafer was conceived after years of practical experience and endless hours of consultation with physicians and dieticians. Those between-meal hunger pangs, so familiar to anyone who has ever suffered through an ordinary reducing plan, are quickly satisfied with the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer Wafer. Yet they don't add one single, ugly pound!

### BE HAPPY—BE SLENDER!

Now . . . this reducing plan, based on scientific laboratory research and supplemented by a protective vitamin capsule, is offered to *you*. Why go on letting excess pounds keep you too self-conscious and tired to have fun that should be yours? If your doctor has told you that your problem is not due to a glandular disturbance or organic causes, start on your way to slender beauty with the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan *today*. The complete package . . . containing *everything you need* . . . costs just \$6.95 (repeat package, \$5.95). For this low price you get not only your Appetite Reducer Wafers . . . but also your Vitamins . . . plus a valuable book that will become one of your best friends!

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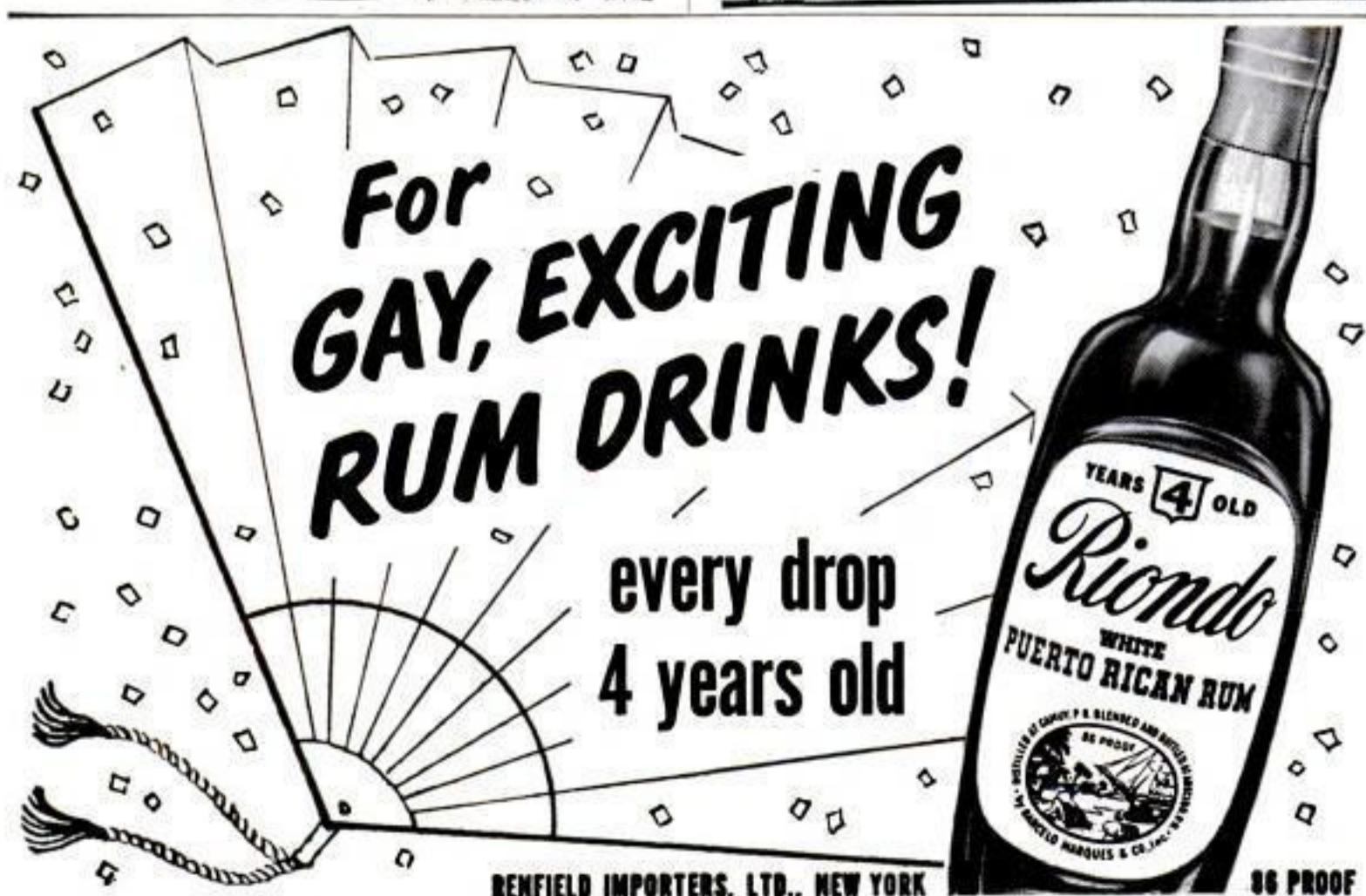
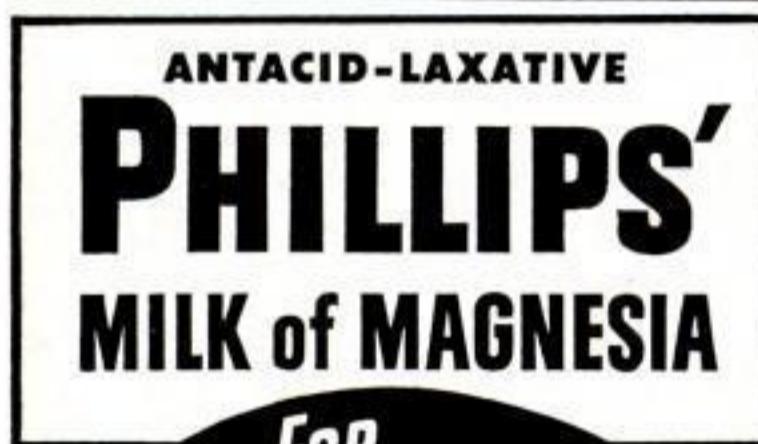


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**DANCING MASAI** go through their pistonlike gyrations. They do this when celebrating a lion kill and when under influence of *pombe*, the native beer.

### LION HUNTER CONTINUED

his back arched. He seemed to fly through the air across the sandy bottom. One of my gallant Airedales met the charge full on and tried to seize the monster by the throat. The lion knocked him over as a child might knock over a toy.

When he was within 10 yards I fired. The bullet hit him fairly between the eyes. He dropped. In the cool morning air, a tiny curl of smoke rose from the bullet hole.

The two Masai went into a war dance of delight. The tense excitement of the charge and the thrill of seeing two fine-maned lions lying before us was too much for them. Still holding their spears, the men bent forward, thrusting out their behinds. Then they suddenly straightened up, throwing out their chests at the same time. As their ecstasy increased this curious jerky motion speeded up in tempo until they were going like pistons. This was a curious sort of emotional seizure common among the Masai and known among whites who now live with this remarkable people as "the shakes."

The fine Airedale that had tried to stop the charge now lay with a broken back. I could do nothing for him but put him out of his pain. Few dogs are fortunate enough to survive the swipe of a lion's paw. The dogs must keep out of a lion's way, forcing him to break cover by snapping and barking at him, but never taking a hold. My poor Airedale had died before he could learn the trick. I could only hope the rest would profit by his death.

News seems to travel through Africa with the speed of radio. When we returned to camp there was a crowd of young warriors waiting to greet me. I can only suppose they heard the noise of the shots and hurried to the spot. There was wild jubilation and my first two friends informed me that the crowd had come to take me to a spot where the lions were "thick as grass."

At daybreak the next morning we started off, the Masai trotting ahead with their spears. Late in the afternoon we came through the bush onto the banks of a muddy stream where a group of old men and women were watering a herd of the long-horned native cattle. It seemed I had come to the right spot, for only a few days before my arrival lions had killed six head of their precious cattle as well as two herdsmen who had tried to defend the animals.

The enthusiastic crowd conducted me to their village. I had expected to see a large cluster of thatched huts, but I was almost on top of the place before I realized it was a village at all. It looked like nothing more than an unusually thick mass of brush. The "village" was surrounded by thornbushes, piled high as a man's head, and the huts within were no higher than my chest. They were made of cow dung, plastered like clay over a wattle frame. The dung had been baked as hard as brick by the hot sun and was quite odorless. To enter the huts, I had to bend nearly double. There were no windows except thin slits in the wall and the interiors were dark, but cool and comfortable. Because the Masai were subject to occasional retaliatory raids from other natives, they constructed their homes in this manner to escape notice. The buildings seemed crude, but they were easy to heat during the night and pleasantly cool in the day.

*EASILY-MADE to eat in the shade! Best ever*

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*velvety-smooth, with "hand-freezer" goodness, needs no stirring!*

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*for serving "tricks"—from first course to dessert!*

Dazzle one-and-all at meal times, with delicious and so-smart sherbet. Serve it with fruit cup, salads, meats and, of course, as dessert! A whiz to fix, with "JUNKET" SHERBET MIX. Only milk or water to add. Your favorite flavors — orange, lemon and raspberry. Your grocer is ready with them *all*.



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### SPECIAL OFFER! FROZEN SUCKER MOLD

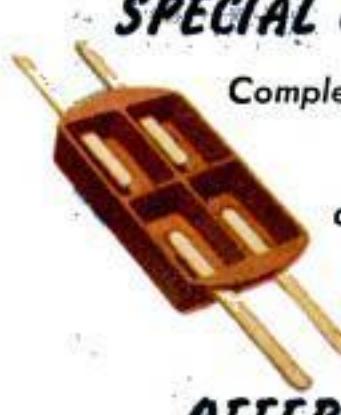
Complete with sticks—Makes 4 suckers at a time—

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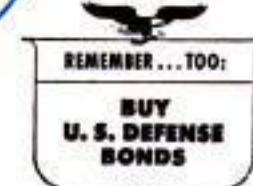
## "Sign of a Good Host"



Jockey hitching posts that invited guests to tarry are an old Kentucky tradition. Like OLD TAYLOR—another sign of a good host.



*Signed, Sealed and Delicious*



## LION HUNTER CONTINUED

After we had rested I went out to see the bodies of the cattle that had been killed. The Masai had removed most of the meat. This was unfortunate, for a lion's own kill makes a perfect bait; he will almost invariably return to the carcass to feed. The bodies of the two herdsmen killed by the lions had also been left out in the bush but these had already been devoured by lions and hyenas. The Masai rarely bury their dead, usually leaving the job to the scavengers that roam the plains.\*

I trailed the lions and found they had entered a thick patch of sansevieria. They were evidently waiting in the undergrowth for night to fall so they could return to their kills. The Masai told me that when they drove their cattle into the kraal in the evening, they shouted to urge the herd along. The lions apparently recognized these shouts and came out soon after, knowing the coast would be clear.

I asked the men if they could drive their cattle to the kraal earlier this evening while I waited in ambush beside the dead heifer. The old men were greatly amused at this idea and remarked it should work—the same ambush had always worked when they were fighting the Nandi, another warlike people who occasionally attacked the Masai.

I took up my stand in some thick bush and waited for evening. Just as the sun was setting I heard the high-pitched, unmusical cries of the herdsmen as they drove the cattle in from pasture. While I was still listening to the fading sounds, I suddenly saw three maned lions sitting dog fashion on their haunches with their ears cocked as they also listened to the faint yells. When the cries died away the lions rose and trotted toward me in single file. I waited for them to come within gunshot. Sniffing the air, they came straight toward me. It seemed to take years while I gradually lifted my body enough to bring the rifle into position. I turned over the safety catch with my thumb and aimed at the leader. At the shot he dropped as though poleaxed. The others leaped back but did not run. Wild animals that have never heard firearms before are not particularly alarmed by the noise, apparently thinking it is thunder. I fired at the next lion and hit him in the shoulder. He spun around in a circle, roaring with rage; the third lion instantly sprang on him and they began to fight.

I fired again and hit this animal in the shoulder. He reared like a bucking horse, and while he was still on his hind legs I fired again into his neck. He dropped. The second lion was now also dead, whether from the effects of my bullet or the mauling he had taken from his friend I cannot say.

### Two wives for the night

In the distance I could hear the whoops and yells of the Masai who had heard my shots. They came pouring through the bush, and when they found all three animals lying stretched out in front of me, they went mad with delight.

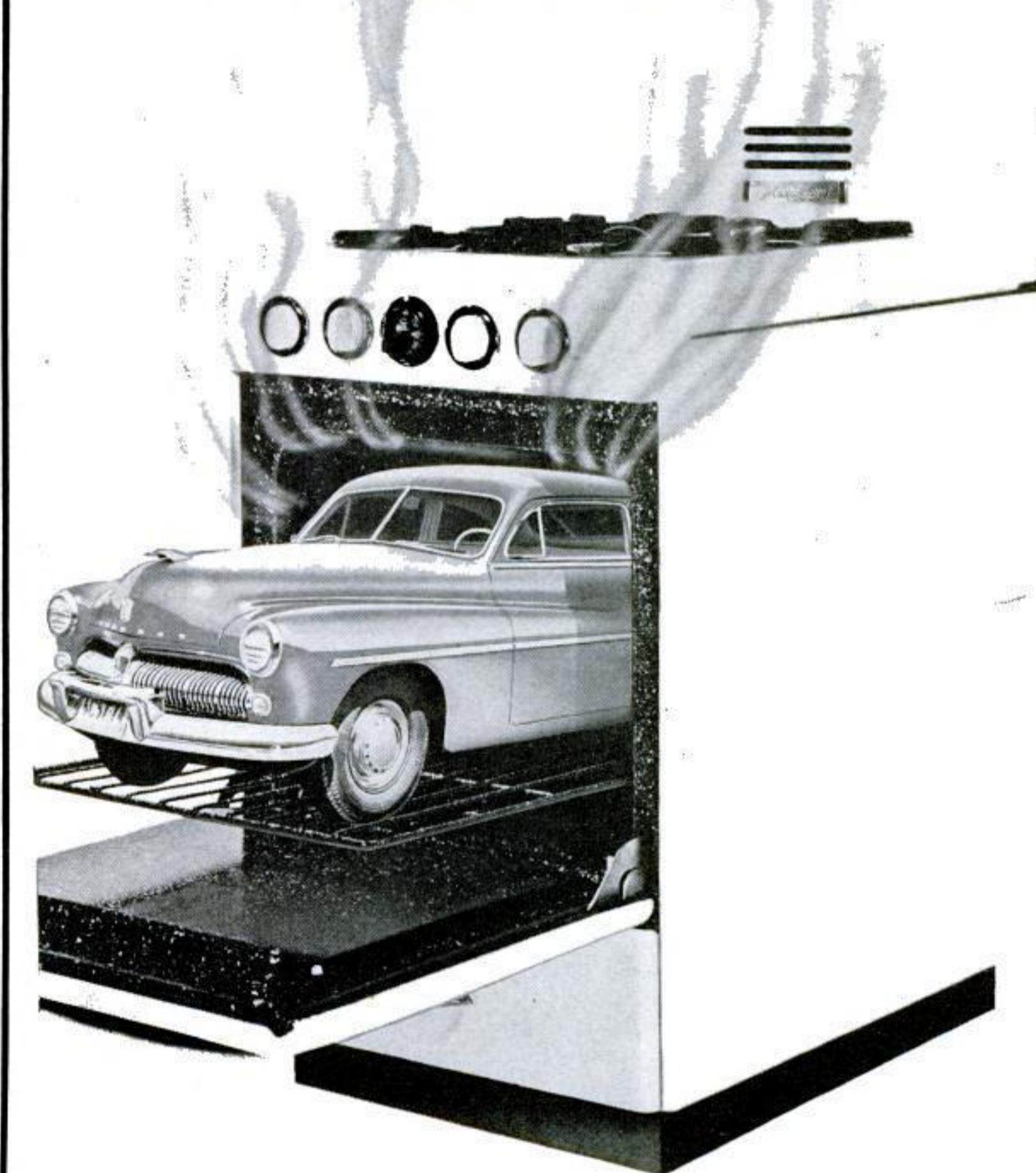
When the time came to retire, I was ushered into the largest of the huts. In one of the compartments was a bed made of soft rushes and covered with bullock skins. The chief's two buxom young wives entered with me and obviously intended to share the bed. I wondered where the chief would spend the night, since there was clearly not enough room for him too. However it turned out that he was staying with some friends, so as not to interfere with any plans I might have for the evening. The girls, clad in Eve's attire except for thin strings of beads around their waistlines, remained at the end of the hut. They lay quietly and said nothing for, according to ancient custom, the male has to make the advances. I was tired after my long trek and soon fell into a heavy sleep.

In the next few weeks I killed more than 50 lions. Then, one evening while I was out alone, I became lost in the tangle of spurs and ravines that laced the foothills. I tried to backtrack, but before I reached camp night came on and I could no longer follow my trail. A storm had been brewing during the late afternoon and now it broke over the distant ridges. For a while I could guide myself by the flashes of lightning, for I knew the approximate position of the storm in relation to the mountains. But by midnight the storm had

\*I remember another occasion in the Masai Reserve when I sat up all night by a fine zebra bait, hoping to get a lion or two. I had no luck, even though during the night I could hear lions grunting and the giggling sounds hyenas make while devouring something they like particularly. The bait was not touched. I had thought it particularly attractive to lions and hyenas. But I had something to learn: Masai natives laid my failure to an elderly Masai lady who had died the previous evening. It was she upon whom the animals had been feeding. Maybe in her youth the departed had been a graceful, dainty damsel for whom the Masai vied. Now the beasts of the wild preferred her to a fat, juicy zebra.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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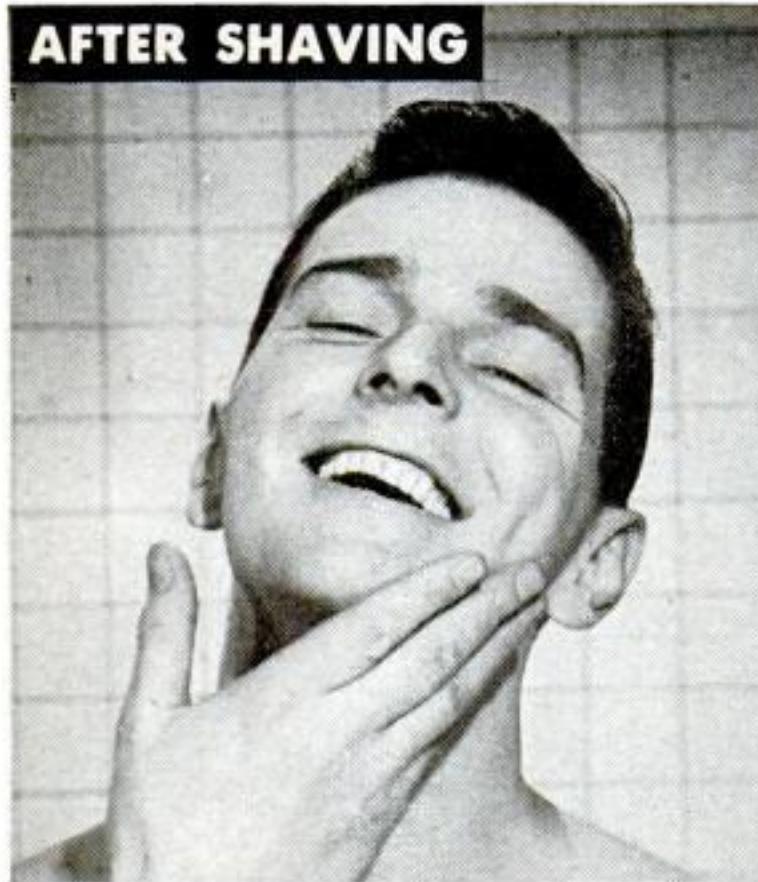
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**CONTENTED CAT** rests in tree despite the photographer's presence. Lions rarely climb trees, but the trunk of this one had a convenient 60° slope.

**LION HUNTER CONTINUED**

blown away and I could only go on blindly through the darkness. Then I heard the distant tinkle of cowbells in a kraal—a lovely sound to me at that moment. I headed toward the noise, shouting as I went. In a few minutes my shouts were answered. A light appeared and I saw ahead a small Masai cow-dung hut with the usual thornbush kraal nearby. The Masai couple took me in and promptly started a fire in the tiny hut.

The man was in his early 40s, too old to be considered a *moran*, and so, from the Masai point of view, already started on the down-hill grade that would finally lead to his being left out for the lions. He had heard about my exploits as a lion killer and eagerly asked me questions about my gun and how many animals I had killed. I found that his name was Kirakangano and that his father had been killed by a rhino years before. Kirakangano had developed a

hatred for dangerous wild animals and had devoted his life to hunting them. He had no interest in anything but tracking big game through the tangled intricacies of the bush and then meeting the charge of some infuriated beast with his shield and spear. Here was a man who liked hunting as I did.

When I asked Kirakangano if he would like to accompany me as a guide, he rose, took up his spear and shield, and asked when we were leaving.

He became my right hand. He was a magnificent tracker and absolutely fearless, and I relied on him as I did on myself. He had the knack of thinking in the same manner that an animal does, thus often foreseeing the quarry's next move and preparing for it.

The day he really proved his mettle was when we tracked down a wounded lioness. For a while the trail led through open bush—good hunting country, for you could see 20 yards ahead. But then the spoor made a circle toward a thick, nasty tangle of brush. Here was real trouble.

It was deathly quiet in the thicket. Not so much as the chirp of a bird could be heard. I knew we must be close to the wounded lioness and at any moment she might burst out of the cover on top of us.

The dogs were growing increasingly restless. I told them to go ahead. They sprang forward. Almost at once a din of savage snarls and growls broke out directly in front of us. Kirakangano and I forced our way through the bushes to reach them. We had hardly taken a dozen steps in the high grass when we came on a rounded lair streaked with dried blood. Here the lioness had been resting. Beside the lair two of my brave airedales were lying dead, their



**LAZY LION** yawns at another photographer. Then he went off to sleep.

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## LION HUNTER CONTINUED

mouths and eyes still open. They had burst in on her and taken the brunt of her attack. Kirakangano and I owed our lives to the dogs, for the lioness was so cunningly concealed we would never have seen her in time.

The other dogs were still fighting with her and we could hear them racing through the brush, stopping to bark frantically when she turned at bay. We hurried toward the sound. The Masai was carrying his spear at the ready, the long shaft beautifully balanced between thumb and forefinger.

One of the collies came limping back to me, terribly torn. I saw nothing could be done for the poor brute and shot him quickly. At the sound of my shot the wounded lioness suddenly leaped up from a tuft of dead grass a few feet away. At the same instant a second lioness broke from the cover on my right and charged us.

There was no time to think. Both the cats were nearly on us, each coming from a different direction. I fired at the second lioness because she seemed more determined. The bullet hit her half an inch over the left eye. At the same moment I saw Kirakangano plunge his spear into the body of the wounded animal beside us. She turned fiercely, grabbing the spear shaft with her teeth, and tried to pull it out of her body. Kirakangano started to draw his double-bladed knife from his belt, but before he could get the knife free I finished her with a shot in the neck.

Kirakangano and I silently shook hands. Without him, one or the other of the two lionesses would surely have gotten us.

My time on the Masai Reserve was beginning to run out. I had up to now shot 70 lions and still the tribe had cause for complaint. So I decided to try shooting from a thorn *boma* (blind) at night. This is hardly a sporting way of hunting, but I had come to the reserve on business.

I hitched a yoke of oxen to a zebra that I had shot and had them drag the bait several miles across the plains, finally leaving the carcass on the upwind side of a likely cover.

My porters cut brushwood and thorn branches, making a horse-shoe-shaped *boma* where I intended to spend the night with Kirakangano.

When all was ready, Kirakangano and I took up our positions in the *boma*. I gave him a flashlight and showed him how to aim it at the bait when the time came to shoot. Kirakangano was fascinated by the flashlight and kept switching it on and off until I told him to stop.

### Lion banquet

**A**s it grew dusk several hyenas slunk up to the bait, followed by two jackals. The jackals sat anxiously feasting their eyes on the zebra while the hyenas slunk back and forth to make sure all was clear. Finally one dashed in and grabbed the exposed entrails, dashing off with them and giving vent to slurping, wailing guffaws. The others now came closer and began to pull at the bait. Then I saw them rush off while the jackals approached confidently. That meant lions were coming in. I laid my rifle in position and waited.

In a few minutes I heard the low and unmistakable breathing of lions behind the *boma*. They circled us and sprang on the zebra. I whispered to Kirakangano to switch on the light. To my astonishment, I heard him whisper "Taballo!" (Masai for "Wait!") I glanced over at him and saw that he was paralyzed with fear. The unaccustomed experience of shooting lions at night from a *boma* had completely unnerved this man who could run up to an infuriated lion in daylight with nothing but his spear.

I grabbed the light from his hand and flashed it through a small opening overlooking the bait. What a sight! There were at least 20 lions and lionesses a few yards in front of us. Two fine, black-maned lions stood staring at the light, the essence of defiance, their manes and chests covered with blood and filth from the stomach contents of the zebra. By this time Kirakangano was literally shivering with terror, but I knew he would gain confidence as soon as the shooting began. Wedging the light between two thorn branches so it shone on the scene, I slipped my rifle barrel through a hole in the brush and fired at what seemed to be the larger of the two males.

A chorus of grunts and savage growls went up from the pride. I fired again and again. The animals had retreated beyond the range of the light so I stopped to reload. Kirakangano was beginning to recover from his funk, and I gave him a piece of tobacco to chew on. Masai love the weed. The sting of the tobacco seemed to restore him somewhat and the sight of the three dead lions was more than any Masai could regard indifferently.

The pride now began to return. Kirakangano grabbed the light and began to shine it from one lion to another, moving so rapidly in his excitement that I had scarcely time to aim. A lion dropped

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



### INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN-CRANBERRY SALADS

*Easy enough for every day—pretty enough for a party*

Pick your favorite arrangement—or make every salad different. They're all easy because you just chill, slice, and arrange.

**Chill** in ice compartment of refrigerator • Two 6 oz. cans *Swanson Boned Chicken* • One 1 lb. can *Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce*.

**Open** cans at both ends to slide out contents whole. Slice the contents of the cans into whole slices and half moons.

**Arrange** in any of the ways shown here. Garnish with dressing of 3 tablespoons cream cheese and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise mixed at room temperature. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

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These sizzling days when it's too hot to cook—you can still serve a satisfying chicken and cranberry dinner. And you don't have to go near your stove to do it!

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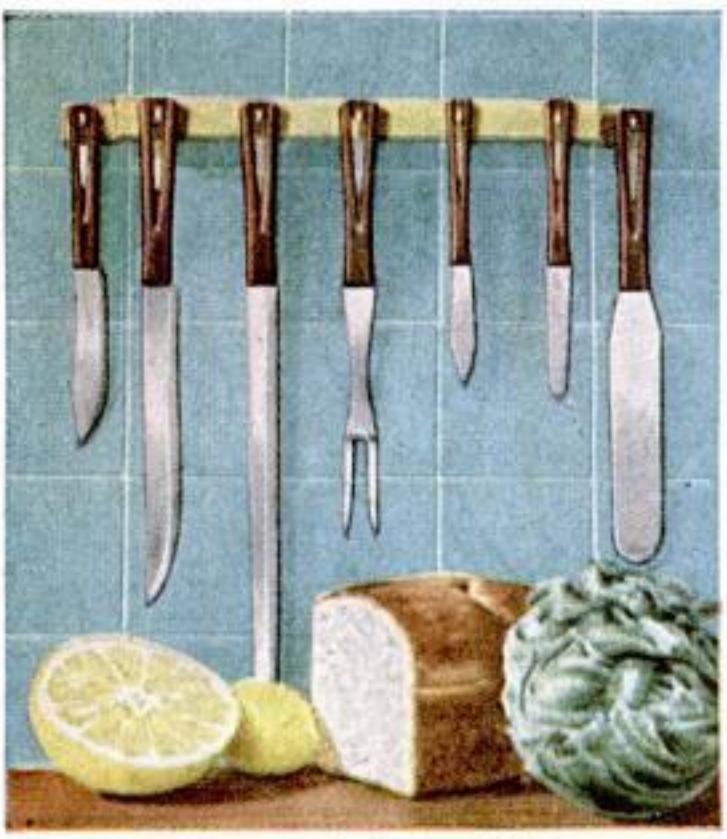
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## LION HUNTER CONTINUED

at every report of my gun. The lions paid no attention to the shots. They would turn to sniff a dead friend fallen beside them, and then go on with their feeding.

Ten lions now lay dead around the zebra. Then, for some reason, a fine, black-maned lion came sneaking around our *boma* from the side. He stood there, giving vent to rare, bloodcurdling roars. The ground seemed to quiver with the reverberations. This outburst alarmed the rest of the pride, and they slowly withdrew, the old male following them.

I had no intention of allowing these fine hides to be torn to pieces by scavenger hyenas. When I was sure the lions had departed, I told Kirakangano to hold the light on the scene while I went out and pulled the dead animals closer to the *boma*. The Masai had now lost all his fear. I left the *boma* and started toward the dead lions. I had almost reached them when the light suddenly went out.

Calling to Kirakangano to turn it on again, I took another few steps forward. Suddenly I stumbled over the supple, hot body of a lion and fell on top of him. He gave a low grunt; he was still alive. I flung myself clear and raced for the *boma*. I expected every second to feel the lion on my back, but I reached the doorway and bolted inside. There was Kirakangano sitting with the pieces of the flashlight laid around him. He had become curious to see how the strange thing worked and had taken it apart while I was out in the darkness stumbling over wounded lions.

I spoke to him pretty roundly and he apologized. I reassembled the flashlight and put another bullet in the lion to make sure he was properly dead. Then we settled down to wait. During the night two more prides came to the bait. When dawn broke 18 lions lay dead before me. After the noise and turmoil of the night, the scene looked strangely peaceful. Nothing was moving except lion flies doing their creepy, jumpy antics. Taking care that there were no wounded lions about, Kirakangano and I left the *boma* and went out to stand over the dead animals.

I must own that I felt regrets. Yet I knew these animals had to die or the Masai would have continued to suffer their depredations. An artificial condition had created the surplus of lions and it could only have been corrected by artificial means. Whatever the means, Kirakangano and I stood there on the plain confronted by a sight that I doubt anyone had ever seen before—or will ever see again.

Since then I have done a lot of hunting. I hold the world's record for rhino and I have shot more than 1,400 elephants. We didn't keep records on lions, especially in those early days, but I'm pretty certain I have shot as many (about 600) as any other man. I certainly do not tell of these records with pride. Some of my hunting was done as a sportsman. But most of it, like that night kill on the Masai Reserve, was work that had to be done, and I happened to be the man who did it. Over the years I have acquired an enormous respect and admiration for the big animals of the African plains. I studied them because I was honestly interested in them. It may sound strange to the armchair conversationalist, but I mean it when I say that I had a deep affection for the animals I had to kill.



**HUGE TROPHIES**, a pair of elephant tusks weighing a total of 294 pounds, are held up by Author Hunter. Because of the slaughter by sportsmen and ivory hunters, few elephants live long enough to grow tusks this size any more.



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*Life's Visit*





← **PICKING FLOWERS**, Bang uses care not to damage even the stems. Watching are his three grandchildren, whose nicknames are Bing, Biff and Whiz Bang.

**GIVING THEM AWAY** to two women going to Manhattan, Bang chews cigar which is as much a hallmark as his flowers. Daisies on woman's coat are artificial.

## Mr. Bang the Flower Man

### HIS FREE BOUQUETS BRIGHTEN UP FERRY RIDES

For 40 years Charles Bang has been riding the Staten Island ferry. Nearly every day he has gotten aboard with an armful of flowers and walked around giving the passengers cornflowers, lilies or whatever is in season.

Mr. Bang, 77 and a widower, grows the flowers behind his Staten Island home. He gets up at 6:30 each morning to cut them, selecting blooms at their peak. "I wouldn't think of giving away flowers that are going to die soon," he

says. New passengers, getting flowers for the first time, are apt to shy away, suspecting a gag or a touch. But veterans, who call Mr. Bang Uncle Charlie, regard his little floral gifts as part of a ferry rider's life. Mr. Bang disposes of most of his flowers on the ferry but saves a few to give to friends at the Fulton fish market as he walks through on the way to the cluttered salvage warehouse where he sells oddments like white squill, old shellac, seashells.



**LITTLE GIRL**, delighted by flower Mr. Bang gave her, hands it to aunt, who looks at it appraisingly.



**SHOESHINE MAN** gets sniff. Mr. Bang always gives him a large bouquet for his wife's birthday.



**AS A PRANK** Bang leaves a lily in hand of a sleeping man. But flower dropped before man woke up.



**BUS DRIVER** is a regular "customer." Bang later passed out leftover flowers to passengers on the bus.



## AND THEN THERE WERE 55

At 11:16 a.m., July 2, there were 56 bright, new and identical prefab houses in neat rows in the Bemerton Heath housing development near Salisbury, England. Inside one, which had two high-tension poles on its large lot, Mrs. Samson Pritchard lay happily watching a visiting nurse give her week-old daughter a bath. Suddenly a crippled RAF dive bomber

roared down from the sky, struck the high-tension wires and bounced away, spraying burning gasoline. The quick-witted nurse in the Pritchard house handed the baby through a window, then helped carry the mother out just as flames engulfed the house. By noon, July 2, there were 55 prefabs in Bemerton Heath (*above*) plus the stone chimney of the 56th.



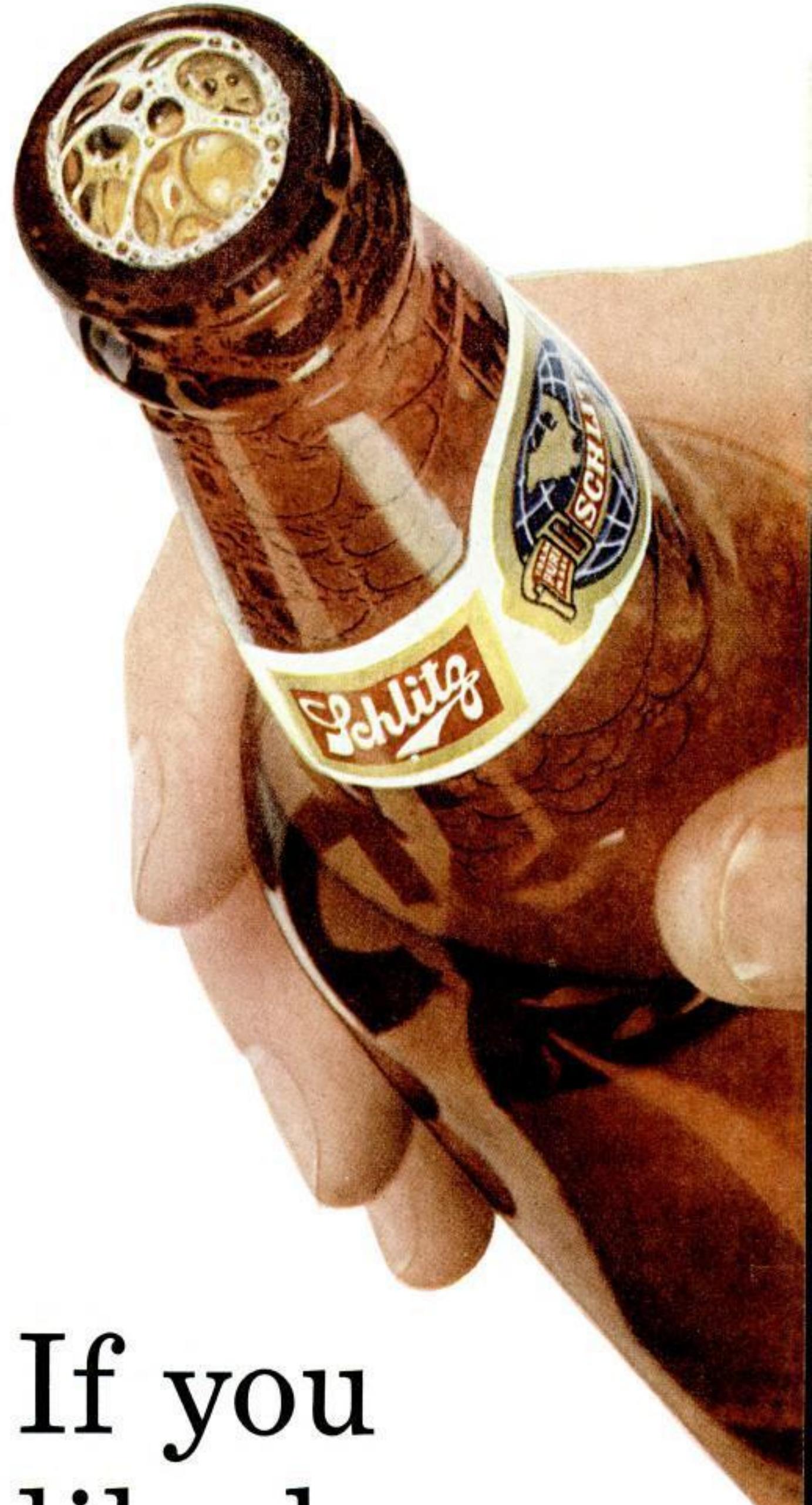
"... we watched the sun hit the water  
... he told about the house he was putting up . . .  
I thought I had a strike . . .  
we talked . . . we didn't talk . . .  
didn't care much whether  
the bass were interested or not."

A couple of friends. An outboard motor. Some inboard Schlitz. That's fishing (with or without fish), with satisfying Schlitz holding together the whole contentment cycle.

Why is Schlitz so satisfying?

Because the folks who make it are not easily satisfied. They want a clean, bright taste, and stand-up character with just the kiss of the hops, and a texture with personality.

It is this sympathetic way with the sensitive ingredients of beer—the "Gold Thumb," some people call it—that has won so many friends for Schlitz. *Today, more people prefer (and buy) Schlitz than any other beer.*



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